UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 00862706 9

MEMORIALS OF OLD STAFFORDSHIRE

MEMORIALS OF THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND

General Editor:
REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., F.R.Hist.S.

MEMORIALS OF OLD STAFFORDSHIRE

GEORGE ALLEN & SONS
PUBLISHERS
LONDON
RUSKIN HOUSE

BERESFORD DALE.

MEMORIALS OF OLD STAFFORDSHIRE

EDITED BY

REV. W. BERESFORD, R.D.

AUTHOR OF

A History of the Diocese of Lichfield
A History of the Manor of Beresford, &c.

EDITOR OF

North's Church Bells of England, &c.
One of the Editorial Committee of the William Salt Archæological Society, &c.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

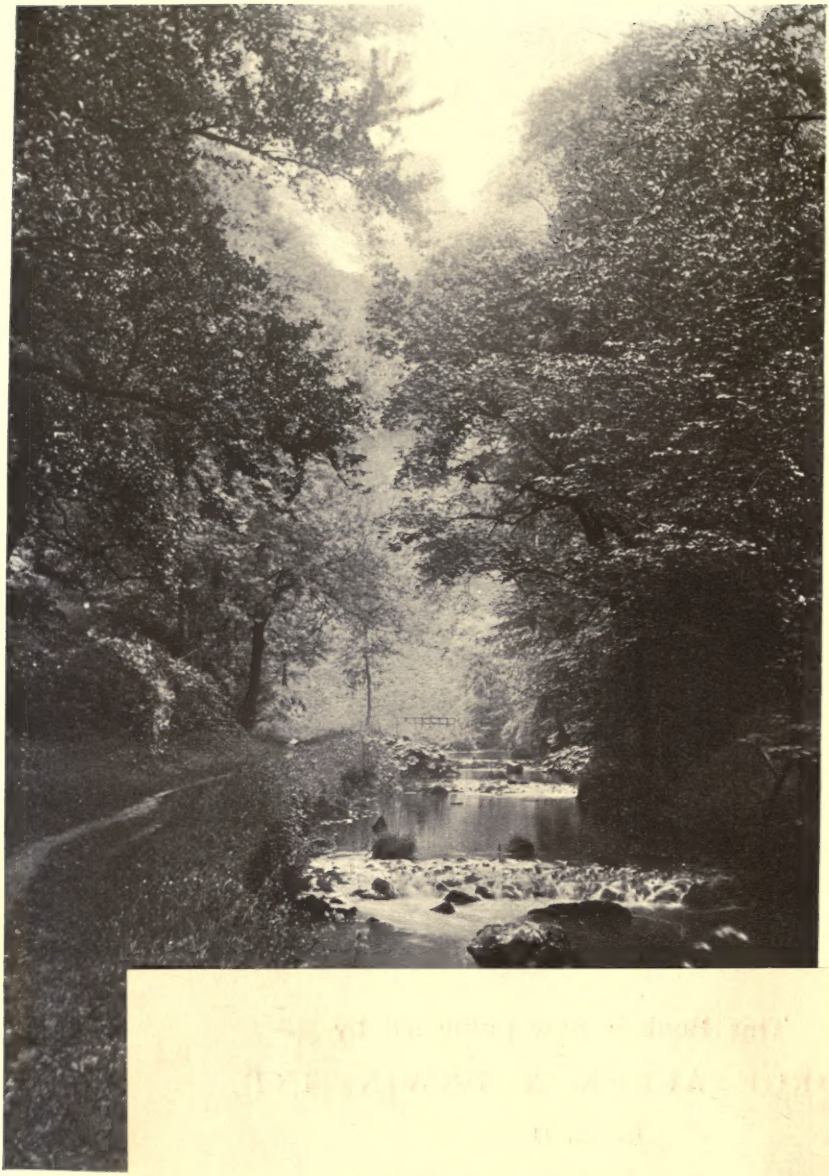
This Book is now published by

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD.

Ruskin House,

40, MUSEUM STREET,

LONDON, W.C.



MEMORIALS OF OLD STAFFORDSHIRE

EDITED BY

REV. W. BERESFORD, R.D.

AUTHOR OF

A History of the Diocese of Lichfield
A History of the Manor of Beresford, &c.

EDITOR OF

North's Church Bells of England, &c.
One of the Editorial Committee of the William Salt Archæological Society, &c.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

343275
19. 11. 37.

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN & SONS, 44 & 45 RATHBONE PLACE, W.
1909
[*All Rights Reserved*]

DA
670
S7B4

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND THE HONOURABLE

AUGUSTUS LEGGE, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD

THESE MEMORIALS

OF HIS NATIVE COUNTY

ARE BY PERMISSION

DEDICATED

PREFACE

WHILST not professing to be a complete survey of Staffordshire this volume, we hope, will afford Memorials both of some interesting people and of some venerable and distinctive institutions; and as most of its contributors are either genealogically linked with those persons or are officially connected with the institutions, the book ought to give forth some gleams of light which have not previously been made public.

Staffordshire is supposed to have but little actual history. It has even been called the playground of great people who lived elsewhere. But this reproach will not bear investigation. The great people had at all events their chief headquarters here; and lately something has been done by the William Salt Archæological Association and its eminently learned and industrious first secretary, General Wrottesley, to banish this reproach. No county, indeed, can boast of a greater modern historical worker than the late General the Hon. George Wrottesley. He excused himself from writing in the following pages on account of his great age, and died before the volume was completed. But free use has been made of his thirty-three volumes; and several of the writers associated with him have contributed articles. And we may hope that, as Mr. Josiah Wedgwood speaks of the Old Castles and Families, the Rev. F. Wrottesley of Boscobel, the Rev. S. W. Hutchinson of the Religious Houses, the Rev. G. T.

Royds of the Royal Minsters, Canon Bodington of the Cathedral, Mr. J. T. Raby of Dr. Johnson and Lichfield, Mr. Percy Adams of the Potteries, Miss P. Biddulph of Biddulph, Sir R. Hardy of Needwood—not to mention other equally valued contributors — in this book old Staffordshire may have found some affectionate and intelligent interpretation.

It may, perhaps, appear a little strange that Boscobel and its traditions have been included in this volume. The house, however, stands on the border-line between Salop and Staffordshire, and its associations are so closely bound up with Staffordshire families that no "Memorials" would have been complete without them.

We must not forget to thank the Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell, Mr. W. H. Horne, Mr. H. F. Phillips, and Mr. A. Shallcross for much honorary and valuable photographic help.

To the Editor the work, largely a labour of love, has been a source of much refreshment amid more serious duties.

WILLIAM BERESFORD.

S. Luke's Vicarage,
Leek, Nov. 1909.

CONTENTS

		Page
Historic Staffordshire	By the Editor	1
Old Families and Castles	By Josiah C. Wedgwood, M.P.	27
Staffordshire Forests	By the Editor	43
Some Ancient Tenures in the Honour of Tutbury	By Sir Reginald Hardy, Bart.	56
The Rise and Progress of the Art of Pottery in North Staffordshire	By Percy W. L. Adams	63
Some Local Fairies	By Elijah Cope	88
Extracts from Notes of a Tour in Staffordshire	By Miss Paulina Biddulph	94
Memorials of Lichfield Cathedral	By Rev. C. Bodington	123
The Five "Royal Free Chapels" of the County	By Rev. Gilbert Twemlow Royds, M.A., R.D.	138
The Old Monasteries of Staffordshire	By Rev. S. W. Hutchinson, M.A.	162
Old Towers and Spires	By J. H. Beckett, A.R.I.B.A., etc.	174
Historic Chartley	By H. Wells Bladen	179
Boscobel and Whiteladies	By Rev. F. Wrottesley, M.A.	194
Lichfield and Dr. Johnson	By J. T. Raby	206
In Charles Cotton's Country	By the Editor	236
The Penk and its Story (a "Penkside" paper)	By the Editor	243
Moorlanders, Old and New	By John Prince Sheldon	248
The William Salt Library at Stafford	By W. S. Brough	259
A Quiet Corner of the County	By the Editor	266
Index		273

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Beresford Dale . . . . . *Frontispiece*
(*From a photograph by Mr. A. Shallcross*)

PAGE, OR FACING PAGE

Lud Church, behind Roches, Leek 2
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Tutbury Castle 24
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Alton Castle 32
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Caverswall Castle 36
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Lichfield Cathedral 46
(*From an old Engraving*)

The Beggar's Oak 50
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Old Bridge at Burton 52
(*From the Salt Library; photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Burton Abbey Church 54
(*From the Salt Library; photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Tutbury Priory, West Door 60
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Four Eminent Potters 72

Stoneware Teapot 76
(*Stoke Museum*)

Portland Vase 78

Inscription in St. Chad's Church, Stafford 103

Stone Coffin Lids at Biddulph 120
(*From a drawing in the Salt Library*)

St. Chad's Well, Lichfield 124
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. Morrison*)

Old Plan of the Cathedral 126
(*Reproduced by Mr. W. Morrison, photographer*)

PAGE, OR FACING PAGE

Old View, West End of the Cathedral 132
(*Reproduced by Mr. W. Morrison, photographer*)

Gnosall Minster 142
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Croxden Abbey, East Side of Garth 168
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Croxden Abbey, West End 172
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Wolverhampton Minster Pulpit 176
(*From an original drawing by Mr. Beckett*)

South Porch, Leek Old Church 178
(*From an original Drawing by Mr. Beckett*)

Chartley Castle 180
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Chartley Wild Cattle 190
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Boscobel 198
(*From a photograph by Rev. C. E. L. Barnwell*)

Dr. Johnson 208
(*A reproduction by Mr. W. Morrison*)

Dr. Johnson's Chair 224
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. Morrison*)

Stowe Hill House 226
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. Morrison*)

St. Chad's Church and Pool, Lichfield 234
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. Morrison*)

Charles Cotton's Pew in Alstonfield Church 238
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. H. Horne*)

The Roches, near Leek 256
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. H. Horne*)

South-east Corner Abbey Green Camp 262
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. H. Horne*)

Trench behind Abbey Green Camp 262
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. H. Horne*)

Upper Escarpment, etc., Abbey Green Camp 264
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. H. Horne*)

Rock Cell Floor 268
(*From a photograph by Mr. W. H. Horne*)

Heart and Urn found in Cock Low, Leek 270
(*From a photograph by Mr. Phillips, Leek*)

HISTORIC STAFFORDSHIRE

By W. Beresford

THE history of Staffordshire begins in Saxon times. Before them it is largely conjectural, and based upon fragments from Latin writers. The first inhabitants were Ivernians or Iberians, a small, dark, long-headed race, who have left both their forts behind them and many of their actual descendants. How these survived the shock of incoming Gauls, or Goidels, and Brythons may perhaps be indicated by the tales of the cunning little men, or fairies, which still amuse the neighbourhood. And then the hordes which mastered but could not quite expel them—a race of tall round-headed men—settled down in the great woods of the country, and became known as the Cornavii on the east, and the Ordovices on the west. From the Cornavii, or "people of the horn," the name of the Churnet, one of our local rivers, may be derived; although it is just as probable that the Churnet, or River of the Horn or Corner, got its name from the sharp elbow it makes round Leek, now its principal town.

How these tribes fared during the Roman invasion is not clear. They would seem for a time to have stemmed the invading flood. But eventually they settled down under the Romans, and many roads intersected the country. The great Watling Street crossed the southern face of it coming in from London, at Fazeley, south of Tamworth, and going out again at Weston-under-Lizard on its way to Holyhead. And the Ryknield Street, a road from Derby, passed Burton, Lichfield, and Walsall, to Dudley, with an interesting town Wall or Etocetum at the crossing of the two roads.

Many of these were still more ancient tracks through forest and swamp, which the Romans improved and paved.

With the Romans came Christianity, and, in a paper on *Ancient Sites*,[1] are some suggestions in illustration of the transition which took place from heathenism to Christianity. On August 1, the Welsh pilgrims used to visit a little lake in the Beacons, in the hope of seeing the Lady of the Lake make her appearance at the dawn. The Druids made much of lakes; and we may perhaps link this with the tales of the Mermaid of Blake Mere, near Leek, who is still supposed to appear at times.

But, whatever the progress made by Christianity in Romano-Celtic times, it was not, if we may believe Gildas, a contemporary writer, very great. Yet whatever it was, it was largely conserved by the woods of the middle and the rocky fastnesses of the north of the country, when the still heathen Saxon broke in. It seems plain that the Saxon only penetrated at first into the fringe and rivers of the county, getting up the Trent as far as Stoke, and up the Dove perhaps to Uttoxeter, and breaking in again at a later date from the north when he conquered Cheshire.

We get now into historic times, when the "county" itself begins to emerge from the gloom, and men of real flesh and blood move over the scene. But what early evangelization must have been in a district like this, where dense woods and ragged rocks gave shelter to the fervid remnants of Druid and painted Briton, may rather be imagined than described. Certainly some of the imps seen by early Saxon hermits were Britons got up for the occasion.

And whilst by an easy transition Dr. Guest, in his *Origines Celticae*, derives the name Briton from our early forefathers' personal use of paint, it is curious to note that in two North Staffordshire barrows lately excavated, the one at Sheen and the other at Leek, the actual woad or blue dye

---

[1] N. Staffs Field Club Report, 1907.

LUDCHURCH, LOOKING NORTH.

(A chasm descending far into the earth and with the sound of water in it occasioning the name Lud or Loud, is at the south end of Ludchurch, behind the spectator.)

they used has been found stored up through the long intervening ages.

In a recent admirable volume on *Earthwork*, Mr. Allwood tells us that our local Saxons left no earthwork behind them. But we shall see whether this be quite true. Certainly Mr. Allwood has missed our Staffordshire examples.

The county as such owes its organisation to two remarkable people. Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, founded the town of Stafford about a thousand years ago. The other person was of much older date. He built up the little kingdom of Mercia, giving it, so to say, both a place and a name. The place was, of course, far wider than Staffordshire, and the name has now vanished from any spot of earth. It was along a "mark" or boundary line, which is still to be traced across Staffordshire, that Penda strove to establish his kingdom.[1] The man's character was a remarkable one. He was "Penda the Strong," and well worthy of the name. Life in those rough days was short; but though he was over fifty when, in 626, he succeeded to the throne of his fathers, after thirty strenuous years more, he died only on the battlefield. His fierceness was never forgotten. But he was an honest man. The one speech preserved of his was that whilst, with the tolerance of his race, he did not object to a man's being a Christian, he heartily scorned them who would not obey the God in whom they professed to believe.

Yet Penda opposed Christianity with all his might. He saw nothing to object to in its missionaries. But he noticed that, wherever they went, they carried supremacy with them. The truth they preached seemed to make men free indeed and to lift them out of subjection. It was, therefore, when Penda saw East Anglia stirring afresh in the Gospel Faith that he brought all his forces to attack it, and succeeded.

---

[1] That, namely, of the Men of the Mark or Mercians.

Mercia became established and strong under its heathen prince. But his day was coming; and, when he led his thirty thanes and triple host to attack Northumbria, in 655, he was defeated and slain.

As its heathenism rolls back and Christianity spreads over it, the land in which we live comes fairly into the light of history. We note the passing of St. Chad over the scene, the building of the Cathedral at Lichfield, and the establishment of parochial and diocesan order. Of these, however, I have spoken in the S.P.C.K. *History of the Diocese of Lichfield*, and now crave permission to hurry on, only pausing to note the greatness attained by Mercia under King Offa (758–796), when, instead of making Penda's "mark" over the North Staffordshire hills his western boundary, he pushed it towards the setting sun and ruled off his kingdom by "Offa's Dyke," between the Severn and the Wye.

Offa's reign is remarkable also for the fact that, from 788 to 803, Lichfield was an archiepiscopal see, sharing the glories of Canterbury. This fact was commemorated, at my suggestion, by the cross in the centre of the historical crosier designed for the Bishops of Lichfield some twenty-five years ago. The two Archbishops of Lichfield were Higbert and Aldulf, and, when Offa's feeble successor failed to maintain the dignity of the principal see in his dominions, the Bishop of Lichfield still signed documents next after Canterbury.

The influence which Penda so clearly recognised, and against which he fought so vigorously, namely, that of the growing power of Christianity, gradually leavened Saxon England. And, whilst yet its petty kings struggled and fought, their different bishops quietly met and talked. The states were racked, but the Church was united.

But whilst the unification of all England was yet only dawning, a glorious light settled down upon the district now known as Staffordshire, though as yet neither Stafford nor its shire had any organised existence. That light came from Lichfield; and we should indeed be blind to the facts

of history if, whilst we recognised the establishment of the archiepiscopate of Lichfield we took no note of the fact that Wulfhere, son of Penda, and his family, appear to have lived much in the Trent Valley between Stoke and Lichfield. Here, indeed, are some wonderful earthworks: that at Bury Bank, near Stoke, being anciently called Wulfhere-caster. Bury Ring, at Billington Bank—a great circle with a deep foss—is near Stafford; and another equally remarkable ancient camp is Castle Hills, near Rugeley. At Stone Wulfhere founded a monastery; and St. Werburga, his daughter, founded others at Hanchurch—the old church—of Trentham, and at Hanbury on Needwood. To this date, perhaps, we owe the origin of the Five Royal Minsters, which are treated of elsewhere in this volume. And as the Mercian royal family faded into insignificance, and its kings dwindled down into earls, the district of the Trent Valley became the property of the See of Lichfield, and Eccleshall one of the bishop's castles; as if the bishops were the only potentates fit to succeed the kings.

But the light which shone hereabouts, long after the darkness of Penda's days, left another trace behind it. Only the kingdom of Wessex continued to hold up its head against the Danes; and when, in 878, Alfred concluded the epoch-making Peace of Wedmore with them, he especially reserved the western half of old Mercia to himself with a view of drawing thence a supply of teachers. Four of these men of "letters" he found: one at Worcester, one Plegmund—destined to be Archbishop of Canterbury—in an island in Cheshire,[1] and two others. Though Lichfield had greatly suffered, it was still the see-town of Cheshire, and seems to have shared whatever light shone in the district.

The Watling Street was but a loose western boundary of the Danelagh. And Alfred's daughter, Ethelfleda, when

[1] Florence of Worcester, Godwin de Præs. 48. Asser's *Life of Alfred*. Plegmund, the most learned of all the men of his time, was made Archbishop of Canterbury. The place is now called Plemstall.

she married the Prince of Mercia, rescued East Staffordshire from the rule of the pirates, though she could not quite clear them away. They were left east of Burton, and in the Valley of the Dane. But she brought her father's ideas into this favoured district. The great work of her life, as of his, was to resist the Danes; and the line of her forts, from Tamworth to Stafford, distinctly rules off Lichfield as being in the old Mercia which Alfred reserved to himself because of its literary light. That line was an introduction of the burh system. Forts with ramparts of earth and stockades of wood were built at points where rivers were crossed by roads. Thus, in 913, she fortified Tamworth, and the same year, before Lammas, she built Stafford. The latter place had previously been called Bethany, and noted as the haunt of a hermit, or a place of graves.

Here, too, and at Tamworth, in which latter place Ethelfleda died in 922, mints for coining money were established, and were worked so well that their crisp coins, like the beautifully executed sovereign of to-day, became popular all over Europe. And "Monetville," where the Stafford money was made, has recently been cleverly identified by Mr. W. F. Carter in volume xi. of the new series of the William Salt *Collections*. But the mint was abolished by the Conqueror, who was "careful to give the baron whom he planted at Stafford nothing which savoured of earldom."

The coins give the name of the town both as "Steadth," a shore or landing stage, and "Staf," a letter or staff. In Domesday, the name was Stadford or Statford. The word referred either to some old settlement of lettered men, such as those whom Alfred the Great fetched to teach his people letters, or to the important burh on the river-bank—the utmost point of its navigation. There is nothing in this which would exclude the probability of the old tradition that Stafford was so called because the river could here be crossed by the help of a staff or hand-rail.

Strangely, the Mercians were never eager to resist the Danes, and, in 1016, this chronic backwardness brought upon them the fury of Edmund Ironside. He ravaged first "Staffordenciam," then "Scrobbebiriensem," or Salop, and lastly Leicestershire—giving us, however, in the pages of Walter of Coventry, the first notice we have of the shire. Of the exact date of the erection of the shire nothing is known; but that Ethelfleda followed her father's example and divided Mercia into shires, as he had done Wessex, there scarcely seems a doubt.

The division of the county into five hundreds tells very much the same tale. The hundreds are Pirehill, Totmanslow, Cuttleston, Seisdon, and Offlow. Each of them had about a hundred inhabitants in Saxon times. But how strongly the names speak of a still remoter past! Accepting Mr. Duignan's guidance, we may say that Seisdon—"Saxon's Hill"—carries one back to the early struggles between Saxon and Briton and the fight near Wednesbury, in 592, when the Britons were driven out. Totmanslow speaks of the days when all the Leek and Cheadle districts were one great forest. It is the burial low of Tatmann, "the bright and happy fellow." Pirehill, near Stoke, may be simply "the hill of the pear tree," and reminds one of the Derbyshire district of Pear Tree. Offlow is a low or burial mound in the middle of a field two miles south of Lichfield, and now almost ploughed away, where rest the bones and the memory of some noted Saxon. And Cuttlestone, near Penkridge, preserves perhaps the memory of an old Roman Bridge spanning the Penk. A bridge was then a wonder. The names carry us back to the time when the first rushes of Saxons almost obliterated the old Romano-British towns, and when as yet no new towns had sprung into existence: the period of Ethelfleda's earliest days. When the county comes into view, Stafford has been built and gives it its name.

The Norman conquest had a terrible meaning for this district. Harold, as son of Earl Godwin, was a Staffordshire landlord; and not only had his tenants suffered in the war,

but the restless and perhaps invincible spirit of the Danish population by the great rivers brought down the heavy hand of the Conqueror on this district. In crushing the rebellion, he is said to have destroyed his own newly rebuilt castle at Stafford. No details are given, but it looks as if the great rally had been at Stafford and also as if the castle there was but a mere motte and bailey. The site of the castle is still called "The Mount," and it is in the heart of the town.

The great families whom the Conqueror planted down in the county, as well as the great minsters which were already there, together with those which afterwards sprang up, will have separate notices in this volume. The great forests, too, played their part in our mediaeval history, as we shall see. But nothing, perhaps, was more characteristic of the stage of progress than the administration of justice, such as it was, between the Conqueror's day and Henry II.'s. Trial by jury was as yet unknown. The hundred and local estates had their own very popular courts; for there the freeholders were both judges and witnesses. Many estates, too, had their own gallows. The Rolls of 1273 record of Totmanslow Hundred: "Edmund, the king's brother, has gallows and assizes of bread and beer, at Uttoxeshale, but it is not known by what warrant. And the Abbot of Rowecestre has gallows, &c., by charter of donors and by confirmation of King Henry; and the Prior of Tutteburi has gallows at Mathefelt, it is not known by what warrant; and Geoffrey de Greselee has gallows at Kingston and assizes, &c., it is not known by what warrant; and the lord of Alveton has assizes, &c.; and Henry de Aldithelee, Hugh le Despencer, and Warine de Vernun have gallows, &c."

Our forefathers, too, were somewhat summary in their proceedings. Even after Henry III. had established trial by judge and jury, and the assizes were begun to be held regularly at Lichfield, and sometimes also at Stafford, we read that in Seisdon hundred, Richard the Fox, arrested on suspicion of robbery, escaped from custody as he was being

taken to Bridgenorth prison, but was followed by the three from whom he had fled. They cut off his head, and carried it to Stafford. In Pirehill, Madoc the Welshman slew Robert the Miller, and fled. He was caught, put into the Bishop's prison in Eccleshall Castle, and escaped. But the Bishop's bailiff overtook and beheaded him. The "preceptors" of Leek—perhaps architects of the abbey when the wooden walls were being replaced with stone—had, or thought they had, quarries near a park of Lord Audley's. Fierce disputes seem to have arisen about their right to get stone there. Well, Geoffrey the clerk, William the chaplain, and Thomas the forester, of Leek, went to view those quarries. Two of Lord Audley's parkers fell upon them as poachers, and cut off Geoffrey's head.

The Assize Rolls begin in 1194, and, even after the establishment of trial by judge and jury, ordeal by fire and water and duel was still for a time kept up, and cases of outlawry in this forest district were very common. Many, too, are the records of persons taking sanctuary in the churches. The old days, when justice was almost altogether in the hands of the people, had left a strong feeling of individual independence behind them. Men went on acting for themselves. Not even religion was always respected. Thus, in 1262, Ralph Basset of Drayton sued Philip Marmion for sending his serf, with a great multitude of outlaws and Welshmen and other armed men, to Bitlescote Mill, breaking open the doors, destroying the mill-pool, and carrying off the flour in Basset's cart to Marmion's Castle at Tamworth. Philip explained that he did this because the flour ought to have been ground at his own mill at Tamworth. The matter was referred to arbitration. Basset, it seems, "defended all his goods, *hostiliter et cum manu armatâ*." In 1260, the Prior of Sandwell pleaded that a dozen men had come on his land at Bromwich, had beaten and ill-treated his men, and had chased him, the prior, with arms in their hands, to his house at Bromwich. The open nature of the pastures may have

been largely responsible for some of these quarrels. But when near neighbours took opposite sides, as they did in the matter of Simon de Montfort, and had troops of armed men at their backs, it was not always easy to keep the peace. Yet, even after a fight, one may see in our county records the Englishman's willingness to shake hands. In 1269, Philip Marmion summoned Robert de Knitele (Knightley) for coming with an armed force to Norbury, breaking down his houses and mills, cutting the dam of his fish-pond, and doing other damage. Robert pleaded that it was done in time of war, and that he was himself a man of war, and of the adverse party, and asked whether the king and his magnates had not decreed that things done at such a time should be impleaded before justices assigned for the purpose. And so the matter was eventually settled. Here was the dawn of sweet reasonableness as well as of modern institutions.

It was indeed to the beginning of a new mode of government, and the erection of an official class of judge, that we owe the origin of some of our best-known county families, such as the Bassets and Clintons. And it is not surprising to find these very men charged with rough handedness. What could one expect when the old independent order was thus giving place to a new and imperial one?

When we remember, too, that the clergy were earnest supporters of popular liberty as represented by Simon de Montfort, and yet that Bogo de Clare, Dean of Stafford, was the son of that Earl of Gloucester with whom Montfort quarrelled furiously as the head of the opposite or oligarchical party, one sees perhaps the reason why, when, in 1259, the new and half-royal Bishop of Lichfield wanted to celebrate orders at St. Mary's, Stafford, which was the king's Free Chapel, he had to bring a multitude of armed men with him and to break open the doors.

The Barons' second war began in 1264; and when, in 1265, Montfort was overthrown and slain, Welshmen formed the main body of the royal army, and, as the above

records show, did not leave the county quietly. The wars ruined at least one great family—the Ferrers—as we shall see in the history of Chartley farther on.

But though Prince Edward succeeded his father as Edward I., he did not leave peace behind him; and under Edward II., with his favourite Le Despencer, a Staffordshire landholder, the county was again divided into two camps, until the battle of Burton Bridge overthrew the Earl of Lancaster, and the Barons hanged the Despencers.

The brave soldiers whom the county supplied to the French Wars have found a record in the pages of General the Honourable George Wrottesley's learned and ample contributions to the William Salt *Collections;* and how James, Lord Audley, distinguished himself at Poictiers (1356), and how the Cheshire bowmen were selected for the Black Prince by William of Cheddleton can only be mentioned here. Staffordshire chivalry then shone brightly, and its archers distinguished themselves. The great victory of Crecy (1346) was celebrated by splendid hastiludes at Lichfield, in 1348, when there were water-sports on the Minster Pools, and a passage-of-arms in which King Edward III., on his great war-horse, with seventeen knights tilted against his son, the Earl of Lancaster, with thirteen others; and the flower both of English beauty and English chivalry was there.[1]

Closely connected with these sports, and placed by General Wrottesley in the same year, was the institution of the Order of the Garter, which may indeed have been suggested by an incident which then happened. And certainly, whilst half the original twenty-five knights first gartered were those who so stoutly fought under the Black Prince—Audley and Wrottesley being amongst them—the Earl of Lancaster and Lord Stafford were in the other half. And the revenues of Uttoxeter rectory were made over to Windsor and the chapel of the Garter.

[1] *Diocesan History*, 142, 3; William Salt *Collections*, new series, vol. vi. t. 2; *Reliquary*, Oct. 1878, 1879, &c.

But alas! these scenes of splendour were speedily overclouded by the Black Death. The mortality then was enormous, and its results so far reaching as to become one of the great factors influencing British social history. Staffordshire was sorely visited by that scourge, and lost its archdeacon and half the clergy. The Bagots suffered. The whole forester-family at Pillaton Hall was swept away. At Swynnerton both squire and rector died, and Nicholas de Swynnerton, Dean of Stafford, also. So it was in many instances. And yet efforts have been lately made to raise a doubt whether the Black Death really came hither at all.

In the year 1385 an event happened which showed the fickleness of Richard II.'s character. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had told the king that Berwick-on-Tweed had been lost through the careless guardianship of the Earl of Northumberland, and the latter thereupon set to work to turn the king against the duke. John of Gaunt was then at Tutbury. On a certain moonlight night in May, a messenger with foaming steed was received at Tutbury to warn the duke of danger from the king, and before morning he was on his way to Pontefract. But the king's mother, Joan, the Lady of the Wake, and widow of the Black Prince, made peace between the two. To her gentle influence, passing as she no doubt often did through the county, much of the loyalty of Staffordshire men was probably due. But Richard II.'s character was most trying, and it really prepared the way for the usurpation of Henry IV.

Richard visited Lichfield and saw a barefooted friar installed there as bishop. Soon afterwards he was there again, but this time as a prisoner lodged in a tower by the western gate of the Close, from a window of which he dropped into the moat in the night, only, however, to be recaptured and carried to his death.

The seizure of the crown by Henry IV. of course divided Staffordshire into two camps. A violent affray took place on the Trent. Sir Robert Malveysin of Ridware

armed in his favour and slew the Lord of Hansacre, who had joined the Earl of Northumberland's rebellion.

But Northumberland had also other adherents, and Hugh Erdeswick of Sandon headed a faction which sought to destroy John Blount of Barton Blount. The latter was steward to the usurping king in the duchy of Lancaster. The unrest thus developed, eventually shaped itself into a quarrel and fight between Sandon and Chartley, and in 1414 brought Henry V. himself into residence at Lichfield for two months. The king probably lodged then in Langton's Palace, whilst he held his great assize in Lichfield.

This palace had been built by the founder of the Lady Chapel, Bishop Langton, and must have been a striking pile as seen looking from the east towards the cathedral. It stretched along the eastern side of the Close from its main north-eastern tower (still partly existing), and ran southwards to a point opposite the north-eastern extremity of the Lady Chapel of the cathedral. The north-eastern tower was 52 feet high, and between it and a slightly lower second tower lay the Bishop's Lodgings. Then came the great hall, with two butteries breaking its run of elegant window and massive wall. Then the Lady's Chamber, and, still letting the eye run south, the prominent apse of the bishop's private chapel. Then, still to the left, the kitchen with two great chimneys at its western end. Coachhouse and stables terminated the row to the south. King Richard had built a great room when he came to spend Christmas there, on the western side of the kitchen, but its roof would hardly be seen from our standpoint on the east. The original great hall was decorated with paintings of King Edward's wars, and the whole palace was a worthy lodging for a king.[1]

The fact of the matter really was that this was an incident in the rebellion against Henry IV. Erdeswick at the head of his Cheshire mercenaries had marched on

[1] See an article and plan in the *Reliquary*, vol. vii. p. 249.

Chartley from Sandon, but had been met and stopped by Ferrers' men at Amerton, where a fight had taken place and at least one man had been killed.

On his side, Hugh Erdeswick petitioned that whereas divers *jours d'amour* had been arranged between him and Ferrers, the latter had failed to keep the appointment and had raised a strong force to waylay and kill him. Erdeswick said he had been champion for Dame Joan Malveisyn in a dispute with Sir John Bagot and Ferrers had plotted to waylay him on his journey to keep the appointment. Erdeswick, however, had discovered the plot and had sent William Hyde, vicar of Sandon, to explain his absence to Dame Joan, but the vicar had been captured after delivering his message and had been robbed of his horse and carried prisoner to Weston-on-Trent. The Ferrers' party had also caught Sampson Erdeswick, Hugh's brother, a law student, and had cut off his toes and put them into his mouth and left him for dead.

It will be noticed that nothing is said here about rebellion. The prudent young king shut his eyes to that and preferred to investigate only the actual items of disorder. Erdeswick's father had got Sandon by his marriage with the heiress of the Staffords, its former owners.

Now what was all this quarrel about? Was it not simply the objection of a certain section of the Staffordshire squires to forget their old patron, the Black Prince? They had rallied round him as bowmen and won his warm approval. They were proud both of their skill with the bow and their famous leader. One of them had chosen the celebrated Cheshire bowmen for him; and though Henry IV. was Duke of Lancaster and as such their chief lord, yet so fond were they of the father of Richard II. that they clung to the son with all his faults, when their chief lord, Henry IV., rebelled against him and had him cruelly done to death at Pontefract.

But Henry V. was the Prince Hal of Falstaff, and now coming to the throne he determined to act firmly and

yet to show mercy. So the offenders got off. For war with France was coming on, and the turbulent spirits were needed there. All, therefore, began to go well again for a time. Yet the local feeling remained, and it was impossible but that the Wars of the Roses should be keenly felt here. Indeed, one of its battles took place on Staffordshire ground. The Audleys owned Heeley Castle as their principal stronghold. It was only a few miles from Eccleshall Castle. In the sad tragedy of Blore Heath, September 3, 1459, the Lancastrian queen fled, after the battle was lost, to the protection of the bishop at Eccleshall. But Lord Audley, her commander, and very many of his 10,000 men were left dead on the field. They had endeavoured to stop the progress of the Yorkists under Lord Salisbury; and although the latter had but half as many men, he contrived to lead the Lancastrians into the deep valley of a brook, pretending to fly before them. Then he returned upon them and crushed them as they scrambled up out of the hollow. No wonder the Sowe ran blood that day.

But the Lancastrian cause had another tower of strength in the county. The Stafford knot had long been formidable as the badge of the Stafford family; and when Humphry, Earl of Stafford, married Anne, daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, brother of John of Gaunt, and both of them sons of Edward III., Stafford allied itself with Tutbury and both eventually made common cause for the Red Rose. But Humphry fell in battle, and his son, Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, after prevailing on the citizens of London to offer the crown to Richard III., revolted in favour of the Earl of Richmond. In October 1484, Buckingham unfurled his standard at Brecon. But disaster followed; he was defeated and beheaded. Yet the movement he inaugurated went on.

Richmond landed in Wales, and was joined at Newport by the Talbots as he came into the county in August 1485. On the 18th he passed through Stafford and Lichfield to Tamworth, and defeated Richard at Bosworth Field on the

22nd. This battle gained the earldom of Derby for the Stanleys, but it was the last of the Wars of the Roses.

A record of the king's inquiries in 1414 throws a curious light on those days. A weaver of Stafford was then gaoler, and three felons were so unhappy in the prison by the gate that they got out, and took refuge on a certain Monday in St. Chad's. Here there was safety but no food. By Thursday they became hungry, and determined to sneak away at dusk. But the gaoler was waiting for them; and, when one of them declared he would rather die than go back to prison, a fight ensued, and the gaoler struck him on the head and killed him.[1] St. Chad's Church had a great bell that called the parishioners together in all things pertaining to the town of Stafford and a ring of bells in its central tower.

A case connected with St. Leonard's Hospital was tried before King Henry V. in his tenth year. Anne, Countess of Stafford, claimed that the dean of the King's Free Chapel of Stafford had the ordinary jurisdiction within the precincts of the deanery and the admission and institution to all churches and hospitals within the deanery; and she prayed for a writ to the dean to admit a fit person on her presentation. Being asked for her right to present, she stated that Hugh, formerly Earl of Stafford, was seized in his demesne as of fee of the castle and demesne of Stafford and of the advowson of the hospital, and had presented it to one Richard Caus, who had been admitted and instituted—10 Richard II. The said Hugh died, and Thomas, his son, had married the said countess. On his death the castle and demesne and advowson had been taken into the king's hand, and assigned to her as dowry in the king's Chancery; and so she claimed the right to present to the hospital since Caus was dead. A writ was issued to the dean to admit her nominee.[2]

---

[1] *Staff. Coll.*, xv. 27.

[2] *Ibid.*, xvii. 35. A House of Lepers, with Master and Friars of the Holy Sepulchre, at Radford outside Stafford is mentioned, 42 Hen. III.

Monks were not always content to remain shut up within their abbey bounds. In 1410 it was represented that "two apostate monks of Chester," Thomas de Yerdeley and Richard de Skipton, had been apostate for ten years past, and had waylaid and kidnapped at Tean a Chester lady on pilgrimage bound, and only released her when she had sworn not to prosecute them.

For sometime before the Reformation the Bishops of Lichfield held the important office of Lords Marchers of Wales. They indeed divided Wales into counties and cleared the borders of robbers. Bishop William Smythe (1492–96) held this office, leaving the Prior of Stone to do his diocesan work. The lord-marcher lived in splendour at Ludlow Castle, or the pleasant summer residence of Arthur, Prince of Wales at Bewdley, being a sort of viceroy to the prince. The presidency had its own council, heard and redressed wrongs, issued warrants, &c. Smythe was the founder of Brazenose College, Oxford, and also of St. John's College, Lichfield, where he used brick and built the row of quaint chimneys, which one notices in St. John's Street. The passion of the age, indeed, in that, the dawn of the Reformation, was for building colleges.

Rowland Lee, whilst yet only Chancellor of the diocese and royal chaplain, married Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn in November 1532, and was made Bishop of Lichfield in 1534.

Between the year 1538, the year of the fall of the monasteries, and 1542, a distinguished visitor rode through Staffordshire, taking notes on all collegiate, monastic or minster libraries, &c. He was John Leland, father of British topographers, and as his work is most rare[1] and his descriptions brief, we may give the substance of them here in his own quaint spelling. It will be noticed that the abbeys are now destroyed, but the collegiate churches are yet untouched. Stafford, he says, has "a Fre Schole for

[1] A new edition as we write has got to the fourth volume. We quote from an old one.

Grammar made by Ser Thomas Countre, Parson of Ingestre by Heywodde, and Syr Randole a Chauntrye Priste of Stafford." These two "made S. Cedde Steple and a fayre sqware Towre and the Bells in Stafford Towne."

"Ther wer dyverse Tumbes of the Lordes of Stafford in Stone Priory made of Alabaster. The Images that lay on them were after the Suppression of the House caryed to the Freers Augustines in Fordebridge, alias Stafford Greene, cis flumen. And yn this Freres hong a Petigre of the Staffordes. The Grey Freres were at the other end of the Town ultra flumen.

"Mr Stretey of Lichefeld told me that one Langton, Bishop of Lichefeld, made the fair Palace at Lichefeld and the close Waulle, and that he made Eckleshaul Castel, Shocborrow Maner Place and the Palace by Stroude."

We pass over Leland's description of the Pools, Causeway, Cathedral, and Cathedral library and note—

At Lichfield, he says, "there hath beene a Castle of ancient tyme on the south ende of the Towne, but noe Part of it standeth. The Plotte with the Dikes is scene and is yet called the Castle Feild. . . . In the maine Towne that is a fayre large thinge there be 3 Paroche Churches: St Maries, a right beautifull peice of Worke in the very Markett place; St Michael in the south-east end; Stowe Church in the east end, where is St Chadde's Well, a Springe of pure Water, where is seene a Stone in the Bottome of it on the which some saye St Chadde was wont naked to stand on in the Water and praye. At this Stone Chad had his Oratory in the tyme of Wulpher Kinge of the Merches. At this tyme was all the Country about Lichfeild as a Forrest or Wildernes.

"There is a Guild or Society at this Church of St Mary in the Market Stead. This was begunne in K. E. 3 tyme and since much advanced by one Heywood, Deane of Lichfeild, in the remembrance of Men. There be 5 Preists belonginge to this Brotherhood, and they serve in St Mary's Church.

"There was an House of St John's in Lichfeild at the very south end of the Towne where was a Master and Fellowes of Religious Men; but I could not learne whoe was the first Founder of it. B. Smith in K. H. 7. dayes and last Bishop of Lincolne began a new Foundation at this Place, settinge up a Mr. there with 2 Preistes and 10 poore Men in an Hospitall. He sett there alsoe a Schoole Mr. to teach Grammar that hath 10l. by the yeare and an Under-Schoole-Mr. that hath 5l. by the yeare. King H. 7. was a great Benefactour to this new Foundation and gave to it an ould Hospitall called Denhall in Wirhall in Cheshire with the Landes and Impropriation of Burton Church in Wirhall. There was an House of Grey Fryers in Lichefeild. . . . Alexander B. of Lichefeild gave first certaine Free Burgages in the Towne for to sett this House on and was First Founder of it. There cometh a Conduct of water out of an Hill brought in Lead to the Towne and hath 2 Castles in the Towne, one on the east wall of this Fryers Close on the street syde, another about the Market Place. And out of the same Hill cometh another into the Close having a Castle there from the which Water is conveyed to the Prebendaries Houses, to the Vicarage Houses, and the Choristers.

"There was of ould tyme a fayre ould Crosse environed with shoppes in the Market Place. Deane Denton environed this Crosse of late with 8 fayre Arches of Stone, making a round Vault over them for poore Folke to sit drie. This Octaplus was made with the Expence of a 160l.

At Weddesbyri, he says, "se Coles" were got. At Waulleshal "ther be many Smithes and Bytte makers. It longgith now to the King, and there is a Parke of that name scant half a mile from the Towne yn the way to Wolverhampton. At Walleshaul be Pittes of se Coles, Pittes of Lyme . . . Iron Oure. Careswel Castle a praty Pile iiii miles from Stone, a late Priory of Chanons." "Newcastle had a Poole about the Castle," which belonged to the Duke of Lancaster. Heley, a castle of the Lord Audley, was by

some "cawlyd Helly Castle for Audley castle. The Tenaunts of Audley come to it. . . . Not very far from Stone Priory apperithe the Place where Kynge Woulpher's Castle or Manor Place was. This Byri Hill stode on a Rok by a Broke Syde. Ther appereth grete Dykes and squared stones. It is a Mile from Stone towards the Marche.

Charteley, he says, is "viii Miles from Deuleucresse Abbay. . . . Ther is a mighty large Parke. The olde Castel is now yn Ruine; for olde Yerle Randol, as sum say, lay in it when he buildid Deulaucres Abbay. This Castel stondith a good flite shot from the Building and goodly Manor Place that now is there as the principal House of the Ferrars and cam to them be similitude by Maryage.

"After that Dane cummith a 3 Miles beneath The Hedde,[1] if Rayne cum fast it ragith on stones"—alluding to the wild floods which used to come down Dane bringing hayricks, sheep, trees, &c., with them.

"The Forest of Neede Wodde . . . is mervelusly plenished with Dere. Cank Foreste a great Thinge merely longging to the Bishoprick of Lichefeld. Ther is Bewdesert his Place and Parke, and Shucborough his Place (were is a Park now of red Dere) is yn the side of Cank Woode. Shukborow was ons Suchborows with the long Berd and he, as sum say, gave it to the Mitre of Lichefeld. I know no certente of this gift. Sum caulle Shokesborow Heywood by cause it standith by it. Ther is a Fair Poole betwixt Cank Wood and Shukesborow.

"Ther ly a v. fayre Pooles by the Castel of Eccleshaul, and the Park of Blore a 2 Miles of in the same Lordship is a v. or vi miles abowte and is the Bishops, and is ful of wonderful fair Wood.

"Burton-on-Trent hath but one Paroche Churche and a Chapell at the Bridge Ende. Trent compasethe a greate Peace of the Towne. Mani Marblers workyne in Alabaster." The men of "Uttokcestre usythe Grasinge. For there be

[1] *i.e.* the shire heads, the point where the counties of Derby, Stafford, and Chester meet.

wonderfull Pastures upon Dove. It longgithe to the Erle of Lancaster. . . . A Fre Scole founded by a Prist, Thomas Allen. He founded an other at Stone in the Reigne of Queen Mari"—added by Stowe. . . . "Ther is a fre schole at Wolverhampton made by Stephane Jenings, Mayor of London, a very good market, and a Coledge. The Dene of Wyndsore is Deane there."

Leland tells us that he "sawe but 3 notable thinges" in Tamworth—the Paroch Church, the Castle, and the Bridge. The Collegiate Church "havinge a Deane and 6 Prebendaries and every one of them hath his Substitute there; but I could not learne of whose erection the Colledge was. . . . Marmions were without doubt the successe Lords of the Castle. The King at this present is taken as Patron of the Colledge. There be divers fayre Tombes of Noblemen and Women in the East Part of the Church of the Freviles, of Baldwinus de Frevile L. of the Castle. There lyeth alsoe the Grand-Father and Grand-Mother and Father and Mother of Ferrers nowe Owner of Tamworth Castle. There is a Guild of St George in Tamworth and to it belonged 5 *l.* Land per an., and of late one John Bailie gave other 5 *l.* Land unto it and therewith is now erected a Grammar-Schoole.

"The Castle of Tamworth standeth on a meetly high ground at the South part of the Towne. . . . The Base Court and great Ward is cleane decayed and the Wall fallen downe, and therein be now but Houses of Office of noe notable Buildinge. The Dungeon Hill yet standeth and a great round Tower of Stone wherein Mr Ferrers dwelleth and now repaireth it. The Marmions, Frevils and Ferrers have been lordes of it since the Conquest. Of the 2 Bridges . . . the fayrer is Bowebridge . . . on Anker. The other Bridge is called St Mary Bridge havinge 12 great Arches and leadeth to Coventrye, and . . . bearinge the armes of Basset,"—"should seem to have been built by the Lord Basset of Drayton . . . There be 3 Fayres yearely in the Town whereof the Towne hath 2 and the Colledge one. The Towne . . . is all builded of Tymber."

The following extract from St. Mary's Register at Stafford tells its tale: "Mem. that the viii daie of August 1575 our Soverign Ladie Queene Elizabethe came from Chartley in progresse to Stafford Castle, and was Received upon the poole dam wthout the East gate by the Bayliffs and burgesses wth an oracion made by Mr. Launde the Schoole maister in the name of the Towne and the Bayliffs delivered to her mat^{ie} a goodlie large standing cup of sylver and gilt of xxx li price w^{ch} her hyghnes cheerefullie and thankfullie Received and so shee passed through the Eastgate streete the markett place the Crobury Lane and the broad eye and there over the River to Stafford parke in the seaventeenth yeare of her mat^{ies} most psperous raigne."

The fall of the monasteries has been touched on elsewhere in this volume.

With them, or soon afterwards, went, alas! not only many of the endowments of the parish churches and those of all the Chantries, but those also of the old Grammar Schools of the neighbourhood which had been set up for teaching youth. At the same time the county lost the hostels in the universities which had been kept by the abbeys for the education of their monks. The great parochial minsters, Tamworth, St. Mary's, Stafford, Gnosall, and Penkridge, were robbed soon after, and reduced to what they were at the opening of the last century. Hospitals for lepers, too, like that of St. Leonard's, Stafford, and for pilgrims, like that of St. John's, Forebridge, were also swept away by the young King Edward VI., although he founded a few half-starved Grammar Schools out of the wreck. Another branch of yet earlier religious reformation, the houses of the Preaching Friars at Lichfield, at Newcastle, and in the Foregate, Stafford, as well as the Augustinian Friars at Forebridge, were then also wrecked, their goodly monuments dispersed, and their graveyards sometimes turned into gardens. The cabbages grown in the Austin Friars at Stafford were so fine that nobody in that town, some century ago, would eat them; they had

to be sold at Birmingham! And the body of a founder of beautiful Croxden in its leaden shroud has just been found and photographed. It is true that the noblest abbey in the county, Burton, was for a time—but for a time only—made collegiate. And Wolverhampton, being attached to Windsor, escaped till its endowments were wanted for the spread of church work under the Ecclesiastical Commission of 1836.

Not content with having robbed the parish churches and swept away many beautiful vestments, many fine bells, many precious chalices, Edward VI. robbed the vestries. What could the churches want with so much lovely furniture when their clergy were reduced almost to beggary?

And now, indeed, after being the cultivators of the soil, the evangelizers of the people, and the champions of popular liberty, the clergy retired into the background. But this was not an unmixed evil. Good old Izaac Walton was brought up at St. Mary's, Stafford. Bishop Morton was a match for Bellarmine.

John Lightfoot, son of Peter Lightfoot, vicar of Uttoxeter, became a famous Hebrew scholar. By his mother, Elizabeth Bagnal, he was descended from a long line of Staffordshire ancestors. Of the Bagnals Fuller remarked that no important piece of evidence could be written in Totmonslow Hundred for many ages without their names as witnesses.

Lawrence Addison, Dean of Lichfield, was the father of Joseph Addison. And at Lichfield Grammar School, part of Bishop Blythe's College, were educated in one age, Addison, Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, Hawkins Browne, the poet, Theophilus Buckridge, David Garrick, the actor, Dr. James, inventor of the fever powder, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Gregory King, the heraldic writer, Sir Richard Lloyd, Baron of the Exchequer, Bishop Newton, Mr. Justice Noel, Lord Chief Baron Parker, Bishop Smalridge, and Lords Chief Justice Willes and Wilmot.

Still more striking as a pioneer of industry, and as influencing the destinies of countless thousands of Staffordshire men, was Dud Dudley, natural son of an Earl of Dudley, born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and brought home from college to manage his father's forges in the Black Country. How he advocated the use of coal for smelting, and how he designed a steam engine at that early date, will yet be told. But, like others, he had to take up arms for his king. The Staffordshire towns declared for Charles I., the country places for the Parliament. Harrison, the regicide, was once a Staffordshire man, and John Bradshaw, president of Charles I.'s murderers, was sometime Recorder of Newcastle.

It was in 1642 that the county began to feel the pinch of the Cromwellian troubles. Charles I. sent a letter to the Sheriff to put into Tutbury Castle "sufficient forces of horse and foote to bee paid by the county . . . for the defence and security of the same from all levies of the rebells." Lord Loughborough was made commander, and his first step was to call on Sir John Gell to give an account of himself. Gell occupied Derby; and Burton also was soon garrisoned by the Parliament. In April 1643, Prince Rupert, having relieved Lichfield, cleared the enemy for a short time out of Burton, but by July they were back again, until the queen, on her way to Ashby, took them all prisoners. Then came a strong rebel force, which laid siege to the castle, and occupied the town of Tutbury. Sir John Harpur next occupied Burton for the king, but Major Mollanus broke up his force. In September General Hastings tried to relieve Eccleshall Castle, and had to retreat into Tutbury Castle.

Both parties now pressed heavily for support on the wretched inhabitants of the county; and to make matters worse Sir John Gell planted a force at Barton Blount, which continually harassed the eastern borders, and "the blood of many a brave soldier drenched" the banks of the Dove.

On Whitsunday 1645, the king and Prince Rupert came to Tutbury, and their large force overflowed into

TUTBURY CASTLE.

Burton. On the Tuesday the king went on to Ashby. After the fatal field of Naseby he came back again to Lichfield, and in August slept at Tutbury, and then moved on for the last time to Ashbourne. Tutbury Castle held out until the king's cause was hopeless.

Another castle in the county, that of Eccleshall, belonging to the bishop, was also strongly held for the king; and its romantic siege has just been told by the Messrs. Cherry in their *Staffordshire Studies*. But in 1643 a pitched battle took place on the heath near Beacon Hill, between Stafford and Hopton. And Wolverhampton suffered sieges, upon which, however, we cannot now dwell, for much is said of the troubles of that dark time in other parts of this volume, where also the romantic story of Charles II.'s escape at Boscobel will be found.

Out of the clouds of war came the South of the county with the industries of the Black Country, coal and iron, in its arms as it were. What they have now become we all know. The old fighting forest county is one of the busiest in England.

Once again and in the eighteenth century the war-cloud settled down on the district—for the last time we hope. In 1745, Prince Charles Edward, at the head of some six or seven thousand Scotchmen, made a dash for London, coming into Staffordshire by way of Congleton from Macclesfield on foot at the head of his troops. The Duke of Cumberland, at the head of King George's troops, was encamped with his ordnance in the Town Field at Stone, and made a brave show on the ancient terraces which lie there, rank above rank. Poor Charlie was quite mistaken in his notion that he would gather force as he went and be joined by a willing populace; only two persons joined him. When on Wednesday, December 12, 1745, he got to Leek, a messenger had been sent away to Stone to tell the royalists where he was, but was made drunk on the road and delayed. Charlie pushed on through Ashbourne to Derby. Then at Swarkstone Bridge his heart failed

him, and he swept round and turned back, coming again to Leek on Saturday the 15th and sleeping there. Then he hurried back to Scotland, and was followed by the Duke of Cumberland and his well-drilled veterans, with what result we know. Staffordshire men had laid down their lives for Harold, son of Godwin, the "good land-father"; they had made and unmade Richard III.;[1] they had preserved Charles II.; but they would have very little to say to Prince Charles Edward. And it is told that when he came to the old vicarage at Leek for a night's lodging, Mary Daintry, the vicar's wife, pushed him to the door and—died. The prince got a lodging a few doors farther on, but he left his pillow in the morning wet with tears.

[1] It is traditionally said that Richard III. was stricken down at Bosworth Field by one of the Rudyerds of Rudyerd near Leek.

OLD FAMILIES AND CASTLES

By Josiah C. Wedgwood, M.P.

THERE were, at the time of the Domesday Survey (1086), only two or three castles in the county of Stafford, and one of these, that belonging to the king at Stafford, was then in ruins. The others, Tutbury and the doubtful Burton, belonged to that powerful Baron Henry de Ferrers. Yet such was the disturbed state of the country during the next century, that by the time Henry II. came to the throne there are said to have been no less than 1100 castles in England. While allowing for the natural exaggeration of the chronicler, one can see that the reigns of Henry I. and Stephen were the halcyon days for the Norman castle and keep.

During the first century and a half after the Conquest, by far the most powerful persons in the county of Stafford were the Earls of Chester. They dominated the whole north of the county, they founded Trentham and Deulacres Abbeys, and to them we may safely attribute the castles at Newcastle-under-Lyme and at Chartley. Under the shadow of their wing arose and prospered the families of Malbanc and Audley. The Malbancs were sub-tenants at Chartley, and when that family terminated in co-heiresses the castle and manor passed to the Ferrers, and increased their already vast possessions.

Ranulf Blundevil, last great Earl of Chester, died in 1232, and for the next thirty years the Ferrers earls were at the summit of their power. One of them had been one of the English leaders at the Battle of the Standard in 1138, and had been made an earl by Stephen. Another, William,

was famous for always travelling by carriage on account of his ancestral gout—a practice which ultimately resulted in his death in an accident during Simon de Montfort's wars. His son Robert, the last Earl Ferrers of Derby, followed Earl Simon through good and bad fortune, and, after Evesham had destroyed the chances of the Reformers, Ferrers headed the "Disinherited," and was specially exempted from the "Dictum of Kenilworth." He escaped with his life and with Chartley Manor and Castle, but his earldom and all his other wide estates were forfeited.

This, it may be mentioned, was mainly due to the fact that they had already been granted to the king's second son Edmund, and formed part of what has since become the duchy of Lancaster. Thus Tutbury and Newcastle castles came under the great House of Lancaster. The subsequent history of the Ferrers family and of Chartley Castle are dealt with elsewhere in this volume, and we must now pass to a family which rose to even greater eminence than the Earls of Chester or Derby—nearly to the throne itself. This was the House of Stafford.

Robert de Stafford, the Domesday tenant-in-chief, came of the noble Norman House of Toeni. Dugdale thinks he was for a time the Sheriff of the county and custos of Stafford Castle. However that may be, as the royal castle, though rebuilt, tended more and more to become merely a gaol, the Barons of Stafford probably erected outside in their manor of Bradley something in the nature of a castle, though it was not till 1348 that Ralph, the great Earl of Stafford—"homo validus, fortis, audax belicosus, in armis strenuosis," as Ralf de Higden calls him—obtained a licence to crenellate his castle. This stood on the site where the sham ruin, put up about one hundred years ago, now stands guarding the Shrewsbury road. It stood long after the Stafford family had departed, and was finally destroyed in the civil wars.

Earl Ralph fought in all Edward III.'s wars in France; and his son Hugh died on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, after

the base murder of his eldest son Ralph in 1385 by Sir John Holland. The next earl, Edmund, fell at Shrewsbury in 1403, and was succeeded by Humphrey, the first Duke of Buckingham, who, through his mother, was a great-grandson of Edward III. In the struggles of Henry VI.'s reign, Humphrey took the side of the Beauforts against the "good" Duke Humphrey of Gloucester and finally effected his arrest at Bury St. Edmunds. He may have had a hand in his death, for he acquired many of his estates, among others Penshurst in Sussex, where he and his successors mostly lived. In 1454 he is reported to have had 2000 Staffordshire knots made for his retainers, a sure sign that there was trouble coming, and in 1460 he fell beside the king's tent at Northampton when Henry VI. was taken prisoner. His son Humphrey had already been killed at St. Albans in 1455. His grandson Henry, the second duke, first assisted Richard III. to his blood-stained throne, and then, presuming on his royal descent, rebelled, and was promptly called to account, caught, and beheaded. The third duke, Edward, reinstated on the accession of Henry VII., was an even more important personage. His final treason, as judged by a packed House of Lords, was the practising of witchcraft to kill Henry VIII., and he too was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1521. But for his son Henry there was no resumption of dignities. He did indeed get Stafford Castle back in 1531, but in rank he was never more than a baron; and from this insecure position he seems to have changed sides with singular agility, even for those curious-principled times. His descendants sank even lower; and the last, Roger, is said to have sold back his right to the title to Charles for £800. So humble did they become that there may still be extant in the male line descendants of the House of Stafford, with the blood of the Plantagenets in their veins.

But in coming down to the time of Elizabeth we are going beyond the period during which castles played any real part in the domination of the country. Indeed, before

the middle of the fifteenth century, the nobility of the country had begun to leave their castles for more comfortable abodes. The country house replaced the noble's castle, and just as the king's castles had gradually sunk into gaols, so these great keeps and towers came to be occupied by farmers; the walls were used for new cow-houses, and fowls roosted on the portcullis and in the guard-room. The "New Castle" under Lyme, which seems never to have been more than a wooden structure raised on a stone basis to keep it above the Mill Pool, had vanished by Elizabeth's day; and Erdeswick, writing in 1600, speaks of Caverswall Castle as having fallen into the hands of a farmer called Brown. Tutbury and Chartley were still strong enough to be honoured with the presence of Mary Queen of Scots, but she complains of them as being draughty and ill-furnished, and we may perhaps regard them as being more prison than fortress or country house.

There was another baronial castle in South Staffordshire which had sprung up as the head of the fief of another Domesday tenant-in-chief. This was Dudley Castle. William FitzAnsculf had his fief in 1086, and after him a line of barons called Paganel. Their heiress had married John de Somery, whose grandson, Roger de Somery, began about 1273 to build Dudley Castle. This Roger de Somery was one of those who adhered to Henry III. at the time of Montfort's rising, and was taken prisoner at Lewes. He got free and fought on the king's side at Evesham; while on the other side among the slain was his son-in-law, the bitterest anti-royalist in Staffordshire, Ralph Basset of Drayton Basset. We find that the castle was still unfinished in 1310, and in 1321 the House of Somery, too, came to an end, when the inheritance passed to the family of Sutton. These Suttons, *alias* Dudley—for they took either name at will—held Dudley Castle until well into the Stuart times, but during that period the family underwent strange vicissitudes. There were six

John Sutton Lord Dudleys in succession. The first and sixth only were summoned to Parliament as Peers of Parliament, but this sixth John Lord Dudley became a distinguished soldier. Born in 1401, he went through Henry V.'s wars, and then governed Ireland by the sword as viceroy for Henry VI. He was an ardent Lancastrian and fought at St. Albans in 1455, where he was taken prisoner. He escaped with his life only to be again wounded in the king's service at Blore Heath in 1459. He died at an advanced age in 1487. From him two lines descended, one famous, the other imbecile.

One grandson was that famous financier of Henry VII., so hated by the nobles, Edmund Dudley. He was Speaker of the House of Commons and rearranged the taxes and old feudal dues, so that the names of Empson and Dudley have been execrated to this day by the landed class whom he made to pay. When Henry VIII. came to the throne he was anxious to be popular, and so he cut off the heads of Empson and Dudley. Edmund Dudley's son John lived, however, and lived to be Duke of Northumberland and very nearly king.

John Dudley, sometime Duke of Northumberland, was born about 1502. He was a handsome fellow and skilled at tournament and tilting, and so regained Henry's fickle favour. As Captain of Calais and Warden of the Sotcch Marches he rose to fame. By judicious adherence to Thomas Cromwell for the right length of time he acquired estates, and then on Henry's death he was made joint Protector with the Duke of Somerset. In 1547 he edfeaetd the Scots at the battle of Pinkie, and in 1551 he was created Duke of Northumberland. Then he overthrew Somerset, married his son to Lady Jane Grey, and tried to alter the succession of the crown. Here he failed, and with him on the scaffold ended his dukedom of Northumberland.

In the heyday of his power he had bought up the estates of his second cousin, John Sutton, eighth Lord Dudley. This man was practically an imbecile; and, in that his barony

had ceased to exist, he became known as "Lord Quondam." He died in the same year as his supplanter, 1553—a destitute pauper. But his descendants restored the fallen fortunes of the House, and recovered Dudley Castle. Ferdinando, the last Lord Sutton of Dudley, had an only daughter Frances, who married, in James I.'s time, Humble Ward, the ancestor of the present Earls of Dudley. But besides this heiress he left a large family of bastards, amongst others Dud Dudley, the famous ironmaster, whose inventions served to found the great financial fortunes of the legitimate line.

At the zenith of baronial power, at the period, say, of Montfort's rebellion, in 1265, there were perhaps six Staffordshire families which can be supposed to have been barons by tenure; these were, in the order of their importance: Ferrers, Stafford, Verdon, Audley, Basset of Drayton, and Somery of Dudley. I cannot find that Drayton was ever considered a castle, but the other barons all had their strongholds, then or soon after; Ferrers at Chartley and Tutbury, Stafford at Stafford, Verdon at Alton, Audley at Heley, and Somery at Dudley. It remains to deal with the Verdons, and with the Audleys, who started as landowners under the Verdon protection.

Bertram de Verdon was one of the new men brought in from overseas by Henry I. to civilise the older Baronage and to be particularly his henchmen. Bertram received the manor of Farnham Royal, and died just before 1130. His son, Norman de Verdon, had married the daughter of Henry's great Justiciar, Geoffrey de Clinton, and was by 1130 Lord of Alton, which he held in chief of the king. Allying themselves with the House of Ferrers, the Verdons survived the troublous times of Stephen, and the Bertram de Verdon of the next reign became one of Henry II.'s most trusted councillors. He seems to have been continually with the king in his journeyings, and in 1173, when the whole of Staffordshire rose against the king, Bertram alone remained faithful, and conquered and held it single-handed.

Alton Castle.

On Henry's death, with that pleasing desire to pay off old scores which existed even among kings in the days of chivalry, Richard Cœur de Lion insisted on dragging the old man off to Palestine, and he died at Acre in 1192. Bertram had founded Croxden Abbey in 1176, where the faithful monks kept a rough account of the doings of himself and his successors. I expect it was he who built the first Alton Castle. From 1184 to 1186 he had been Seneschal of Ireland, and it was in that country that the exploits of his sons are mostly to be found. From his brother Herbert descended the ancient family of Ipstones; and from his younger son, Henry de Verdon, come the Boghays and Mainwarings of Whitmore. Bertram's two eldest sons fought and fell in Ireland; and the only granddaughter and heiress was married to Theobald le Botiler. Her son John, who took again the name of Verdon and the Verdon fret on his coat-of-arms, succeeded to Alton in 1248, and died in 1274. His two eldest sons had already been killed by the Irish, and he was succeeded by Theobald de Verdon, who in 1295 was summoned to Parliament as Baron of Alton. The barony was divided in 1316 among the four granddaughters of this first Theobald. Alton Castle as the "caput baroniæ" went with the eldest daughter, Joan, to the Furnivals of Sheffield, who then became Barons of Alton also. From the Furnivals, who lived little on their Staffordshire estates, the barony descended to the Talbots in the person of that great Captain John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury. He was summoned to Parliament as Lord Furnival of Alton in 1409 in right of his wife, and is well known from Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orléans*. Twelve Earls of Shrewsbury followed in succession at Alton Castle. One fell fighting for Henry VI. at Northampton. Another stamped out the "Pilgrimage of Grace" in 1536. Another married "Bess of Hardwick," and helped to keep Mary Queen of Scots prisoner in Tutbury and at Sheffield Castles. In January 1668 the eleventh earl was slain in a duel by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,

while his countess, dressed as a page, watched, holding the duke's horse. The son of this ill-omened union became Charles, first and only Duke of Shrewsbury, the right-hand man of the Protestant succession. He became a Protestant in 1679, was one of the Lord Justices under William of Orange, and then Lord High Treasurer and Lord Lieutenant under Anne. As often in disgrace as in prosperity, his popularity was unbounded, and he is called by Swift "the favourite of the nation." The present Chetwynd-Talbots of Alton and Ingestre are not descended from this main line of the Talbots of Alton, which ended with this Duke of Shrewsbury.

Heley Castle, which shares with Dudley, Chartley, and Tutbury Castles the distinction of still showing in its ruins the unrestored remains of a genuine feudal castle, was the seat of the Audley family. These Audleys took their name from the mining village of that name; but they bore as arms the Verdon fret, held their earliest lands under the Verdons of Alton, and were doubtless related to that noble house in the twelfth century. Liulph de Audley occurs in 1130, apparently as murdering and ousting the Saxon thane at Audley. The story that makes him the ancestor also of the great House of Stanley will not bear close investigation, in spite of the tendency in the modern generations of this family to revert to the name of Liulph. Liulph's son, Adam de Audley, married an heiress, Emma, daughter of Ralf FitzOrm, and extended the family estates as custos of Chester during the minority of Ranulf Blundevil, Earl of Chester. He died about 1203, and his eldest son died about the same time fighting with the Verdons and Lascys in Ireland. The second son, Henry, was the first baron of the line. He was Ranulf Blundevil's right-hand man while the earl lived, and served over and over again as Sheriff of Staffordshire and Salop. He founded Hulton Abbey, and about 1215 built Heley Castle. As one of the Marcher Lords he exercised wide powers on the Welsh border, and was employed by Henry, after the last earl's

death as custos of the castles of Chester and Beeston, and to treat with Llewellyn of Wales in peace and war.

Most of Henry's sons fell fighting the Welsh in 1257; but his eldest son and successor, James, was then away in Germany with Richard, King of the Romans, whence he returned to avenge their death. He joined in the Barons' letter to the Pope in 1258, but soon after he took up the Royalist side and helped in Simon de Montfort's defeat at Evesham. He died by a fall from his horse in Ireland, whither he had been sent as Justiciar in 1270. Another of his successors, William, his son and the fifth baron, fell in Wales in 1282; and his youngest son was that Hugh de Audley who backed the good Earl Thomas of Lancaster, and escaped with his life at Borough Bridge only to die in prison in 1322.

James de Audley, the ninth baron, was married by his guardian, that turbulent Earl Roger Mortimer, to his daughter Joan. He fought at Crecy, and has generally had the credit of charging the French single-handed at Poictiers as related by Froissart—a credit really due to a famous bastard grandson of Hugh de Audley, who bore the same name and was one of the first Knights of the Garter. The barony ultimately descended to his co-heiresses, one of whom married Touchet of Markeaton in Derbyshire, who thereupon took the title of Baron Audley.

These Touchet Audleys had an even more eventful career. One commanded the Lancastrians at Blore Heath, where he was slain in 1459. The next was won over by the charm of the King-maker to the Yorkist side, and was Richard's Lord Treasurer in 1484. His son led a rabble rout of Cornishmen against Henry VII., and was taken at Blackheath and beheaded on Tower Hill in 1497. Though his son John was restored in honours and estates in 1512, he seems to have remained heavily in debt to the Crown, and during the next two generations the family estates in Staffordshire were sold, and on the ruins rose the new families of Sneyd and Bowyer. The Audleys drifted to

Ireland, and there George Touchet, Lord Audley, was made Earl of Castlehaven in 1617. The next baron disgraced the family, and for disgusting offences had his head cut off at Tyburn; but with this man's son, James Touchet, we may leave the House of Audley, for he was the best fighter of a fighting race. He was a Roman Catholic and an Irishman, and from 1642 till 1651 he fought against the Protestants in Ireland, whether led by the king or the Protector. When, deserted by Ormond, he could no longer lead the Roman Catholics, he fled to France, fought with Condé at Rocroy, went through the Fronde fighting in Paris, and seems to have taken part thereafter in every battle in France and the Low Countries during the next thirty years. He was just arranging for a special piratical expedition against the Sultan of Turkey, when he died peaceably in England in 1684.

Another family who bore the fret so common in North Staffordshire was that of Caverswall. The Caverswalls, like the Audleys, held old Thane lands under the Verdons of Alton. Walter de Caverswall occurs in 1155, but the first important member of the family was Sir William de Caverswall. He was Sheriff of the County in 1260 and 1269, built Caverswall Castle, and died in 1292. His tomb in Caverswall Church once bore, so it is said, the inscription:

> "Sir William de Caverswall, here lie I,
> Who built the Castle and Pools hereby."

To which a humorist of a later age had added, in the same quaint Wardour Street English:—

> "Sir William de Caverswall, here mayest thou lie,
> But thy Castle is down and thy Pools are dry."

The next Caverswall, Sir Richard, was one of the first Members of Parliament for the county of Stafford; and his son Richard married the heiress of High Ercall in Salop in 1309. Though he too was member for Staffordshire, he seems to have settled at High Ercall, preferring it,

Caverswall Castle.

perhaps, to a castle already out of date as a residence. His son, Sir William de Caverswall, fought at Sluys, Crecy, and Calais, but with his successor, Sir Peter, in 1398, the family of Caverswall came to an end in the male line. The castle passed to the Marchingtons, and became gradually dismantled. In Elizabeth's time it had sunk to be used as a farmhouse, but it was then bought by the rising family of Craddock, rebuilt as we see it to-day, and throughout the Civil War it had the honour of being garrisoned for the Parliament, forming with Leek the main stronghold of the Roundheads in North Staffordshire.

One other castle there was in Staffordshire, about which, I am sorry to say, I know little. That is Stourton Castle. It was still in good condition in 1688, when Dr. Plot published a plate of it in his *Natural History of Staffordshire*, but as to the date of its construction I can only surmise that it was built by its most famous owner, John Hampton of Stourton and Kinver. This John Hampton was Body Squire to King Henry VI., and a fervent Lancastrian. He sat in nearly all the Parliaments from 1436 to 1466, and his energies were ubiquitous. He was hereditary Ranger of Kinver Forest, Constable of Chester Castle, Bailly of Plymouth, and, to complete the picture, one of the trustees for the building of Eton College. He died childless long after the Lancastrian cause had perished, and his estates went to a distant relation in Hampshire. But the name of Hampton was taken from Wolverhampton, and not from Hampshire or Southampton, for there was a coat of arms on his alabaster monument in Kinver Church, which in 1743 was still decipherable, and was read by Bishop Littleton as follows: Argent, a chevron gules charged with three besants between three cinquefoils. These, as General Wrottesley has shown, are the arms borne by Andrew en la Lone de Hampton, differenced by the addition of the besants, and Andrew en la Lone was the ancestor of the Lane family, who take their origin also from Wolverhampton.

This completes the list of castled families in Staffordshire, but if this county is not rich in feudal castles it possesses at least more than its fair share of ancient families dating from Norman times, and some of those now existing have been powers in the land right through its history. Such are the Wrottesleys, the Bagots, the Giffards, the Wolseleys, and, although their chief seat is in Derbyshire, the Gresleys; while the Oakovers, though of less importance, are as old as any of these, and can also point to an uninterrupted male descent in their estates from the twelfth century. The Lanes of the Hyde and of Kings Bromley, the Levesons of Wolverhampton and now Dukes of Sutherland, come from the fourteenth century; the Sneyds of Bradwell and Keele from the fifteenth; while the Pagets of Beaudesert rose to power and place under Henry VIII.

The families above mentioned, with the Bassets of Drayton and Blore, Astons of Tixall, and Meverels of Throwley, now all extinct, and with the Swynnertons of Swynnerton become Fitzherberts, and the Chetwynds of Ingestre now become Chetwynd-Talbots, fill the Staffordshire lists of Sheriffs, Members of Parliament, Escheators, and Justices of the Peace from their inception till well into the eighteenth century. And they made their mark on English history too.

Four times the Wrottesleys appear above the horizon of national history. One Sir Hugh Wrottesley fought for Simon de Montfort, and had his estates confiscated after Evesham. Another Sir Hugh was among the first to be made a Knight of the Garter. Fortunately the wars in France engaged most of his attentions—Crecy and Calais and Brittany—for when at home he was inclined to take somewhat stern measures with his enemies; in 1352 he slew the Sheriff, Philip de Lutley, with his *posse comitatus* on Dunston Heath. He escaped from the Tower only to be taken by the French in Brittany, and died in his bed in 1381. Sir Walter Wrottesley, in the next

century, was not so lucky. He backed Warwick the King-maker through all the wars, but was absent from the final defeat at Barnet, being at that time in command at Calais. This fortress he surrendered on terms assuring the garrison their lives. They were not at once beheaded, as was usual at that time, but nevertheless Sir Walter died in the Tower two years later. Again in the eighteenth century, General Sir John Wrottesley, as warrior and statesman, and his son John, first Lord Wrottesley, one of the Whigs of the Reform Bill, distinguished again the oldest family in the county. And in recent years Major General George Wrottesley has revolutionised the science of local history, and has made these Memorials of Old Staffordshire possible.

The Bagots of Bromley and Blithfield date from 1166 as lords of Bromley. When the male line of the Stafford family perished in the Crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion, Hervey Bagot, as husband of the daughter Milicent, became Baron of Stafford and ancestor of the ill-fated Earls of Stafford and Dukes of Buckingham. Bromley, however, went with another branch of the Bagot family, down through a line of knights and squires. Sir John Bagot, lord of Bromley 1335–49, fought at Halidon Hill and Crecy. His son married the heiress of the Blithfields of Blithfield, where the Bagots still reside; and his sons, Sir John Bagot and Sir William Bagot, played an important part in history. Throughout the turbulent reign of Richard II. these two brothers sat as Members of Parliament, the one for Staffordshire, the other for Warwickshire. Sir William was a favourite of Richard II.'s, and was left with three others in charge of the kingdom in the fatal year 1399, when Richard went to Ireland. He was taken by Henry IV. at Chester, but escaped with a light imprisonment, and afterwards received a pension from Henry IV., under circumstances which suggest that he gave useful information about his former friends. Sir John Bagot, however, served well the House of Lancaster. He was Knight of the

Body to Henry IV. and Henry V. He fought at Shrewsbury field, and, still in favour with Henry V., at Agincourt also. His private wars in Staffordshire with families such as the Mauvesyns and Erdeswicks, of whose ways he did not approve, were even more intricate and continuous. Civil war was never more relentlessly waged in Staffordshire than during this reign of Henry IV., while there was nothing doing in France.

The Bagots were Lancastrians, and their names, so common in the lists of M.P.s, Sheriffs, and Justices during the reigns of the Henrys, vanish during the first reigns of the House of York. And when they rallied to York again they were unlucky, for Richard Bagot of Blithfield fell on the field of Bosworth in 1485. Another Richard Bagot, lord of Blithfield from 1552 to 1597, was, with Thomas Trentham of Rocester, the mainstay of Protestantism in Staffordshire. He was in the confidence of the Cecils, and from this secure position made it singularly unpleasant for those Roman Catholic families the Erdeswicks of Sandon, the Draycots of Draycot, and the Macclesfields of Maer. During the Civil War, however, the younger sons of the House are to be found filling responsible posts in the royal army. Harvey Bagot fought through the war as a colonel, and is to be found after the Restoration as colonel of one of the newly raised regiments of Life Guards. Richard Bagot at the age of twenty-five was made Governor of Lichfield, which he held for the king for four years, only resigning it in time to take part in the fatal battle of Naseby, where he was mortally wounded. Thereafter the Bagots went on being Members of Parliament in the Tory interest, till in 1780 Sir William Bagot had a peerage conferred on him by Lord North. They still live at Blithfield, and own Bagots Bromley, which has been uninterruptedly in their hands since 1166.

Other old families, such as the Giffards of Chillington, and the Fitzherberts, who inherited the estates at Swynnerton of the Domesday family of Swynnerton, have been

noted for their steadfast adherence to the Roman Catholic faith in spite of endless fines, outlawries, and sequestrations. The Wolseleys of Wolseley, though a much older family, rose first to power with the success of the House of York. They were Roundheads, and one Sir Charles was a member of the Barebones Parliament, and was made one of Cromwell's House of Lords. They have produced a Major-General for William III.'s army, who fought at the battles of the Boyne and Augrim; diplomatists, and that strange Radical, Sir Charles Wolseley, the first "Member for Birmingham," who took his family back to the Roman Catholic Church. Lord Wolseley, the present Field-Marshal, is also a cadet of the House.

The Lanes of Kings Bromley are an example of a family rising through parliamentary preferment. For over twenty years Richard Lane was a member of the Lancastrian Parliaments, and held many official posts. Later on, Jane Lane saved Charles II. after Worcester fight. They have found, too, a Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and the first Governor of Virginia.

Though the Pagets of Beaudesert only rose in the time of Henry VIII., they have also linked Staffordshire with the national history so closely as to deserve mention amongst the old families. The first three Pagets were Roman Catholics, banished and finally attainted. The fourth baron became a Protestant under James I., and was restored to estates and honours. The fifth served King Charles, the sixth was Ambassador to Turkey, his son Henry, first Earl of Uxbridge, was a Lord of the Treasury under Anne, and Wellington's famous Cavalry General, Sir Henry Paget, added the title of Marquis of Anglesey. Just one hundred years ago he was commanding the cavalry at Corunna. Of them as of such famous families as the Levesons of Trentham, the Chetwynds of Ingestre, the Ansons of Shugborough, the Littletons of Hatherton, it is only necessary to say they are still represented at the

present day by noble families of the same name, though descended only in the female line from the knights and squires who held those lands when, as retainers of York and Lancaster, they accepted the badge of the Red or the White Rose.

STAFFORDSHIRE FORESTS

By W. Beresford

WHETHER due to the ravages of the Danes, whose evil deeds are still vividly remembered about Biddulph[1] and the Bridestones, and in the Dove Valley, or to the general devastation of war—notwithstanding its enlightenment by Lichfield and the royal residence at Tamworth, and along the old Mercian border—the district around Stafford, when forsaken by its kings and crushed by the Conqueror, was reduced to a woodland state. Out of the 728,468 acres of its present area of the county, only 468,004 were noted in Domesday; and of these 319,538 were wood, though only one small oak wood of 10 acres is mentioned. And here again in woodland matters Lichfield led the van, and the bishop was the largest forest owner. The manor where the cathedral lay, and that of his castle at Eccleshall, both had their woods—the former of 93,740 acres, the latter of 11,520 acres; and he had also 4320 acres in Brewood and Baswich. The king had a forest of 34,560 acres at Cannock, one of 5760 acres in Uttoxeter, and another of 23,040 at Leek. The latter was subsequently granted to the Earl of Chester, who gave part of Leek Forest to Dieulacres Abbey, and bestowed the other part, that which became known as Malbanc Forest, on his lord-

[1] Mr. Duignan's interpretation of Biddulph as meaning the "War Wolf" is curious and suggestive. Biddulph has not only an old Elizabethan castle, but a fine collection of mediæval stone coffin lids. See Miss Biddulph's paper further on. The local tradition of the Bridestones is that after a Danish warrior had been married at Biddulph Church to a Saxon maiden, they were met and murdered at the Bridestones; which stones are the remains of an old Saxon barrow.

marcher, the Baron Malbanc of Wich Malbanc. Both these parts of old Leek Forest are touched on later, namely, in "A Quiet Corner of the County," and "In Charles Cotton's Country."

The two royal forests were those of Cannock and Kinver. These had both been forests before the Conquest, and certainly Richard Forestarius, the Norman chief ranger, was a Saxon by birth. The names of the courts attached to the forests were also Saxon; and indeed the Conqueror seems to have made few changes in local matters with regard to them, whilst the records quoted below will show that the forest laws were not, as is so often supposed, harshly administered. Where severity was shown, there was, as we shall see, a more serious crime behind it than the stealing of a deer.

Our Staffordshire forests are peculiarly interesting. Part of Cannock Forest remains as Cannock Chase, wild as ever with deer roaming at will. Needwood has still its noble Swilcar oak, king of Staffordshire trees. And some of the very families who formerly kept the forests are still happily seated amongst us. To General the Honourable George Wrottesley's researches we owe all that is worth knowing about Cannock Forest; and the Wrottesleys of Wrottesley, the Wolseleys of Wolseley, the Littletons of Teddesley, the Lanes of Kings Bromley, the Biddulphs, Chetwynds, Giffards, Leveson-Gowers, and others, represent the actual forester-families.

In early days, and immediately after the Conquest, the king could ride out of his Forest of the Peake, across the Moorlands, and through the Forest of Leek. Then entering Cannock Forest at Radford bridge, near Stafford, he could go to Wolverhampton, and, striking thence, could get into Kinver Forest at Tettenhall and ride to the Severn at Arley—all through lands and woods in which, by King Canute's orders, the game had been reserved to himself.

Until the reign of Henry II. the forest laws had been severe; but after that date they were greatly relaxed,

and the king's forests much reduced by grants to others.

The bishops of Lichfield had from the earliest recorded times their manor houses at Lichfield and Eccleshall. Later on, perhaps, they acquired others at Beaudesert and Haywood; and each of these seems to have been put into order by Bishop Langton (1296–1321). The two former were strongholds, the two latter pleasant places of residence. Haywood lay between the river Sowe—where that river "shoots" rapidly towards the Trent, at Shutboro', or Shugborough—and the great forest of Cannock. And here mediæval bishops lived more frequently than at any other house, until the Wars of the Roses drove them into the shelter of their strong walls at Eccleshall. How Shugborough was wrenched from the See at a later period we will not now stay to inquire. In the time of James I. an eminent barrister, William Anson, bought Shugborough. His grandson, George, born here 1697, was one of our most famous sea-captains. He was made Admiral in 1745, and Lord Anson in 1747. His voyage round the world was skilfully told by his chaplain, and Anson became famous as one who could make the best out of the worst material. Thomas Anson, Esq., the Admiral's elder brother, lived at Shugborough but the Admiral in succeeding to the estate almost rebuilt the adjacent village, cut the new channel for the river, and diverted the London road out of the park. Janetta, sister of both Thomas and Lord Anson, succeeded them. She married Sambrook Adams of Sambrook in Shropshire; and their son, George Adams, assumed the name and arms of Anson, and was the father of Thomas, created Lord Anson, 1806, and the grandfather of the first Earl of Lichfield, 1831.

In the year 1300, a perambulation of the forests was made to gather up a fifteenth of all movable goods, which had been granted to the king; and it was then noted that Cannock Forest had four hayes or enclosures in it, viz.

those of Hopwas near Tamworth, Alrewas between Burton and Lichfield, Teddesley near Penkridge, and Gauneleye or Gailey. The names show the large extent of the forest. The justices appointed to carry out the work indeed discovered that the forest bounds had been slowly expanded till they reached the very middle of Wolverhampton; whilst, on the other hand, a large number of persons were presented for assarting or clearing and enclosing forest lands. Many were prosecuted by the vigorous King Edward for various offences, but as became the first of the strong Edwards, all were mercifully dealt with. This was not his first inquiry, and, strange to say, the chief culprit revealed in 1286 was no less a person than the bishop of the diocese, Bishop Molend. Cannock Forest stretched from the Tame to the Penk and from the Trent to Brewood, and the bishop claimed a circle of fifteen leagues in circuit in the very heart of it, "within which he takes venison at his pleasure at all times of the year," and he had forced two of the king's foresters into his service. The bishop claimed under a grant from King John to his predecessor, Bishop Hugh de Nonant, and renewed in 13 Henry III. Now it was true that Cannockbury and Rugeley towns had then been granted to the bishopric, but what about this wider claim to wood and venison? The matter was tried, the bishop's tale was told, and the king again took the forest into his own hands. But the bishop was not content, and in the eighteenth year of Edward I., he bought his Chase back for £1000. It seemed as if he could not live at Shugborough without a hunting ground at hand. His own woods lay away beyond Cannock Chase. A similar passion at a later date caused the Earl of Essex to build the lengthy Essex bridge over the Trent so that he might readily get to the Chase from Chartley.

Bishop Molend or Meuland is especially interesting, as the probable founder of the west front of Lichfield Cathedral and the builder of its first and most elaborate storey. He was, though not always successfully, employed in delicate political work; and, as the forest records show,

Old View of Lichfield Cathedral.

he used his spiritual power of excommunication to enforce his forest claims. But his taste and munificence are undoubted. He it was who gave the See a handsome London residence near the Thames, on the site of Somerset House, with trees and its own quay, and a cross in front of the palace where the itinerant judges used to sit to hear cases. And it was just that palace in London and this Chase in Cannock Forest which were unjustly rent from the See later on, and the Chase is now all that remains to us of the old forest.

In 1271 a case occurred which is illustrative of the times. At the Assizes, held as usual at Lichfield,[1] it was presented that Robert de Knytelegh and ten or more others came with Ralph Basset on Wednesday before Christmas day, 48 Henry III., and took ten does, three bucks, two hinds and a fecon and carried them to Basset's manor house at Drayton. The inquiry as to the culprits shows mediævalism in full light. Two were committed to prison; one had fled to Ireland with James de Audley; two to the Holy Land, and were therefore forgiven; two could not be found and were outlawed; one who was "poor and a minstrel" was pardoned; and another fined twenty shillings. Another troop were so secure in the protection of the bishop and Basset that they were "customary malefactors of the king's venison with greyhounds, bows, and arrows, and no forester dared attack them." Here there was certainly little severity. It was also presented that John de Keynton, staying at Tamworth Deanery, sent his brother with Ralph Pelle and his dogs into the forest on St. Mark's day, 51 Henry III. They took two cheverells or kids in Hopwas Haye, and were to be arrested. Pelle was huntsman in the Somery family. The prisoners then seem to have got off with a fine of 20s.

How the bishop's tenants claimed the right to keep dogs

[1] Though the county gaol was at Stafford the Assizes were, from their first record in 1199, mostly held at Lichfield. In 1558 a bill passed Parliament to hold Assizes at Stafford only.

which were not expeditated or clipped in the middle claw; how the nuns of Brewood, when they had eaten half a fugitive buck, were pardoned for the good of the king's soul because they were poor; how the wolves came down on the forest in 1281 and killed a buck which was afterwards salted and sent as a present to a Lepers' Hospital at Freeford; how sometimes the poachers fled into a tree and defended themselves or killed the forester's horse and got away, or bolted into a monastery, or became Hospitallers—these and many other records of Cannock and the interesting little forest of Kinver, west of Wolverhampton, may be gathered from General Wrottesley's *Pleas of the Forest*, vol. v., part i., William Salt *Collections*. The General's later work has given us a very succinct and clear account of its entire history. His *Forest Tenures*, in vol. x., new series, of the William Salt *Collections for a History of Staffordshire*, show us that there had been originally nine hayes in Cannock Forest, the Bishop's claim, successfully established to the Hayes of Cannock and Rugeley, reducing them to seven. Several of the earliest foresters came to the gallows for murder; and the De Loges family, whose moat still remains between Penkridge and Gailey, were troublesome custodians, and joined Simon de Montfort. But they had powerful supporters, for a daughter of the House married a Basset. Eventually the Forestership of Cannock passed by female heirs to the Muttons, who are now represented by the Earl of Shrewsbury, and then by grant to the Giffards. Trade and the growth of population, the discovery of coal and iron, and the spread of the towns subsequently clipped the bounds of the woods; and now little forest remains but the naturally wild land between Stafford and Walsall. These lands are barren and heathery, but have beautiful glades in them where the deer still flourish.

Unlike Cannock Chase in its bareness, the forest of Needwood, notwithstanding its pathetic "Fall," as sung by Mundy, and its ruthless disafforesting in 1802, is still represented by a line of fine woodland, seen on the right

from the North Staffordshire Railway as one journeys from Uttoxeter to Tutbury. The history of this forest is full of incident, and has been well told by a former Sir Oswald Mosley in his admirable *History of Tutbury*. The forest formerly stretched from Burton to Uttoxeter. It was the happy hunting-ground of Ferrers, Earl of Derby, in Norman times, and perhaps even of Kings Offa and Ethelred, if, as Sir Oswald supposed, they lived at Tutbury. Here Robin Hood is said to have poached, and to have married Maid Marion at Tutbury.

Shaw's *Topographer* for 1790 tells us that the Castle Park in Queen Elizabeth's time was that wherein Tutbury Castle stood, and was a mile in circuit. Needwood, a mile away, was then a Chase of twenty miles in compass at least. It was divided into four wards of five miles each—the wards being Marchington, Yoxall, Barton, and Tutbury. Within the ring-fence of the forest were the parks of Agardisley, Stockley, Barton, Heylyn, Skerrold, Castlehay, Hanbury, and Rolleston. Hanbury Park had 170 deer, and Rolleston Park 120, and there were 60 deer in the Castle Park. In 1798, just before the fall, the forest had a thousand acres of oaks—a greater quantity than any other place in England. But these were cut down, and now, as we noted above, a mere fringe of the old woodland is left. That, however, is very fine.

The brave and prudent Earl Robert de Ferrers raised a band of soldiers from its vicinity in 1138, and in the struggle at Northallerton offered an estate on the most populous side of the forest to his bravest soldier. One Ralph achieved this distinction and got "Callingwood," or the claimed wood, as his guerdon.

How the Ferrers lost Tutbury will be found in the paper on Chartley. The bulk of their possessions went to enrich the already rich Earl of Lancaster, for the latter was of royal blood, and it had been Henry III.'s policy to make him powerful enough to lead the barons; a policy which, despite the trouble it brought to Edward II., was revived

by Edward III. The latter advanced his second son, John of Gaunt, from Earl to Duke of Lancaster, and gave him a court, a chancery, and other almost royal privileges. For John of Gaunt[1] had married the heiress of the Earls of Lancaster, and had absorbed her great possessions. After she was dead, he married Constance of Castile, in whose right he called himself King of Castile. Tutbury then became a little Windsor; but here the poor "queen" was left to amuse herself for years as best she could, whilst her faithless husband was away. And when John of Gaunt's son, Henry of Bolingbroke, seized the Crown, Needwood became indeed a royal forest, though but seldom visited by its royal master.

To this infrequency, however, there are one or two notable exceptions. Henry VII. used to hunt in the forest, and once lost his bearings and all his companions. Asking his way at Taylor's Cottage in Barton, he found that triplets had been born there; to which he was introduced whilst the father made himself ready to conduct the unknown stranger back to Tutbury. The king offered to pay for the education of the three little boys, who all became Doctors of Divinity, and one, John, became Archdeacon of Derby and the builder of Barton Church. James I. gave the name "King's Standing" to one of his resting-places; and Charles I. was several times at Tutbury.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots came into her dismal captivity at Tutbury Castle, the dampest house she had ever been in. She was followed as she rode about by forty or fifty men armed with pistols, and was here from early in February 1569 to the spring of the year; then again in 1570, and again in 1573, 1577, 1578, and 1581. Her last captivity at Tutbury was from January 14 to December 21, 1585. Her good guardian, Sir Ralph

[1] John of Gaunt had thirty castles of his own and three in custody. North of a line drawn across England from the Wash to the mouth of the Severn, there was hardly an important stronghold that was not his.

"Beggar's Oak," Bagot's Park.

Sadler, "could not deny her" permission to ride with him when with hawks and falconers he tried to "amuse himself during the miserable life" at Tutbury. But he was too good a soldier to let her slip.

Queen never made greater mistake than did Mary of Scotland when she took refuge in England from her subjects, and appealed for protection to Elizabeth. The latter would not see her; she was suspected too truly of complicity in the murder of her husband, and must first clear herself of that charge! The culprit was committed to custody at Bolton. Thence she was brought to Tutbury, to be safely kept by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who rented the castle and had many others. The sad story of her captivity has been often told. She was carried from one place to another, from Tutbury to Wingfield, Sheffield, or Chatsworth, and went at last from Tutbury to Chartley.

The castle of Tutbury was dismantled by order of the Commonwealth, and the area within the walls shows few signs of its former capacity as a lodging—not always, however, a healthy place, for during its crowded state in the later days of Charles I. disease broke out amongst the denizens. These were lodged in wooden buildings; hence the scarcity of ruin. But "the King's Lodgings" were built of stone, well gripped to the inside of the walls.

The oak on the Swilcar Oak lawn in 1832 was estimated to contain a thousand feet of timber; but in Bagot's Park, three miles away, the Squitch Oak had twelve feet more of timber, and the Cliffe Oak about half as much. Bagot's Park is an enclosure probably made from Needwood before the Conquest by the noble family still resident at Blithfield. It is a "paradise of ancestral trees." The Cliffe Oak, now called the King's Oak, is a striking tree, because of the great height of its stem before reaching the branches. The Beggar's Oak is perhaps the most picturesque, however, because of the spread of its huge almost horizontal lower branches. It comes next after the Squitch Oak in contents of timber. Besides the red deer a herd of wild goats has

been in Bagot's Park from time immemorial. The Bagots have been at Blithfield or Bagots Bromley for at least seven centuries, the present head of the House being the twenty-third in direct descent from Simon Bagot of the twelfth century. A fine history of the family and that of the Gresleys, Okcovers, Dudleys, Wrottesleys, Giffards, and Swynnertons is published in the Salt *Collections*.

Two important Staffordshire towns were affected by nearness to Tutbury. At Uttoxeter, enlarged by the good Earl Robert Ferrers in the latter part of the thirteenth century, that earl planted an iron manufactory. Later on, the town was, like Leek is now, a noted butter-market, and is recovering its old iron-work claim, as the seat of a great agricultural implement works.

Burton-on-Trent, the other town associated with Needwood, has not only a great chronicle, but a connection with the most vital event in the history of English liberty, and Mr. R. Thorniwell thus described it many years ago :—

"At Michaelmas, 1213, Nicholas, Bishop of Tusculum, the Pope's legate, came to settle the quarrel between the King and the Pope, and to remove the interdict under which the Pope had placed the kingdom, and the sentence of excommunication against King John, who, threatened with an invasion by the King of France, resigned his kingdom into the Pope's hands, and consented to become his vassal. Emboldened by this, the Pope instructed his legate to fill up the vacant bishoprics and abbacies in England, and enjoined him 'if any should gainsay him, or prove contumacious, to compel them to obey without appeal.' What occurred can best be described in the words of a contemporary writer, Roger of Wendover: 'The legate, on receiving this authority from the Pope, rejected the advice of the archbishops and bishops of the kingdom, and going to the vacant churches with the clerks and agents of the King presumed to make appointments to them of persons little suited to those offices; and some of various orders, who, on manifest cause of complaint, appealed to the hearing of the supreme Pontiff, he suspended and sent to the Court of Rome, and to them he showed himself so destitute of humanity, that he did not allow them one penny out of their own money to pay their expenses on the journey. Moreover, he distributed the parochial churches which were vacant in various places amongst his own clerks, without asking the consent of the patrons, for which he received the malediction of many instead of their benediction, inasmuch as he changed justice into injury and judgment into forejudging.'

"But Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, although appointed by the Pope, contrary to the wish of the King and the Chapter of Canterbury,

Ancient Bridge at Burton-on-Trent.

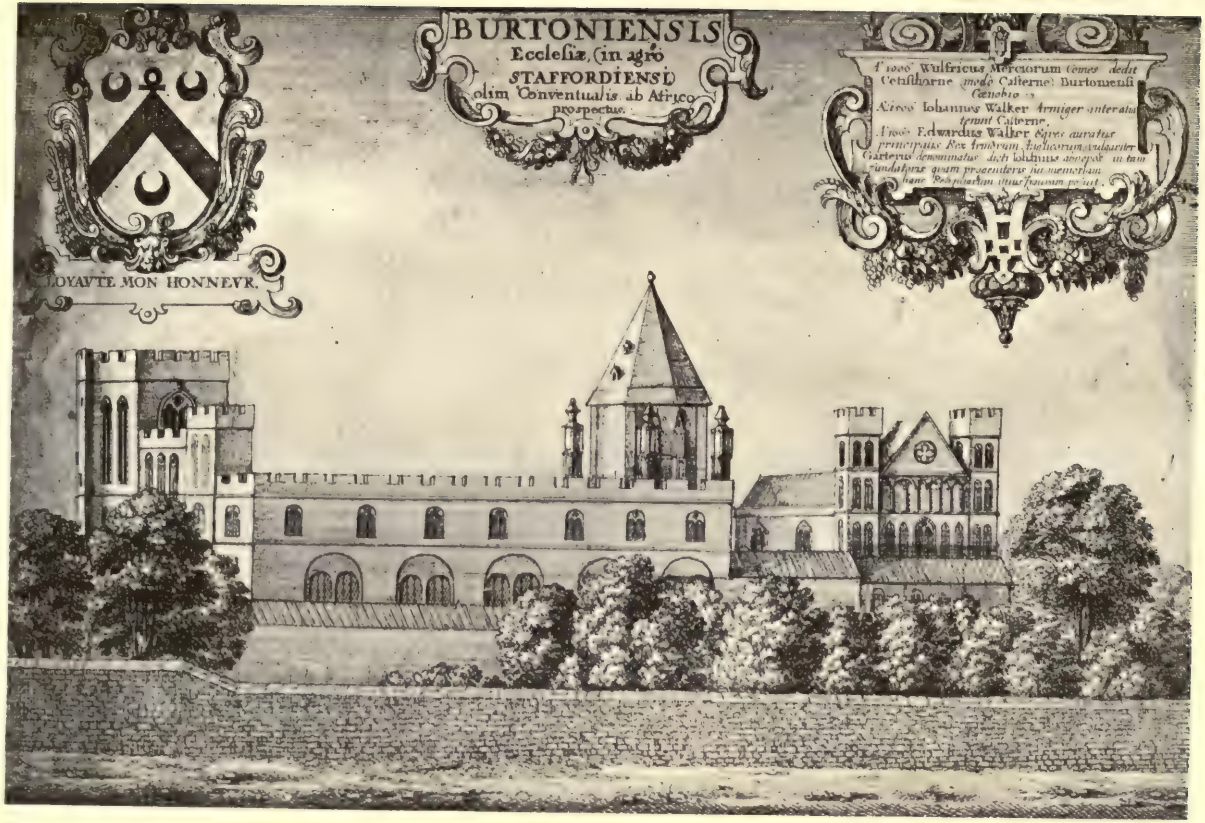
was no mere tool in his hands, and the brave protest which he made against this encroachment on his rights shows us that even at this time, when the English Church was more Roman and less distinctly Anglican than perhaps at any other period in its history, an Archbishop of Canterbury did not forget that it was his duty to maintain the privileges of his position. He assembled his suffragan bishops at Dunstable, 'to discuss the affairs of the English Church there, for they were beyond measure annoyed that the legate had appointed unfit persons to the vacant churches more by force than by canonical election.' Nicholas, the Pope's legate, was at this time at Burton. Attended by fifty horsemen and a numerous retinue, he took up his quarters at the abbey, and the Archbishop therefore sent to him, at Burton, 'two clerks to forbid him, by the interposition of an appeal on the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to appoint prelates in the vacant churches, in disregard of his, the Archbishop's high office, to which the appointment to the churches in his own diocese of right belonged.' The legate paid no attention to the appeal, but sent Pandulph to Rome to counteract the intentions of the archbishop and bishops. Simon Langton, the Archbishop's brother, maintained their cause before the Pope, but the gold-sealed charter, with which John had given his kingdom into the Pope's hands, did more for Pandulph's cause than Master Simon's rhetoric did for his brother's. How Stephen Langton, burning under a sense of the injustice of his treatment, placed himself at the head of the barons, and wrung from the wretched King the great charter of English liberties, is well known. The manly protest he forwarded to Burton showed that he was as ready to defend the rights of the Church as he was to secure the freedom of the people."

Abbot Melbourne rebuilt the Abbey Church in 1114, and the town felt the shock of battle when, in the reign of Edward II., that king surprised his rebellious cousin, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who had entered into a treasonable correspondence with Scotland, and had in 1320 arrived with all his forces at Tutbury. The king was at Coventry, coming against him. The earl rushed to Burton to secure the long bridge of 34 arches over the Trent. But a countryman showed the king a ford higher up the stream; and, sending a feint to attack the bridge, the main body came over by the ford and took Lancaster in the rear. He fled, dropping his treasure chests into the Dove, and rushed up the valley of the Dove by his castle at Hartington, towards Pontefract, scattering valuables as he raced away.[1]

[1] For a find of silver coins like those at Tutbury, see *Beresford of Beresford*, p. 33.

Needwood Forest formerly supplied Burton with an industry. Leland notes that in his day the town had "mani Marblers workynge in Alabaster," and this fact is not altogether unconnected with the modern fame of the town for amber ale; for the presence of alabaster on Needwood influences the character of the sub-strata, from which the unique water for brewing is drawn. The monks of Burton's fine old abbey knew of this, and the letters of Mary Queen of Scots were conveyed in empty Burton casks from Chartley. But the earliest brewery is usually dated about 1610. The abbey was a noble Norman pile, as we see from a drawing of the church preserved in the William Salt Library. It was founded in 1004 in the rush of relief that the world had not ended with the first Christian period of a thousand years, and in atonement for a massacre of Danes in the Dove valley. But its chief glory is its old Chronicle, a document which preserves to us many records of the highest value to English as well as to local history. The Chronicle of William of Shepeshead, a monk of Croxden, is also interesting, though not nearly so full as that of Burton.

Shaw in his *Topographer* for 1789 gives a quaint account of the Bull Runnings. The Earls and Dukes of Lancaster kept a liberal hospitality at Tutbury, and many people resorted thither. For their diversion various minstrels were allowed to come. John of Gaunt appointed a 'king' over them, and they met annually at the Priory for a service in church to which they marched with music, two and two. A sermon on music was preached, for which each minstrel paid a penny. Then the 'king' held a court in the castle, and the steward gave them a long charge on their duties and privileges, and they dined together in hall. Then they repaired to the Abbey gate, and the Prior gave them a bull, sadly maimed, however, for his horns, ears, and tail were cut off, his body smeared with grease, and his nostrils filled with pepper, and a general scramble for him took place amongst the minstrels.


BURTONIENSIS
Ecclesiæ, (in agro
STAFFORDIENSI)
olim Conventualis ab Africo
prospectus.
LOYAVTE MON HONNEVR.

After the priory was dissolved, the provision of the bull devolved on the Earl of Devonshire, to whom the priory lands had passed, and the popular but disgraceful custom had at length to be abandoned. One can hardly doubt, when one remembers John of Gaunt's pretensions to his wife's right to Spanish royalty, where this custom came from.

With its still noble forests, broad rivers, old churches, and ancient families, the part of Staffordshire bounded by Dove, Trent, and Tame, and watered by Penk, Sow, and Churnet, is one of the most interesting and picturesque in England; and its lovely scenery provokes a smile from Staffordshire men when they hear their county described by strangers as being all either "black country" or "potteries."

SOME ANCIENT TENURES IN THE HONOUR OF TUTBURY

By Sir Reginald Hardy, Bart.

An old rhyme runs:—

> "Barton under Needwood,
> And Dunstall in the Dale,
> Tattenhill for a pretty girl,
> And Burton for good ale."

The manorial records of Barton under Needwood have been carefully preserved among the muniments of the Duchy of Lancaster, and are now catalogued in the Record Office. Side by side with them are preserved the Woodmotes of the different wards of Needwood Forest. The deeds begin in the reign of Henry III., and are continued down to the time of Charles I., who sold the manor.

In 1414, the year before the battle of Agincourt, was prepared a careful and elaborate Rental of the manor, giving the name, rental, and tenure of every tenant.

Minors held Blakenhall by the service of a pair of gilt spurs, and five doves in Catholme by the service of a rose, and other holdings by the rent of ½ lb. of pepper and 1 lb. of cummin. Thomas Gryffith held tenements by the service of a sparrowhawk, and Byrdesall by the service of setting the first dish before the king at Tutbury on Christmas day.

But the more remarkable was the jocular tenure of the Flitch at the neighbouring manor of Wichnor. A similar custom existed at Dunmow in Essex. It was founded in the time of Henry III. by Robert Fitz-Walter, who re-edified the priory, and it continued till the dissolution of the house. The same tenure is found in France at the Abbey

of St. Melaine, near Rennes, where for six hundred years a side of bacon remained "fresh and not decayed, and nevertheless devoted and assigned to the first persons who, having been married a year and a day, had lived without arguing, grumbling, or repenting thereof." The sum of the custom was contained in the following distich:—

> "He that repents not of his marriage
> In a year and a day, either sleeping or waking,
> May lawfully go to Dunmow and fetch
> A gammon of bacon."

There is a detailed account of the Wichnor ceremonies in Dugdale's Baronage under the family of Somerville, and this is repeated in Plot's *Staffordshire*. Sir Philip Somerville held the manors of Whichenoure, Scirescot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowley, all in the county of Stafford, of the Earls of Lancaster by this memorable service. Sir Philip had to maintain one bacon flitch hanging in his hall at Whichenoure ready arrayed at all times of the year, except Lent, to be given to every man or woman married after the day and the year of their marriage be past. Then, after various formalities, the bailiff fixed a day for the trial of the claim, and Robert Knightley of Rudlow (a small manor in Tatenhill) was summoned to be ready with a horse and saddle, and a sack and a pryke (a skewer to fasten the sack) to convey the bacon out of the county at his cost. The freeholders of the manor attended, and the claimants received chaplets and were led to the hall door with trumps and tabors, and other manner of minstrelsy. The bacon was laid on wheat and rye, and a solemn oath was taken:—

> "Hear ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, Lord of Whichenoure, mayntener and gyver of this baconne, that I. A, sithe I wedded B my wife, and sithe I had her in my kepyng and at my wylle by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for no other; farer ne fowler, richer ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater lynage; sleeping ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the seyd B were sole and I sole, I would take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the world, of what condiciones soever they be, good or evylle; as help me God and His seyntes, and this flesh and all fleshes."

Afterwards the corn was laid on one horse and the bacon above it, and the winner mounted another with a cheese before him, and they departed with trumpets, taborets, and the band as before out of the lordship.

In the *Spectator* of October 18, 1714, No. 608, is a paper supposed to be the register of the demandants. After various failures, humorously described, the letter winds up:—

"I find but two couples that were successful. The first was a sea captain and his wife, who, since the day of their marriage, had not seen one another until the day of the claim. The second was an honest pair in the neighbourhood; the husband was a man of plain good sense and a peaceable temper: the woman was dumb."

A wooden flitch still hangs in the hall at Wichnor.

Another interesting tenure is the Agard Horn, described by Blount. The horn was 14⅝ inches long, 7 inches round the mouth, and 2¼ inches at the narrow end. The bands, buckles, and shield-plate were silver-gilt. The girdle was of silk, made to be worn over the shoulder. The arms are: quarterly France and England, with a label of three points ermine impaling Ferrers vair or vairy.

The three fleur-de-lis (instead of semée) were not used before Henry IV. They may be the arms of John of Gaunt.

There does not seem to have been any marriage between a Plantagenet and a Ferrers to account for the impaled escutcheon. It is probable that the Courts were summoned by blowing a horn.

This relic passed by the Agards of Foston to Stanhope of Elvaston, who sold it in 1753 with the offices to Samuel Foxglove, whence it passed to Mr. Bagshawe of Ford Hall, Chapel en le Frith.

In the Bodleian Library, MS. Ashmole, 833, pp. 1, 2, is a document setting forth how Walter surnamed Achard, Akarde, or Acard lived 4 Edward I. and A.D. 1275, 1285, and 1294. The office began in his time. He and his heirs were Corowners "Clerici mercati" and

Feodaries throughout the whole honour of Tutbury, which is part and parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster in the Counties of Staff., Derb., War., Leic., and Notts, together with the balleywick of Leyke in the county of Leic. The Agards cannot offer any written evidence or title-deeds except a hunting-horn, white, silver-gilt in the centre, and at each end, with a girdle of black linen decorated with some silver buckles. In the centre are placed the arms of Edmund, second son of Henry III., who received the honour of Tutbury by forfeiture from Robert de Ferrers, the Earl of Derby.

From the book called *The Cowcher of Tutbury*, and from several accounts taken before auditors, it fully appears that this office belongs by hereditary right to the Agards. The office is called Agards' Baille.

Certain land at Dunstall was held of the Somervilles by Hugh de Newbold and Agnes his wife by the service of rendering annually eight hens at Christmas and one chaplet or nosegay of white and red roses to decorate the bacon at Whichnor, every year, on the feast of St. John the Baptist, and also of decorating the bacon with flowers ten times a year on specified feasts, and with ivy on the vigil of All-Saints and Christmas Eve. The manor of Birdshall adjoining Dunstall was held by Philip de Somerville on condition that when his lord kept his Christmas at the castle of Tutbury, he, Sir Philip, or his deputy, should come to Tutbury on Christmas Eve, and be lodged in the town by the marshal of the household, and on Christmas day go to the dresser and carry his lord's mess to his table, and carve the meat for his lord both at supper and dinner, and when his lord had eaten, Sir Philip should sit down in the same place and be served by the steward; and upon St. Stephen's day, when he had dined, he should take leave of his lord and kiss him.

The Woodmotes of the Forest of Needwood were held in the different lodges of the forest, Birkley, Tutbury, Chapel House, Barton, Marchington, or Eland.

The laws and customs were very severe, and better adapted to secure the peace of the beasts of chase than that of the king's lieges. The principal offences reported were: (1) The taking of greenwood or old wood or fallen trees. The greenwood or vert included all trees, whether bearing acorns or mast or not, as well as underwood. It was preserved because it supplied food for the game, and because any disturbance or trespass was prejudicial to the game. (2) The beating down of acorns or beech mast. (3) Stealing the hoar lint, or the bast, or inner bark of the lime. The bast was used for mats and cordage, and was valuable. (4) Breaking the park palings, or disrepair of fences. (5) Killing the venison or hunting deer with greyhounds or harriers, or catching in nets, traps, or buckstalls. Sometimes the poaching dogs are recorded by name, "Bawsynt," "Brendruth." (6) Trespass by horse, cattle, or sheep which had strayed during the fence month, or fawning season, in midsummer.

Men of importance were sometimes presented: the Abbot of Burton, the Rector of Tatenhill, Robert Curzon of Croxall, Thomas Gresley of Drakelowe, Roger Horton of Catton, Philip Somerville of Wichnor, Rees ap Gryffith, and Richard ap Gryffith. Some of the monks of Burton were charged with poaching venison just before Lent.

In 1776 a poem, called "Needwood Forest," was written by Mr. Francis Noel Clarke Mundy of Markeaton, Derbyshire, who lived at Hollybush, and was printed by John Jackson at Lichfield. The first part opens with a description of Needwood Forest and his hounds. Allusions are made to Bagot, Meynell, Talbot, Cavendish of Doveridge, Fitzherbert of Somershall, Burdett of Foremark, Vernon of Sudbury, Brown of Foston. The Dove is styled the British Nile, "whose flood in April is worth a king's good." The view from the tower of Hanbury Church, the eminence called King's Standing, and the Swilcar Oak are specially mentioned. In the last part the destruction of the timber by order of the Duchy is feelingly denounced.

Tutbury Priory, West Door.

In 1801 the forest was enclosed, the trees were cut down, and the land broken up for wheat, which then commanded a high price. Bagot's Park and the parks at Birkley and Yoxall give a good idea of the scenery as it was before the enclosure. Oak, holly, thorn, and fern were the principal features. Mary Howitt's *Woodleighton; or a Year in the Country* describes an autumn day in the forest of Needwood: "Even in this secluded district which, beautiful as it is, is little known or spoken of amongst the generality of English people, how many literary recollections surround you, to say nothing of the quantity of taste and knowledge that resides in the best classes of society hereabout. We have to-day passed the homes of Thomas Gisborne and Edward Cooper, clergymen who have done honour to their profession by their talents and the liberality of their sentiments." Wilberforce was a great friend of Thomas Gisborne, and constantly came to Yoxall Lodge to refresh himself and rest. He appreciated the oaks and the hollies, and studied or strolled in the glades of the park. Mr. James Stephen in his *Ecclesiastical Biography* describes the Clapham Sect, and sketches the character of Gisborne and the attractiveness of his residence.

In 1832 Sir Oswald Mosley of Rolleston published a *History of the Castle, Priory, and Town of Tutbury*. The castle where John of Gaunt held his state, and Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned, is now a ruin. The priory church retains its richly carved western front and the massive round columns of the Norman nave.

The Benedictine priory of Tutbury was founded by monks from St. Peter upon Dives in Normandy, and a letter of Hugo, a monk of St. Peter, has been preserved in Mabillon's *Annales Benedict*, vol. vi. p. 394: "In the year of our Lord MXL. in which the monastery of the B. V. Mary in the town of S. Pierre sur Dives was begun and finished by Abbot Haimo, the successor of Richard De Aquila, the townsmen of Dives and the neighbouring people, stimulated by the piety of the people of Chartres, not only commoners

but nobles of every sex and age heaped the material on carts, stones, wood, and sand, without the aid of horses or oxen, in silence they carried . . ." So wrote Hugo on this subject to his brethren of Totesberia (Tutbury) to exhort them to return thanks to God for this great zeal. The letter is interesting from its antiquity, and as illustrating the religious fervour which produced so many French and English churches and cathedrals.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF POTTERY IN NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE

By Percy W. L. Adams

"Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter; so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it."—Jer. xviii. 3, 4.

POTTERY is one of the oldest arts, and Staffordshire is famed the world over for its pottery and porcelain, and for such early potting families as Astbury, Wedgwood, Adams, Turner, Wood, Mayer, and Spode. Pottery was made here by the early Britons, mostly in the form of urns for the cremated ashes of the dead. Specimens of these urns have been discovered in British burying-grounds, such as the Cock Low at Leek; and both drinking cups and food vessels have also been discovered on the Roches and elsewhere with unburnt bones of the dead. The Romans probably brought their own potters with them or trained British workmen. They are said by some to have introduced the thrower's wheel into Great Britain.

Each Roman camp probably had its potters as well as other artisans. Chesterton, which lies in North Staffordshire, three miles south of Burslem, was a Roman camp, "Mediolanum." Here pottery was certainly made. Remains of Roman kilns have been traced, and there are excellent beds of clay. It is highly probable that Mediolanum had been a British camp, for we are told that the Romans adopted earlier British camps wherever practicable. After the Romans left Britain, the potters at Chesterton

probably continued making pots; and that there were ovens in the vicinity of Stoke, Tunstall, and Brownhills there is little doubt, but the art in the ruder times of the Saxons deteriorated considerably. Although the greater part of Britain was Christian as early as the third century, progress was checked by the invading English; however, under St. Aidan and St. Augustine there came the beginnings of the universal adoption of the Christian faith, and then the idea of placing vessels with the dead ceased. The Anglo-Saxon potter worked mainly under the supervision of the monasteries.

After the Norman Conquest some further strides were made, especially in the fine tiles of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; although it is probable that tiles had been made by the Saxons at least as early as Edward the Confessor. Otherwise little pottery was made, except for domestic use. Occasionally jugs or pitchers with applied ornaments of the grotesque order, and sometimes covered with a green glaze, are met with, but not often; for pewter and wooden utensils were extensively used in most English homes. It is not until the seventeenth century that we find individuality slowly coming into prominence in Staffordshire wares; and this blossomed out in the following century into the greatest wonders of ceramic art. The tiles and the better specimens of pottery of the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries were produced mainly by monks, as at Hulton Abbey near Burslem. This place is rightly designated the Mother of the Staffordshire Potteries. The peasantry also produced common domestic pottery like the present-day washing jowl. As early as the seventeenth century and possibly earlier, pottery was manufactured by the younger sons of the well-to-do yeomen families. Thus we find at that time the names of Wedgwood and Adams as potters,[1] families

[1] John Adams of Bircheshead Manor devoted two of his sons to the Church, one matriculating at Magdalen College, April 11, 1715, whilst other members learnt the art of potting; and a more interesting date is that

of some standing in North Staffordshire. They were owners of considerable lands and coal mines in the neighbourhood; and it is interesting to find that their direct descendants are manufacturing at the present time in more or less the same spot.[1]

The name of Toft frequently appears on the much prized "slip" ware dishes which may be seen in most of our public museums. This ware, made of local clay, received its decoration by means of "slip" (liquid clay) being applied through a spouted vessel. The style of decoration had already been adopted with considerable success by the Romans. The dishes which generally are known by the generic term of "Toft" ware (because many specimens bear the name of this potter or members of his family) were produced about the middle of the seventeenth century. Some of the earlier specimens are very rich in design though crude. A little prior to the "Toft period," if it may be so called, we find the tygs, a favourite drinking vessel of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They were manufactured in large quantities, although now very scarce. Dishes, plates, posset pots,[2] &c., are also found, which were made in

of the will of William Adams who died at Burslem in 1617, in that he is at present the earliest identified Staffordshire potter. Moreover he is described in his will as being a master potter, although it is probable that Nycolas Adams (who was on the muster roll of Staffordshire for 1539, and on the subsidy roll of 1563, and buried in Burslem Church, 1568) was also a potter. and he certainly owned coal mines. From the wills of some of the master potters of the early seventeenth century, we see that they were educated above the average of the day, for it is found that the education of their children, both boys and girls, is invariably provided for should the head of the family die early. *Vide* will of William Adams, master potter of Burslem, proved Lichfield, October 5, 1637; also that of Thomas Wedgwood, proved Lichfield, April 4, 1697. From the Staffordshire Inquisitions, *p.m.*, and the Tunstall Manor Court Rolls (*penes* Ralph Sneyd, Esq., Keele Hall), these two potting families can be clearly traced as far back as the reign of Edward II. as holding and owning lands at, and in the vicinity of, Tunstall in the parish of Wolstanton. The Adams family took over the Hulton Abbey Pottery after the dissolution of the monasteries (Henry VIII.).

[1] Wedgwood and Adams are, it is believed, the only two families whose names appear at the opening of the Staffordshire Potteries history, and whose descendants still continue their factories.

[2] Posset is a mixture of hot ale, milk, sugar, spices, and sippets of bread and hot cake. It was almost a universal beverage on Christmas Eve in olden times, and the pot often became an heirloom in the family. It seems to have

local red clay, and relieved sometimes by a creamy white or darker "slip" decoration. They are lead-glazed. Indeed all ware that was glazed was dusted over with powdered lead ore (sometimes calcined) before being put into the potter's oven, and when fired they received a beautifully rich appearance even though the pots themselves were somewhat clumsy. There is a particularly fine specimen of a tyg, dated 1612, in the Liverpool Museum. These tygs were made for the most part for the innkeeper, who found it to his advantage to keep such at his bar. The specimen above referred to is well potted and shows that good work was being turned out of North Staffordshire (generally termed "The Potteries") even at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries.

Many waste specimens have been found in the foundations of buildings, which help to prove that Staffordshire had become a stronghold of potting in the seventeenth century. Some of the dishes, bottles, flasks, &c., have often a wash of lighter coloured clay upon the dark red body, and they were probably made towards the end of the sixteenth century. Staffordshire in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was the chief centre for the manufacture of the butter-pot, but these articles formed a very minor portion of the ware produced. The butter-pots were made for the purpose of conveying the butter to Uttoxeter market, and thence to the London dealers, and a great trade was carried on.

The method of decorating clay with clay in the "slip" is a style very charming in its results; and about the middle of the seventeenth century several shades of "slip" were applied to the surface of the dish or plate, and when worked over with a many-toothed comb of wire, the effect of marbling

---

been made in all the early English potteries. A silver coin and a wedding ring were usually dropped into the posset when the guests were assembled, and each took a spoonful as the vessel was handed round. Whoever secured the coin or ring was considered certain of luck or early marriage as the case might be. Height varied, but the vessels were generally large, about 9 inches, with width accordingly (*vide* William Turner, F.S.S., in the *Queen*).

was produced, and pieces thus decorated were generally termed "combed ware." More ambitious specimens were in time made in this ware, in the form of birds, animals, tiles, miniature cradles, and even tombstones. The three latter articles, however, were mostly confined to the plain slip ware. The manufacture of simple and domestic pottery of this kind has never entirely ceased, the jowls and "steins" for washing and other purposes, made of the local clay, and partially glazed being still sold by pedlars and in the markets and indeed in the ordinary crockery shops. The importation of pottery from Germany, especially of salt-glaze ware, began to have its effect upon the Staffordshire potters towards the close of the seventeenth century; indeed the Staffordshire potters made strenuous efforts to manufacture it themselves, and according to Shaw, in his *History of Staffordshire Potteries* (1829), they were producing salt-glaze ware some ten years prior to the advent of the two celebrated Dutchmen, John Philip and David Elers, who came from Holland in the train of William, Prince of Orange, and settled first at Fulham, London, where they made stoneware mugs after the manner of Cologne ware, and also red ware teapots. They are said to have copied more especially John Dwight's (the famous English potter of Fulham), stone and red ware even if their shapes and decorations were somewhat different. They, however, migrated to Bradwell (in the parish of Wolstanton) in 1690, or rather John Philip so did, David probably making his headquarters as a merchant in London. To these men some authorities have accorded the honour of the introduction of "salt-glaze ware" into Staffordshire, which was the real commencement of the county's potting fame, but the evidence that they did so is not by any means clear. Their red ware teapots were beautifully made from the red clay of Bradwell, near Burslem, which clay they carefully sieved from impurities.

These specimens were thrown on the wheel, and turned on the lathe, and relief ornaments were applied by means

of small pieces of clay placed upon the specimen and then stamped with metal pattern dies. John Philip Elers offered these pieces, small teapots being their chief production, for sale in London through his brother David, for a guinea or more each specimen. Dr. Plot in 1686 does not mention the salt-glaze ware, but he did not visit Staffordshire later than at least ten or fifteen years prior to the publication of his book. He says the potters of Burslem were indigent at that period. A curious commentary, however, upon his statement is that one of them, named Cartwright, left £20 a year for ever to the poor of Burslem. Further, as to the introduction of salt glazing into Staffordshire, Dr. Simeon Shaw tells a tale of a servant girl at Bagnall who, in the year 1680, left a pot of pickle to boil over. The salt, adhering to the sides, formed a partial glaze, which gave the "hint" to Palmer, a potter at Bagnall, a village some three miles east of Stoke, and thus Palmer and William Adams (great-grandson of the William Adams who is described as a potter in 1617) of Holden, Burslem, discovered the secret of salt glazing, and produced "Crouch ware."[1] There is probably a foundation for this story, but the Staffordshire potters, including Palmer, Adams, and the Wedgwoods, had heard of the success of John Dwight's salt-glaze ware which he manufactured at Fulham, London, and the salt-glaze ware of Nottingham, and they experimented and found out the process themselves some years before the arrival of the Elers in Staffordshire.

John Philip Elers was the godson of the Elector of Mentz, and his godmother was the Queen of Sweden. They were therefore members of a family of distinction. His grandfather, Admiral Elers, commanded the fleet at Hamburg, and married a princess of the royal house of Baden. His father married, in 1650, the daughter of a rich

[1] Probably so called because the early Staffordshire potters obtained a white clay from Crich Hill, near Matlock, Derbyshire. Crich is easily mutated into Crouch. The Derbicism of that name is "Kraitch."

burgomaster of Amsterdam, and it is probable that in London, John Philip would come in contact with members of the Staffordshire Sneyd family, who would tell him of the rich seams of clay on their estate at Bradwell, North Staffordshire; for there was much talk in those days of the beautiful Chinese porcelain which had begun to find its way into Europe. Teapots were especially in great demand, for tea had then quite lately been introduced and was very fashionable.

John Philip Elers built his potworks at Bradwell Wood, and dwelt at Dimsdale Hall,[1] about a mile away (at one time the seat of the family of Wolstan, who give their name to the neighbouring ancient village of Wolstanton—Wulstan'stown—from which also the name of Wooliscroft—Wolstan's croft—is derived).

Earthen pipes were laid down by the Elers from Bradwell to Dimsdale as a speaking-tube from the works to their home, and these pipes have lately been discovered in the foundation of a house at Bradwell, and can be seen in Hanley Museum. Before John Philip Elers left North Staffordshire in 1710, a potter of the name of Twyford and another named Astbury had discovered Elers' secrets—while feigning idiocy as their workmen. But the Elers' processes were so simple that there was very little to discover. We may perhaps except the method of "turning" on the joiner's lathe to thinness and delicacy. This, and the exquisite finish of their pieces, together with the refining of the clay by straining it through fine sieves, is the greatest asset the Elers left behind them. Their black ware, later called "Black Egyptian" or "Basaltes," became a fashionable production by most of the Staffordshire potters.

The Wedgwoods took their name from Wedgwood, a hamlet in the parish of Wolstanton, and the earliest

[1] Dimsdale is a fine old mansion, partially rebuilt in the days of Queen Elizabeth by the Brett family, who had been seated there prior to the thirteenth century.

member of their family known to be a potter was Thomas Wedgwood, born 1617. His brothers, Moses and Aaron, were also potters. These three were third, fifth, and sixth sons respectively of Gilbert and Margaret[1] Wedgwood, who were the first of the family to settle in Burslem. Gilbert Wedgwood was the grandson of Richard Wedgwood of Mole in Biddulph, whose elder brother, John Wedgwood of Harracles, near Leek, was lord of the manor of Horton, near Leek, and high collector of the subsidy in 1563.

Every generation of Wedgwoods since has been fully represented by potters. Dr. Thomas Wedgwood, a son of Aaron, was a contemporary of Astbury. He was one of the best potters of the day. Other contemporary and important manufacturers were John Adams of the Brick House, Burslem, and the Whiteheads of Hanley. They all made ware, nearly as fine as Elers; and they manufactured also, in charming salt glaze, tea and coffee pots, piggins, mugs, cups, bowls, &c.

Astbury was a potter of considerable enterprise and individuality. He mixed the lightest coloured local clay with fine sand from Mow Cop. This had when fired a drab colour, and was sometimes glazed with salt and sometimes with lead, and he is said to have been the first to travel to London and elsewhere to dispose of his goods. He was also the first Staffordshire potter to import the superior white clays of Dorsetshire and Devonshire.

However, to Joshua Heath of Shelton we must give the honour of having been the first English potter to introduce flint into the material in 1720, instead of fine white sand.

Aaron Wood, younger son of Ralph Wood, miller, of Cheddleton and Burslem, was apprenticed to Dr. Thomas Wedgwood in 1731. He was the best modeller of the day, and modelled for all the manufacturers.

About 1730 the manufacture of white stone salt-glazed

[1] Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Burslem of Dale Hall.

ware had become very important indeed. Many potters were engaged in its manufacture in the district in addition to those already named, and Ralph Shaw must not be omitted from the roll of eminent potters, for he produced some fine specimens of chocolate ware, coated all over with white slip, which, before firing, was scratched away in patterns to reveal the darker clay underneath.

The "white stoneware salt glaze" was very popular and artistic. Professor Church says that it may almost take rank as a porcelain, for thin pieces are translucent. There are specimens in most museums; the earlier examples are more generally seen in the form of teapots, mugs, teapoys, but all articles for the tea and dinner table were produced. Sometimes one sees very rare specimens covered all over with deep blue glaze. These would probably be made by William Littler of Longton Hall about 1745, and he, a little later on, manufactured the first porcelain in Staffordshire. After some fifteen years, however, of a hard struggle, he was obliged to abandon his efforts. Porcelain was again introduced in Staffordshire in 1777 by a company of potters at the New Hall Works, Hanley, under Champion's (Bristol) patent.

The zenith of early Staffordshire work prior to Josiah Wedgwood may be denoted by the introduction of enamelling upon or over the glaze. We are told that this was first practised about 1740 by some Dutchmen, who to keep their operations secret worked first at Bagnall, a moorland village some distance from the potteries,[1] and afterwards at Cobridge. They were much encouraged by the William Adams[2] of the period (*vide* Shaw, p. 179), and later by his son, Richard Adams, a master potter of Cobridge, and his son-in-law, Joseph Warburton, of the firm of Warburton & Sons, Cobridge, and Ralph Daniel. The two latter brought the Dutchmen over from Holland, with which country the

[1] Three miles east of Stoke.

[2] Nephew of William Adams, previously named as a salt-glaze manufacturer in 1680.

Warburton and Adams families had developed a considerable trade.

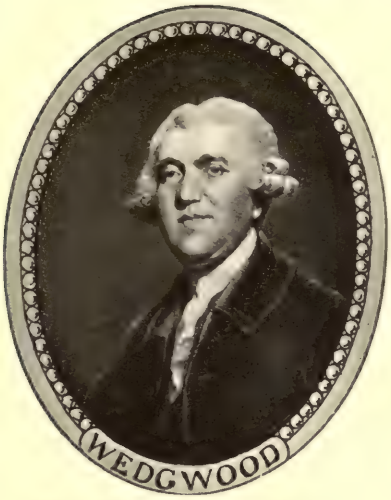
Enamelled salt-glazed ware was essentially English in its inception and will always hold a very high place amongst English ceramics. The finer specimens reveal much artistic excellence, and will rank amongst the most original of decorated English pottery.

About 1745, plaster moulds were first used in Staffordshire. They were introduced by Ralph Daniel of Cobridge, and took the place of pitcher or metal moulds for the making more especially of the embossed salt-glaze specimens in distinction from those turned on the lathe. The latter had, as a rule, the applied ornament or rich enamelling already alluded to.

One of the greatest names in the Staffordshire potteries, in or about 1740, was that of Thomas Whieldon, and it is interesting to remember that Josiah Spode was his apprentice, and that Josiah Wedgwood became his junior partner. Whieldon was famous for his agate tortoiseshell, cauliflower, and pine-apple wares, &c. These were beautifully made, coloured, glazed, and finished; indeed they were charming productions, not only in dinner and tea services, but in figures and busts. He also made snuff-boxes, and hafts for knives and forks, which were mounted by the Birmingham manufacturers. True, other potters made these productions, but Whieldon was the largest producer; and "Whieldon ware" was probably the best as to its glazing and finish.

Thomas Whieldon's factories were at Fenton Low. He lived at Fenton Hall and died there in 1798 at an advanced age. Not many years after this, William Adams, son of Richard Adams lately mentioned (cousin of the William Adams of Greengates, Tunstall, the famous Staffordshire potter, and head of the firm of William Adams & Sons, Stoke-upon-Trent and Greenfield) came to dwell there.

But the most celebrated Staffordshire potter was Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S., and A.S. His life has been ably written



From the Engraving after Reynolds.

From the Bronze Medallion upon the Adams' Clock Tower, Tunstall.

From a Bust in possession of Mr. Bernard Moore.

From the Engraving after Keeling.

GROUP OF EMINENT EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MASTER POTTERS.

by Miss Meteyard, Frederick Rathbone, Professor Church, Llewellyn Jewitt, Smiles, and others.

He was born in July 1730, being the youngest son of Thomas Wedgwood of the Churchyard Works, Burslem, whose grandfather's cousin was the Dr. Thomas Wedgwood already referred to, and was bound apprentice to his eldest brother Thomas Wedgwood of the Churchyard Works, Burslem, and began work as a "thrower," as many another younger member of a family who held a dignified social position did in those days. It must be remembered that the thrower was a more important person then than now, for machinery has almost entirely taken his place. In 1749, Wedgwood joined John Harrison and Thomas Alders, at Cliff Bank, Stoke-upon-Trent, and in 1754, the well-known potter, Thomas Whieldon of Fenton Low, for five years. Then he started business for himself at the Ivy House Works, Burslem.

Miss Meteyard tells that Wedgwood acquired a house and factory of the Adams on lease for some ten years. At these factories (the Brick House Works), by his great enterprise and business abilities, Wedgwood's trade grew by leaps and bounds. He improved the cream colour ware (Queen's ware), for some years previously made by the Astburys, Baddeleys, Warburtons, Adams, and others, which superseded the salt-glaze ware, and was appointed Queen's potter by royal warrant to Queen Charlotte, consort of George III. At this factory, Thomas Bentley joined the firm as partner in the ornamental department. Bentley was a Liverpool merchant, of good education, artistic tastes, and polished manners, and for some time he acted as Wedgwood's Liverpool agent, attending to the cream ware which was sent by Morris' waggon to Liverpool to be printed upon the glaze by Sadler & Green, who introduced the process almost simultaneously with the Battersea Works, about 1750. Bentley no doubt inspired Wedgwood in reproducing the classic shapes and designs for which their firm was famous. In 1769 William Adams

intimated to Wedgwood that he was about to be married, and wished to occupy his house and factory, the "Brick House," and in Wedgwood's letter to Bentley, November 17, 1769, he writes explaining this situation. Shortly after that date, Mr. Wedgwood was able to remove to his new house and works (the Ridge House estate), about three miles from Burslem, then just completing. This he christened Etruria.

At the Brick House Works Wedgwood made his cream ware not only in the form of articles for the dinner table, but also in figures, busts, groups, &c. Many of these are very beautifully modelled and vie with the productions of Ralph Wood of Burslem (elder brother of Aaron Wood, the modeller), who died in 1772, and his son, Ralph Wood, both of whom were well known for the excellently modelled figures which they made. The earliest specimens of the two Ralph Woods, being notable for their refined decoration in coloured glazes, are duly prized by collectors. Wedgwood gave up this manufacture when he had improved the quality of his beautiful unglazed black stoneware, or black Egyptian (black basaltes) and invented his justly renowned jasper ware, the latter of which he brought to perfection in about 1776. The black basalt was especially suitable for figures, busts, &c.

Wedgwood opened showrooms under the care of Bentley in London, and by the patronage of Queen Charlotte and the help of Bentley his great skill soon became widely known. His vases in varieties of marbled, agate, and black basalt and red ware were similar to those made by his brother potters of Staffordshire. But Wedgwood was more enterprising in obtaining notoriety. His various successes and the demand for his ornamental ware which led him to make endless experiments in an unglazed white body, finally resolved itself into the jasper production. This could be coloured in the mass, and the figures and ornaments applied in white relief—thus achieving most artistic results. Sometimes, however, the body was white,

with a surface colouring of coloured jasper, called "jasper dip."

Wedgwood and Bentley made all these fabrics, beautifully finished, in enormous quantities, but writers have often been apt to forget that Wedgwood had his friendly "rivals and competitors" as well as "imitators." The former have sometimes been put in the same plane as the latter, which is unfortunate, for such firms as Palmer, Mayer, the Adams family, and Turner were, and had been, making for years very fine productions in cream ware, red ware, stone ware, and black basaltes. Indeed the black had not gone out of fashion since the days of the Elers, but had gradually been improved; and the cream ware had come into vogue under the hands of several famous potters as generation succeeded generation.

Wedgwood usually sent his black basalt to London, to an establishment at Chelsea, to be painted in enamel colours, producing an imitation of the ancient Grecian order, for which he obtained a patent in 1769. This patent he afterwards shared with Palmer, for they both appropriated the designs of Sir William Hamilton's book on *Enamelled Grecian Vases, &c.*, and enamel painting in other directions had previously been done in the potteries. Humphrey Palmer began business in Hanley a few years prior to 1750. He was a descendant of that John Palmer of Bagnall to whom Shaw, in his *Chemistry of Pottery*, page 412, attributes, in conjunction with William Adams of Abbey Hulton, near Burslem and Bagnall, the first use of salt and litharge for glazing purposes in Staffordshire in the year 1680. Humphrey Palmer, whose pottery was at Hanley, is said to have been the first to apply the elaborate bas-relief work to the black basalt ware. He afterwards took into partnership one Mr. Neale, his London agent, and the name of the firm was changed from H. Palmer to Neale and Co. Palmer died in 1786.[1]

[1] Palmer has often been described as copying his brother manufacturers; it is probable, however, that this arose through jealous workmen's gossip, and that he was quite as much sinned against as sinning.

The productions of this firm were cream ware enamelled, jasper, stoneware, black Egyptian, &c., and specimens of their manufactures, like those of their great contemporaries, Mayer, Adams, and Turner, are to be seen in all museums of note.

But to Wedgwood must we accord the introduction of the jasper ware already mentioned, a more complete description of which we take from one of his own catalogues, as follows:—

"Jasper, a white porcelain biscuit of exquisite beauty and delicacy, possessing the general properties of the basaltes, together with the singular one of receiving through its whole substance, from the admixture of metallic calces with the other materials, the same colours which those calces communicate to glass or enamels in fusion—a property which no other porcelain or earthenware body of ancient or modern composition has been found to possess. This renders it peculiarly fit for making cameos, portraits, and all subjects in bas-relief, as the ground may be of any particular colour, while the raised figures are of a pure white."

Jasper soon became a fashionable product. The idea of applied ornament was, after the manner of the Astbury, Dr. Thomas Wedgwood, and John Adams salt-glaze productions, executed by applying ornaments which were wrought from pitcher moulds (made from the modelled design), and applied to the vase or other specimen. The method was purely English, being unlike the Elers' method already referred to. But the figures and ornaments applied to the jasper body were beautifully modelled, and were often retouched in places when applied to the specimen, so that all details might be clearly cut and under-cut where necessary.

An important ingredient in the jasper body was, and is, sulphate and carbonate of baryta, which product has been known to the Staffordshire potter since the days of Plot's writing in 1680, but it has never been much employed except in the jasper ware.

John Turner of Stoke and afterwards of Lane End, 1758 to 1786 (and later carried on by his sons), William

Fine Stoneware Teapot by Turner. Eighteenth Century.
(Stoke Museum.)

Adams of Tunstall (and later in conjunction with his son William), were also making, among other products of the potter's art, jasper ware. Their productions, however, were made from entirely different recipes from those of Josiah Wedgwood; and although their shapes, like the Wedgwood ones, were copied from the Greeks, they can hardly be called "imitators" of Wedgwood, as has sometimes been said of them, for neither in colour nor actual form do we find the work of these potters the same.[1] It is said that the work of Adams comes nearest; probably this arose from the fact that, according to *Meteyard*, Adams had been "the favourite pupil" of Wedgwood. They were all three intimate friends and would go clay-hunting together. Both Adams and Turner were men of great individuality. Their light, however, was somewhat overshadowed by their friend and great contemporary, Josiah Wedgwood, who had the good fortune and wisdom to gather round him some of the best artists and modellers of the day, such as Flaxman, Hackwood, Bacon, Stubbs, Webber, and many other notable artists and sculptors. He also, like his contemporaries, secured plaster and wax casts from engraved gems of antique Greek and Roman origin.

But although we hear little about them, the modellers who worked for Turner and Adams must have been of no mean order, for the relief designs which appear upon work of these eminent potters leave nothing to be desired. E. Ray and Luckock modelled for Turner, while Monglott, a Swiss, modelled for Adams. The Turner factories were closed in 1803, and one of the brothers (John) became the manager for Mr. Thomas Minton of Stoke (late of Shrewsbury), who, with his son, Mr. Herbert Minton, was then laying the foundation of that business which "was to develop into one of the greatest ceramic enterprises of England," and is still successfully carried on under the name of "Mintons, Limited."

[1] *Vide* Frederick Rathbone, the great expert on ceramics, in his *Introduction to the Tangye Collection of "Old Wedgwood."*

The celebrated Portland vase is considered by many connoisseurs to be the greatest work of Josiah Wedgwood. The original of it was made of glass, the body of an extremely dark blue colour, and the embossments are white.

This wonderfully interesting and historical vase was purchased from the Barberini family by Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the Duchess of Portland, and it is now in the British Museum. It is the identical urn which contained the ashes of the Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus, and his mother Mammara, deposited in the earth about the year 235 after Christ. It was dug up by order of Pope Barberini, named Urban VIII., between the years 1623 and 1644.

The Duke of Portland lent the vase to Wedgwood, who cleverly reproduced it in his famous jasper body. Fifty replicas were finished, each being subscribed for at fifty guineas. They are to be found in museums and private collections, and when sold change hands for large sums of money. Beautiful specimens are also being made at the historic Wedgwood works to-day by the direct descendants of the famous potter. Thomas Bentley, Wedgwood's partner, died in 1780, and Thomas Wedgwood, a cousin and partner in that portion of the business called the "useful ware," died in 1788. (Thomas Wedgwood's son, Ralph Wedgwood, was closely associated with the invention of the electric telegraph, *vide* Jewitt's *Life of Wedgwood*, page 178.)

In about 1772, Wedgwood made an extraordinary dinner-service in queen's ware for the Empress Catherine of Russia, each specimen bearing a different landscape view of the seats of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain. No doubt a few duplicate pieces were executed, for there are several interesting and valuable specimens in the Liverpool Museum, and in the collection of Dr. Sidebotham of Bowdon, Cheshire, and possibly there are other specimens in England.

An Original Portland Vase in Wedgwood Jasper (Eighteenth Century) in possession of Mrs. Clement Wedgwood, Barlaston.

Space does not permit of more than this cursory notice of the world's most famous potters, but we cannot close this chapter without mentioning the stoneware of Turner and Adams, for although it was also made by Wedgwood, Neale, Hollins, Mayer, and one or two more, the work of Turner and Adams in this respect at least was superior to that of any of the other potters. This fine stoneware was a material resembling ivory in colour, beautifully finished in every detail. The bas-relief cleverly modelled are generally of hunting, coursing, and drinking subjects. Rich brown-glazed bands were adopted round the neck or top of tankards, jugs, goblets, mugs, wine-coolers, ice pails, &c., and sometimes the bases of specimens are similarly banded —otherwise the specimens were unglazed except as to the insides. Portions of the specimens were usually fluted on the lathe. Good examples are to be found in nearly all of the provincial museums, and in the collections of Lord Tweedmouth, General Terry, Mr. Cox, Dr. Sidebotham, Mr. Frank Falkner, and others.

While Wedgwood and other potters were sending their cream ware to Liverpool to be printed, William Adams of the Brick House, Burslem, and Cobridge potteries, was making experiments to this end at his own works, and with the help of a workman from Worcester, William Davis, he succeeded (Shaw, page 212, and *Transfer Printing*, by W. Turner, pages 35, 97, 78).

A glue bat appears to have been used as a first experiment as the best medium for transferring the outlined sketch from engraved copper-plates to the pieces of ware, after which the design was painted in. These experiments took place in the year 1775, and a little later on, printing from the engraved copper by means of paper transfers both for transferring over and under the glaze was also achieved at these potteries by Davis for William Adams. In 1777 Messrs. Baddeleys of Shelton obtained the service of Davis or his brother Thomas, and they succeeded in improving the process both in printing on and under the glaze.

Indeed, various improvements were effected at several potteries. For instance, Mr. Josiah Spode introduced underglaze blue printed ware into Stoke in 1784, which was an advancement upon that of the Baddeleys and William Adams under Davis, and William Adams of Greengates introduced it into Tunstall in 1787,[1] and soon every manufacturer took it up vigorously, notably Enoch Wood & Sons (Burslem)[2]; Ridgways (Shelton); William Adams & Sons (Stoke-upon-Trent and Greenfield); Wedgwoods of Etruria; Clews & Co. (Cobridge); and Rogers of Longport—who early in the nineteenth century were all well known for their deep blue printed ware, which they exported to the United States of America.

Mayer, in his *History of the Art of Pottery in Liverpool*, says: "The art (transfer printing) has helped to make English pottery famous throughout the civilised world and has done much towards making its production one of the greatest staple manufactures of the country.

Josiah Spode, the well-known potter, died in 1797, and was succeeded by his son Josiah, who will be best remembered as having settled the composition of the English china body, which has practically remained unaltered to the present day, and whose famous factory is still continued by his eminent successors, W. T. Copeland & Sons. Of other firms of note, we observe Messrs. Ridgways of Hanley and Shelton, and Brown-Westhead, Moore & Co. of Cauldon Place. Of the last half of the nineteenth century, Messrs. Doultons take a high place for artistic productions and general ware; and Messrs. Meakins of Hanley and Tunstall; Messrs. Johnsons, Hanley and Tunstall; Messrs. Grindleys of Tunstall are well known for their first-class white wares. But it is the master potters who flourished towards the close of the eighteenth century, more especially Astbury,

[1] Still worked by the Adams family in conjunction with their Greenfield potteries, where earthenware of every description is made; also the fine jaspers, basaltes, and fine stone wares of their eighteenth-century predecessor.

[2] Enoch Wood's descendants have many years ago left the county.

Wedgwood, Turner, Adams, the Ralph Woods, Palmer, Mayer, Davenport, and Spode, were men whose names will always be immortalised as being those of men who worked and lived at a time when Staffordshire was attaining the reputation which has made the district famous the wide world over; indeed it was they who made that ceramic age — and left an asset of memory behind them, which cannot be over-estimated, and which successive generations will always hold in the deepest veneration.

The old pottery villages, long known as the "Staffordshire Potteries," were in former days extremely picturesque. They lay in a narrow line of some nine miles, divided by well-wooded districts and moorland, relieved occasionally by half-timbered homesteads and stone-built country halls. Prominent amongst these were Dale Hall (Burslem), the home of the Burslems; Shelton Hall, Stoke-upon-Trent, the home of the Fentons; Byrcheshead (between Burslem and Hanley), the home of the Adams family. While Bradwell, that of the Sneyds; and Clayton, of the Claytons and Lovatts; and Dimsdale, the home of the Bretts; Ubbeley Hall, near Bucknall; Trentham, one of the homes of the Leveson-Gowers (Dukes of Sutherland); Caverswall Castle, near Lane End; and Rushton Grange (Cobridge), lay on the outskirts. In the seventeenth century, the population of the district was about 4000; a small portion of the inhabitants would be employed in the coal mines, husbandry, and tanning, while the remainder would work in the pottery works.

Pitt, writing in 1817, tells us "the Potteries" so called, are situated in the hundred of Pirehill North, and include the towns or villages of Goldenhill, Newfield, Smithfield, (otherwise Greenfield), Tunstall, Longport, Burslem, Cobridge, Etruria, Hanley, Shelton, Stoke, Lower Lane, Lane Delf, and Lane End. The first four named are in the large ancient parish of Wolstanton, Newfield and Greenfield

being now merged into Tunstall; although both still keep their names as estates. Lower Lane and Lane Delf are now merged into Fenton, and Lane End is Longton; the other towns retain their names. The whole of the Staffordshire potteries lying in a valley has been likened (Rhead) unto a large lizard-shaped town lying in the midst of beautiful country easily accessible all round. The tail is Longton and Fenton, the hind-legs Stoke and Bucknall, with Northwood; the body is Hanley, Cobridge, and Burslem; the fore-legs are Longport and Smallthorne, and the head and neck Tunstall.

Burslem (in Domesday Barcardeslim) is the mother of the Staffordshire potteries. Here were the Brick House factories, so called because the dwelling near by was the first house in Burslem to be entirely built of brick (Meteyard, *Life of Wedgwood*, vol. i. page 329). They were built and occupied by the Adams family early in the seventeenth century, and in 1657 (Ward, page xxviii), John Adams is found there, and he left the works to his descendants, who carried on the factory in succession until in 1757, when the heir, William Adams, was a minor, and the factory was leased to that famous potter, Josiah Wedgwood, for some ten years, after which the Adams family went back to it, and also built factories at Stoke-upon-Trent and Tunstall. Upon a portion of the site of these works (probably the most historical in Staffordshire) the Wedgwood Memorial Institute is built, the foundation-stone being laid by Mr. Gladstone on October 26, 1863. At Burslem, Enoch Wood (born 1759, died 1840) had his factories, but they were closed five years after his death in 1840, and his descendants have entirely left Staffordshire.

When the Church of St. John was built is not known; the tower is all that remains of the ancient church. It is thought to be of the twelfth or thirteenth century (Ward), but Burslem, like each of the other pottery towns, has now several fine churches. The Institute contains the Free Library and Museum, and Science and Art School.

Burslem has a handsome town hall, and excellent public offices.

Stoke-upon-Trent, which is known by name the wide world over, is the seat of the most important potteries. It is also the railway centre of the whole of the North Staffordshire district. It formed the centre of a huge parish, out of which a large number of parishes, including Fenton, Hanley, and Longton, have been created. There is a statue in the station square of Josiah Wedgwood (1730–1795), the celebrated potter, and in the centre of the town is a statue of Colin Minton Campbell (1827–1885), an honoured citizen and for many years partner in the well-known Minton firm, which came into prominence in the first quarter of the nineteenth century and still holds its eminent position in Stoke, with that of Copeland founded by the celebrated Spode. Ward explains how Stoke, as its name tells us, was the *Place* of the church for a very large territory, and although the parish has of late been much divided, a century ago it was of huge dimensions. In Domesday it was written "Stoche." The church, which was demolished in 1829, showed considerable traces of its Saxon origin. In the present church, commenced to be built in the same year as the old one was taken down, are many of the old mural tablets, amongst which is a bust portrait of Wedgwood by Flaxman. There are also mural tablets and monuments to other eminent Staffordshire personages in the potting world, including the Spodes, Wolfes,[1] Adams family, Bournes, and Minton. Stoke possesses a fine town hall and public buildings, library, and museum, also a school of science and art erected 1856 in memory of Herbert Minton. At Hartshill, which is a suburb of Stoke, are the North Stafford Infirmary and Eye Hospital, and the Deaf and Blind School.

Hanley, too, is early in origin, occurring in *Testa de Neville;* it was, however, probably associated with Shelton

[1] Of the same family as General Wolfe.

(Scelfitone) in Domesday. It is the metropolis of the potteries; and such important firms as Wedgwood (Etruria), Brown-Westhead, Moore & Co. (Cauldon Place), Ridgways, Twyfords, Meakins, Johnsons, are within the borough, though Stoke-upon-Trent is the post town. Ridgways is an old-established firm, the present proprietors being the great-grandsons of Job Ridgway, born 1759, the founder of the firm. At Shelton, a township in the borough, was the factory of the Hollins family, whose descendants still work the well-known tile works of Minton, Hollins & Co., at Stoke-upon-Trent. Hanley was also the seat of the factory of Humphrey Palmer, afterwards Neale & Co., and Neal and Wilson, Meighs, & Mason's.

Shelton Hall was the birthplace of Elijah Fenton, born May, 25 1683, one of the minor poets, a dramatist, and a friend of Pope.

The Church of St. John was built in 1737, through the energy of Richard Hollins of Shelton, John Bourne of Newcastle, and John Adams of Bircheshead Manor; the last-named presented the site. Hanley's population grew rapidly from about 1777, in which year the Trent and Mersey Canal was completed. It is now a very important town and possesses the finest public buildings in North Staffordshire.

Longton is the world's centre for cheap china; it also produces good earthenware, but has little of historic lore beyond the facts that Turner, the great eighteenth-century potter, had his factories in the town, and Littler produced the first Staffordshire porcelain at Longton Hall, having removed from Brownhills, Burslem, a few years after he had started there in 1745. He was only in business some fifteen years, when Dewsbury, of Chelsea and Derby porcelain fame, took on the factory for a short time. Afterwards Longton Hall was purchased by Sir John Edensor Heathcote, and the property is still in the hands of the Heathcote family. At Fenton, the Bournes and Bakers had their factories; and the Pratts, another old potting family, still carry on their works. The Church of St. John's, Longton, owes its origin

to Mr. John Bourne, town-clerk of Newcastle. It was built in 1764.

Fenton (Fenton Culvert and Fenton Vivian) is mentioned in Domesday, and belonged at one time to William de Erdinton, and the Biddulphs of Biddulph. However, in the eighteenth century a considerable portion of the township belonged to the Smiths, a family of some note. Their pedigree is given by Ward, page 543. It is interesting to observe that John Smith, of Great Fenton and Elmhurst (Sheriff of Staffordshire, 57 Geo. III.) married Elizabeth, daughter of John Turner of Longton, the well-known potter. In Longton Park is a clock tower, erected through the energy of the late Mr. John Anysley.

Tunstall, although the youngest as a pottery town of the six towns which go to make up the Staffordshire potteries (and one of the most vigorous and flourishing of them), is very early in its actual origin. Included under Wolstanton or Chell in Domesday, it is probably of Anglo-Saxon origin, and was soon after the Conquest held by the Barons Audley, until the time of Queen Elizabeth, when a portion of it came into the hands of Sir William Sneyd of Bradwell. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it was well known for the good quality of its ironstone. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, William Adams, the celebrated Staffordshire potter, built Greengates, the first important potteries in the town (1780). At that time there were only some fifty houses all told, but it rapidly became more important, and new factories were built, and the population increased enormously. But it was not until 1830 that Christ Church, Tunstall, was built; the ancient mother church of Wolstanton, although some two miles away—and the small church at Thursfield (Newchapel) a little nearer—being considered sufficient for its parochial needs. At the present time there are several churches in the vicinity. At Tunstall, is Turnhurst a fine Georgian mansion, once the seat of the Bowyer family, but better remembered as the home of the famous Brindley, the

engineer, who, backed by the energies of the Duke of Bridgewater, John Gilbert of Clough Hall, Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria, and others, constructed the Bridgewater Canal, which has been so prominent in the industrial interest of the county. Tunstall also has a fine town hall, museum, free library, and school of science, art, and technology. In the market-place stands a clock tower to the memory of Sir Smith Child, Bart. (1808–1896), a benefactor of the town and district. There is also a clock tower in Tunstall's Park erected to the memory of William Adams of Greenfield (1833–1905), and his predecessor, William Adams (1745–1805). As to Greenfield (first called Smithfield) and Newfield, which Pitt mentions as villages in the potteries, the latter had been in the possession of the Baddeley family since the reign of Edward VI., until it became the property of the Childs by marriage in the middle of the eighteenth century, the hall being purchased nearly a century later by the Adams family of Greenfield, for mining purposes. The latter family had acquired Greenfield very early in the nineteenth century, by marriage with the daughter of Jesse Breeze, whose father had purchased the property, or rather village, manufactory, and hall from the founder, Theophilus Smith, towards the close of the eighteenth century.

Tunstall is the home of the well-known potting firms of Adams, Grindley, Wedgwood & Co. (as distinct from Wedgwood of Etruria), Meakin (another Meakin from that of Hanley), Johnsons, Booths, and others.

There are in each of the museums at Stoke-upon-Trent, Burslem, Hanley, and Tunstall, most interesting and instructive collections of early Staffordshire pottery and porcelain of all famous productions. Burslem is noted for its collection of Whieldon and old Wedgwood; Stoke and Hanley perhaps more especially for salt-glazed ware; and Tunstall for its early Adams' specimens. At Tunstall there are many shields of arms depicted on the frieze of the walls of the museum of notable families who

have at one time and another owned Tunstall, or portions of it and its immediate district, namely, the De Staffords, Gresleys, De Verdons, Audleys, Sneyd, De Tunstall, Delves, Colclough, Adams, Wedgwood, Brett, Bowyer, Child, &c.

SOME LOCAL FAIRIES

By Elijah Cope of Leek

WITHOUT making any attempt to account for the great amount of fairy lore in the moorlands of Staffordshire, I will give a few typical examples and, where needful, what explanation seems necessary.

I stayed one night with an old woman named Grindy, who lived on a little farm near Mixon, in the hills east of Leek. After supper we had a long chat about old times and old people we had both known. We sat in a room she called the parlour, which was furnished with quaint old oak furniture, and some part of the room was wainscotted with oak panelling. As the weather was cold, and partly on account of my visit, a fire had been put in the quaint old grate. We sat till nearly midnight, and only a few pieces of wood glowed in the bottom of the grate. I was then startled by what seemed to be several raps on the table and one loud rap on the wainscot near the fire. The old lady did not pay so much regard to the noise as I did, but merely remarked that "Old Nancy has come as usual." I asked her who Old Nancy was. She replied that she was an old fairy who had been about there, goodness knows how long; and that her mother told her about the fairies and counselled her to be good to them and always leave some bits of cake or other food either on the table or other convenient place in the house. Her mother had said that fairies were good and honourable little folk and would never steal anything so long as people were kind to them, and that they would do many bits of work in and about the house in payment for food. I asked the old lady if she had ever seen "Old

Nancy" or any of the fairies. "No," she said, "I don't know that I have, nor have I any wish to see them. They don't like people to watch them nor to interfere with them in any way."

On the following morning we had an early breakfast, and I walked about the farm buildings, and tried to get up a conversation with a servant-man who was busy amongst the cows, but to all my inquiries about fairies, ghosts, and witches he gave a vague and evasive reply.

As a worker amongst oak for very many years, I don't think there is any great difficulty in accounting for the noises on the table and wainscot. It is the nature of oak to swell in a damp or even cold atmosphere, and to contract in a hot or even warm atmosphere. The fire in the room had caused the oak to contract, and the noise was caused by its pulling itself away from its cross-bands.

Towards noon I started on my way home by Mixon Mines. I called at a cottage to see a Mrs. Frith, whom I cautiously drew into conversation about fairies. She put a shawl or wrap over her head and walked about half a mile on the way home with me in the direction of Mixon Hay farm. When in the second field from the village she pointed to the lower part of the meadow, and told me that her mother had spent hours there watching fairies dance round a ring, and had described the different coloured garments they wore. She said she did not think they were so very honest, for she had missed many articles of clothing which had been forgotten and left out on the garden fence all night; but added sympathetically, "Poor things, they must have clothes from somewhere and of some kind."

The late Mr. Billing, who, some years ago, lived on a little farm on the hillside between Moridge End and Hollinsclough, was a firm believer in fairies. He was one of the few people I have met with who had seen them dance in a ring, and also seen them about the farm buildings. I learned from him many strange stories about fairies and their habit of taking babies from their human mothers

and leaving their own children in the place of them. Such children are called changelings, or children that have been changed. The following story is a type of many. Most children who were ill-shapen, dwarfs, cripples, or otherwise deformed, and especially if they were lacking in speech, were supposed to be changelings! Mr. Billing told me that when he was a boy a poor woman, who lived at a cottage near him, gave birth to a baby that was perfect in every way, but very small. When about a month old, its mother took it into a hay-field and laid it on a heap of dry hay. As the sun was very hot, she put an umbrella over it. After about an hour or so she returned and found the baby asleep, but she fancied its features had changed. The dreadful thought came into her mind that the fairies had taken her baby and left one of their own in its place! Worst of all it did not appear to her, judging from what she had heard about fairies, to be well born or aristocratic, but a common "Hobthurst," which is a fairy of low birth, low habits, and by no means industrious, but fond of sitting by the fire and leaning against the hob. She decided, however, to take it home, to be kind to it, and to treat it in every way as her own.

The child grew but little, and never learned to talk. Still she was very kind to it, hoping that some day or some night fairies might snatch it and return her own—a wish that was never realised. Compensation, however, came in another way. One day, when clearing out an old cupboard that had been built into a recess of the house, she found a large number of gold coins wrapped in a piece of old linen rag. She was overjoyed at her good fortune, and thankful she had kept the child and been kind to it; for she was quite satisfied that the fairy to whom the child belonged had put the money there. For over three years she found money occasionally hidden in various parts of the house, chiefly in the thatch. Eventually, however, the child sickened and died, from which time, though she diligently searched, she never found a coin of any kind.

When Billing had finished his story, I asked him if he believed it to be true. "Certainly I do," he replied with some warmth and drawing himself up to his full height. "Certainly," he repeated; "don't you?" I had to admit that there were some difficulties in the way of accepting it as true. "In the first place," I said, "where did the fairies get their coins from? They either had melting-furnaces and dies to stamp their gold or they stole it." My doubts quite offended the old man, who told me plainly that I was an infidel, and that he made it a rule never to give shelter to an infidel, which I took as a broad hint that I had better be going. He positively refused to shake hands with me or to say Good-night, but quickly said in a low voice, "All things are possible to Providence."

Most fairy dances that I have heard of have taken place in low boggy ground or damp and undrained meadows, principally the former. The following, however, though of a common type, took place in the Victoria Gardens, which lie on the lower part of Leek, sloping northwards from the old church. A working man rented a piece of garden on the lower part of the ground. After his day's work in the silk mill, he went to spend an hour or so weeding some vegetables. When too dark to see the weeds he went to his little wooden shed, or summer-house as he called it, lit his pipe, and sat for sometime thinking. Eventually he fell asleep. How long he slept he did not know, but it must have been nearly daybreak when he awoke. Going to the door of his shed he was greatly astonished to see a number of little people dancing round a ring, dressed in most gorgeously coloured costumes. Their motion was slow at first, but after a little time grew rapid. The man became excited, and went a few yards nearer to the dancers to get a better view of them. Still the motion of the dancers became more rapid, and in proportion the man became more excited, till finally, losing control over himself, he went close to them, and, clapping his hands together in applause, he called out, "Well done, my little folks, the one with the

blue frock dances best." The spell was broken, the dancing fairies vanished, and the man, standing near the spot where the fairies had been, rubbed his eyes in utter astonishment.

I remember when a boy walking with my grandfather from Ipstones to Leek, by way of Basford, and through the fields where stand the remains of an old stone cross. My grandfather took me a little out of the footpath to a field to show me some rings where fairies were said to dance. The rings were a little larger than an ordinary cart wheel, and the ground of a different colour from the other part of the field. Some time afterwards I paid a second visit along with other boys, and found the rings were gone. The farmer had given the land a dressing of gas-lime, which had killed the fungus that had formed the rings. Probably the district most inhabited by fairies lies near the Bottom lane leading from Ipstones to Bradnop. There are several farms, mostly of small acreage, called Lady Meadows. The subsoil is clay and the ground wet, except in dry weather. Most fairies of that district seem to have been of a very industrious race. For a piece of cake and a bottle of home-brewed ale they found and restored to their proper places lost iron pins that belonged to ploughs. They prevented hedgehogs from sucking the milk of cows in the night-time. They were encouraged to be about the house by presents of tobacco and little delicacies in the form of food. Their little tobacco pipes were sometimes found in the fields, and the ploughman who turned one up whilst ploughing was said to be lucky. The ill-natured housewife who would not encourage nor reward their industry was often in trouble. Her oven would not bake bread properly; her knitting needles fell out; the flat-irons were either too hot and burned the clothes, or they were too cold and would not iron clothes properly. The things in the house were put in disorder in the night-time. Even her garters refused to remain fastened, and her hair would persist in falling down. The worst mischief, however, happened in the night-time. The farm dog would bark; crockery was

found broken or damaged; the cream was taken from the milk; the wife's Sunday cap torn to pieces; and the husband's tobacco stolen. In the end it paid the housewife to be generous and kind to the little folks. I have often found that witchcraft and fairy lore have been linked together. Some of the witches I have known have blamed fairies for mischief reputed to them; as, for instance, when people could not make a light with the flint and steel, the mischief was sometimes charged to the fairies and sometimes to the witches, and occasionally to both. I have known and been intimately acquainted with witches, and have known and seen their methods of work, and what are called their black arts, which no respectable and well-bred fairy would descend to.

On the whole, I have found that fairies are respectable and industrious little folk, very harmless if properly treated, and though occasionally given to little acts of roguishness are by no means wholly bad. They are rapidly dying out. Education and science are making their existence intolerable. When they are entirely gone the world will be poorer by the absence of many moral stories told of them, and many high and noble lessons learned from their characters and actions.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTES OF A TOUR IN STAFFORDSHIRE

By Miss Paulina Biddulph

ONE day, some years ago, after an early breakfast at the inn at Milford, we visited Tixall and Ingestre. There was a grey morning which finished in a Scotch mist, and the drive from Colwich winding round Shugborough with glimpses of river and trees into the Chase, was picturesque.

Palgrave, in his *Normandy and England*, shows us that the early history of the Dukedom is outlined by the history of Lions-la-fôret, which from a rough forest lodge developed into a Castle, with its four gates entrusted to four barons; and we find that the greater number of Norman names and titles come from portions of the great forests around Rouen assigned to the care of brave and selected men. When the Norman dukes and the Norman kings were not fighting they were hunting. History shows us how, when any special messenger with important news went in haste to William the Conqueror, it was always in a forest that he found him. Cannock was a royal forest in Saxon times. Its history is told elsewhere in this volume. The name seems to be derived from very primitive Saxon, from the same source as the word "acorn," which itself springs from some early word implying a chase. The early inhabitants of our land regarded the forests chiefly as useful for wood to make a fire, and the Saxon *leag* was soon corrupted into "lea" or "ley"; names ending thus being often an index to the position of ancient forests. The later Saxons regarded the forests as hunting-grounds, and the

oak trees and the acorns from which they sprang simply as appendages to sport. In Northamptonshire I watched the children playing on a village green, with the shaft of an old cross for their refuge, and they were playing a game *I* knew as "I spy I," but *they* shouted "I ackie," and "I ackie" was the name of the game. In Herefordshire also the children cry "I ackie" in the same game. "I see" was the Saxon cry, "I spy I," a modern translation. It must have been an old, old hunting cry, surviving through all these centuries in the child play of old villages; and from that hunting cry, "I ackie," "I see," had sprung the "acorn" and the "oak," and Cannock or Cank. The French, in the same manner have derived their *chien* and their *chêne*, their "dog" and their "oak," from some old common hunting word, and from their *chenil* we have our "kennel."

In Domesday, Richard the Forester was set over the royal forests in the Midlands; and he, Ricardus Forestarius, as his name is written, was also amongst other titles called *vel de chene*—which I read Overseer of the Kennels. He built a church at Chesterton in Warwickshire, and may have also resided at Codsall, or at Kinver. There are still some fields at the latter place called The Kennels. When the Ricardus Forestarius history is compiled it will be found that the fencing of forest enclosures, and the gates which gave admittance and exit to those enclosures, supplied our Norman forefathers with some of the honourable ordinaries of heraldry. History repeats itself, and all through Staffordshire there are two forms of gates to the fields, the double V and Bars for one, and for the other the vertical Pale, and the diagonal Bend and Bars. It would be rash to argue too exclusively that ancient boundaries can be determined by the form of modern gates. A carpenter moving from one estate to another may take the form of a gate with him! But to a certain extent they can be so determined. The V supplied the Chevron, which formed the arms of the Clares and the Bagot-Staffords; and from heraldry it passed to the left sleeve of both French and

English soldiers, corporals, and non-commissioned officers. As the *chevron* in France supports the rafters of a house, so it may well be that the officers in the ranks of an army support the captain, and that in old heraldic times he who bore the chevron on his banner was one chosen to support his king. There is a profound meaning in much which to a cursory glance appears to be the merest phantasy.

The office of Forester seems to have been to some degree hereditary, but of course only at the king's pleasure; and in the thirteenth century, as told in another part of this volume, the Chase was acquired by the bishopric of Lichfield. In 1257 the then bishop granted to Roger de Aston (so I read in Clifford's *History of Tixall*) "the title and office of hereditary master and ruler of the game of Cankwood." This Roger was probably a descendant of Ricardus Forestarius. That was in 1257, and in 1492, another bishop of Lichfield was trying to recover the office from Roger de Aston's descendant, Sir John Aston; but the bishop failed, and the rights of the Aston family remained untouched even when, at the Reformation, Cannock and Beaudesert were wrenched from the bishopric and given to the Pagets. However, in 1712, at the recommendation of the Court of Chancery, Walter, fourth Lord Aston, agreed to give up his rights as Master, accepting in lieu "four fee bucks every year from the Chase to be delivered to him whole and entire at his mansion at Tixall, without fee or reward, by the keeper of Cankwood, unless he should prefer to take them by hunting; in which case the said keepers were required to attend him and give him their assistance;" which bucks, are, I presume, still paid to Lord Aston's representative, the Earl of Shrewsbury. And I suppose, the Bishop of Lichfield may still kill a buck on his way to the House of Lords, if he happens to be at Stafford when Parliament meets and he rides that way to London. But, I think he must then ride on horseback, not in his motor!

We were in search of the Ideal and Denstone did not

sound romantic, being chiefly associated with a college for religious middle-class education; but it was country, it was towards the beautiful Weaver Hills, within easy reach of Alton Towers and Croxden Abbey, and only six miles on from Uttoxeter. So, gladly, we started again in the cooler part of the afternoon, all three ready for any fortune which might befall us.

Straight on, our road took us towards Rocester (pronounced Rowster), which we left to the right and the railway to the left, and on towards those beautiful Weaver Hills. Denstone is a rambling village, scattered on the college side of the railroad to Leek and Macclesfield, but clustering on the Doveleys' side into a church and vicarage, schools, church-house lodgings, and a few other houses, modern, but picturesque. We drove along this side in a puzzled mood at finding there were *two* Mrs. Tortoiseshells, who each let lodgings! and that the village was a complicated one, composed chiefly of winding lanes, with cottages here and there, and small farms back in fields. The air was delicious, pure air from the Weaver Hills, of which hills there were lovely views; it was in the depths of the country, a prosperous, smiling country, cool in the greatest heat, out of the route of cycling parties and with no attraction for trips. The college-parents, or visitors seeking a quiet rest, are the only people who go there, and accommodation being limited the place can never be crowded.

The college I did not see till later; it is some way from the church part, where we were located.

However, we were not yet located! but drove round by the church, over the railway bridge, up a steep hill to the left, and then to the right into a winding lane in search of Mrs. Tortoiseshell. At last we found her, in nearly the last house at that end of the place, a tiny, picturesque farm set back in a large field down a sloping bank, with a beyond of river and wooded banks. Larlar remained in charge while I walked down to demand rooms.

The family were all out in the hayfield, whither I

pursued them, to interview the mistress of the farm; who, hot and tired, agreed to manage for us.

"At last the Ideal!" I observed to Larlar when I returned and, mounted on the box-seat, turned the pony's willing head towards the hay-scented farm. It was rough driving down the field, but the house below was picturesque, the situation romantic, and a black mare with her head out of the stable neighed a welcome; though this was not for us, for the mistress came, with an agitated apology, that her son said it was *impossible* to take us in, with her house full of grandchildren and her stable-boy in hospital with a broken leg, but she felt sure that "Mrs. Dawson" would be able to give us rooms.

So, reluctantly, we turned our heads and drove back over that rough field to the road again: somewhat depressed. The Ideal seemed, ever, retreating from us.

But, a few minutes back along the lane, and suddenly! we were there! We had passed it by without recognition, for it was only a comfortable square modern house, once a private dwelling, now taken as a small farm and room to let.

In contentment, we spent a week there. The pony had a stable all to herself, with at milking time four great beautiful cows gazing fiercely at her; each cow walked straight into her own stall to be milked, their heads towards Kit's manger. The flies were tormenting, out in the fields by daylight, so She was condemned to come in, in the heat, but there were long warm moonlight nights and sweet new grass to revel in, for a whole week. I could see Her from my window eating with keen relish in the moonlight, and lying down in satiety in the glorious early sunshine.

And this, after seven years in the Black Country!

Our sitting-room looked out on a lawn bordered with flowers, above the field; which field sloped downhill to the railway, with the church down there on the right, and to the left a lovely view of dale and woods and hills. It was English, very English, so green and refreshing and simple.

The whole place is old-fashioned—not old-world—but of the fashion of two generations back, which is very modern for Staffordshire! Half a century old in truth, when To Be was aimed at before To Do, and the doing has grown out of the being; and Denstone has given an impetus to religious education and remains a chronicle to the memory of the founder, Sir Percival Heywood.

Perhaps part of the restfulness of the place is from its being so easily understood, there is nothing complicated or puzzling, which is something to be grateful for in these days. It is just itself—Denstone. And when I found that the vicar is a Wrottesley, I knew I should find Books, and a Staffordshire welcome; so that, come rain or sun, we could enjoy ourselves.

At last! we had arrived within a drive of Alton Towers and of Croxden Abbey, and in touch with the De Verduns. The first day we walked past the great closed gates of the Quicksall Drive, with the red-sand stone engraved *To Alton Abbey*, 3 *miles*, the first name given to Alton Towers, and up a narrow lane we went to Prestwood. There, are two little old stone houses and one big red-brick farm-house, Out-of-the-World; wrapped in all the mystery of an old lawsuit—claimed by Lord Edmund Howard against the Earl of Shrewsbury—might *versus* right as it seemed to me. We could gather up no history. There they stand, the Upper House, a stone house of middle-size and unknown age, in a farmyard guarded by two fierce collies. One named "James" came to my touch and was willing to let us go where we would. The other was suspicious but relying on the instinct of my friend, James, it let us pass. The mistress was stern and busy, and though impressed by the friendly reception of the guardian dogs, encouraged no delay. And the Lower House is a gem of a dainty little house, with the date 1630 carved over its door. Evidently a Dower House. "The Dairy House" was the usual title of the Dower House of that period in North Staffordshire and in Cheshire, and this is a perfect little dairy-house; I

went over it with delight, and was shown how a cheese is pressed: each day during the summer one cheese is made there. The tenant pays half the rent to the Earl of Shrewsbury and half to Lord Edmund Howard.

Meanwhile Larlar wandered on, intent on Ellastone and its reminiscences of George Eliot and *Adam Bede*, and saw the house where Adam lived—Hetty's home is away among the fields. But I, returning, found my way into that mysterious and lonely Drive, and, pondering over that charming old dairy-house, resolved to examine the closed way, the barred gate. Its history I knew not; but there are those great iron gates and porticoes as an entrance to the drive to *Alton Abbey* three miles away, such a lovely drive above the river, with grass under-foot, and trees overhead, and glimpses ahead of beautiful scenery. And then, right across, cruel barbed wire; and farther on, rough barriers to send the driver to the right about; and *at last* a great gate with the curious old-time fastening smashed by Lord Shrewsbury years ago, when he impetuously claimed his right of inheritance from the De Verduns of old. And there were the common iron nailings-up, defying my futile efforts to open the gate into the narrow lane beyond. Round to the right I knew by cart tracks there was a way, but I had no time to go on then. In past centuries my forefathers had been under-lords to the De Verduns, and if at that moment I could have set that gate open by any means, by force or by law or by entreaty, I should have rejoiced to do it. As I returned, stepping over the barriers, squeezing through the barbed wire, stepping through a gap in the hedge (I had gone in, farther on, by a gate from the lane) I mused on the De Verduns. Their race was soon run. The first of the family was Bertram de Verdun. This Bertram was, before the date of Domesday Book, 1086, appointed to support the king's right arm while the king held the great royal sceptre in his hand at his coronation, and Bertram held the manor of Fernham in Buckinghamshire for the service of providing a glove for the king's

right hand at that ceremony; in those days a ceremony not once in a lifetime, but repeated three times each year, at Christmas, and at Easter, and at Lammas Feast, 1st of August, when the king and his earls and barons assembled, sometimes at Gloucester, sometimes at Winchester, *not often* at Westminster.

Another day we went to Stafford. About 1069 Robert (Nigel) Toeni was put in charge of Stafford, and the young Nicholas, the future father-in-law to Ormus, much younger than himself! was married to Maude Moolt (as her name was corrupted into in the Charter of Evesham Abbey), daughter of Ralph, Earl of Mantes, who himself was son of Goda, Edward the Confessor's sister. Thus the Toenies were brought into relationship with the old Saxon royalty.

Robert Toeni lived sometimes at Belvoir Castle, and probably it was between that place and Stafford that Nicholas and Maude brought up their children. The Toeni arms were a manche or lady's sleeve, red and gold, the royal ducal colours of Normandy; later on the Stafford Teonies seem to have borne the Mercian eagle in the same colours with a bordure, on account of the descent from Goda; it being probably the second Robert, son of Nicholas, who assumed this eagle.

I would place the marriage of Ormus himself in the year 1086 when the Domesday Book was complete, and the Great Gamot was held at Salisbury, at the Lammas feast.

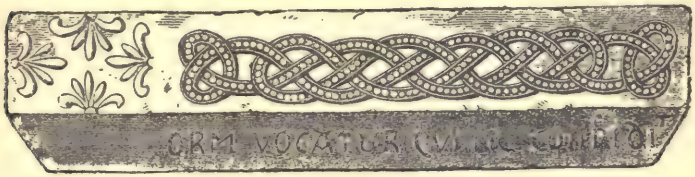
Lammas Day is the 1st of August, and was one of the days appointed for the three times a year Council and coronation. Lady Day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas were then as now the quarter days of the year, and the four cross quarter days were Whitsuntide, Lammas, Martinmas, and Candlemas, when rents were paid. This special Lammas Day, 1086, *all* lords and sub-tenants were called to the Council to swear fealty. It was a very special day; and doubtless the king, having duly examined the

Domesday Book, and noted any weak points in his kingdom, with manors not yet given away, did on this day give to his trusty subjects such manors. And no doubt at this great meeting many alliances would be made and marriages arranged.

Amongst other manors it seems that Biddulph was given to Ormus, and that he married the daughter of Nicholas de Stafford and Maude Moolt about this time. We know that Ormus was not an infidel. Yet Tasso, when writing his poem, about 1580, about the First Crusade led by Godfrey de Bouillon in 1096, introduces an Arab from "Ormus," which points to some connection of some Ormus with some Crusade. Now the inhabitants of the island of Ormus in the Persian Gulf are said to be of Phœnician descent, and we must go back to the days of the Prophet Ezekiel if we wish to contemplate the full glory of Tyre in the splendour and richness of its mighty past; and we must trace its children, the Phœnicians, by such glimpses as we get of them in ancient history—wealthy traders always—until from Phœnicians they became Veneti and founded Venetia (the Queen of the Adriatic) before 350 B.C. These were no dark Israelites, but were fair men and women with that wonderful red-gold hair which is found among the foreign Jews to this day, that hair which we associate with Titian's beauties and with the women of Venice. And Robert Dominus de Lea was styled *fils Veneti*—son of the Venetian—by the monks of Burton Abbey. He, we find, is one with Robert Fitz-Horm (son of Ormus), the Lord of Darlaston, father of Alina, the Lady of Darlaston. So a line in Tasso, a word in the Chronicles of Burton Abbey, gives us a clue to understand the building of St. Chad's at Stafford with its wealth of eastern carving, and its strange difference from all other churches in England, except Iffley, Oxford, which was connected with the De Verduns.

The legend of Biddulph Moor gives us the history of its masons. From generation to generation there has been handed down at Biddulph the old tale that the people on

the moor were descended from seven Saracens, who being brought over to England by the Lord of the Land, were offered liberty to return to their native country; but having married wives here, preferred to remain, and were placed to live on the moor. Bailey is the name of the family there which claims pre-eminence in antiquity; and the Biddulph Moor people have always been famous as stonemasons, as can be seen by the beautiful old stone altar and railing and coffin-lids at Biddulph Church. The people are handsome, shy, fair folk, of middle height; and amongst the children are seen the most lovely shades of red-gold hair. This



ANCIENT INSCRIPTION ON ABACUS OF NORTH-EAST TOWER PIER, ST. CHAD'S, STAFFORD.

remote colony of a strange people has often puzzled antiquaries, for there seemed no reason for the people being settled on a lonely moor in Staffordshire. No one connected them with the building of St. Chad's; and even when, at the restoration, the inscription was discovered, *no one knew* who Orm the builder was. That inscription runs: "Orm he is called who built me," *Orm vocatur qui me condidit.*

Ormus existed in the Chronicles of Burton Abbey and in family pedigrees, but his connection with Stafford had been lost to view by an error of Sampson Erdeswick's, who had made out that he had married a daughter of Nicholas *Beauchamp.* This is a mere clerical error which all the accumulated wisdom of four centuries of heralds let pass as fact, until Miss Yonge, in her *History of Christian Names*, stated that there was only one single Nicholas in

the whole of Domesday; and as Nicholas Toeni was a fact, I knew that Nicholas Beauchamp had never had any existence, except on paper. The Beauchamps, or Bello Campos, were truly of the same family as Toenis, but the name of Beauchamp was not yet in use.

It was Christabel's first introduction to St. Chad's; which was duly lighted up for her. The arches in the nave are of the grand old Norman style, which alone gives the true arch in all its simplicity, strength, and beauty; while a wonderful Moorish arch with a wealth of carving opens out to the cross. The Early English pointed arches at the cross are, of course, as one sees at a glance, part of the restoration; but there is a fine piece of intersecting arches in the niches of the sanctuary, which is interesting as an illustration of how, in Norman architecture, the pointed arch evolved itself from the intersection of the simple arches, the intersection giving at once the pointed arch. The church is very dark and must be illuminated to be seen, while the inscription high up at the cross can only be read with a light. It is worthy of study: the interlacing scroll over it appears to be a badge, taken from a *coudière*, or elbow-guard. Aveling in his *Heraldry* gives an illustration of one from St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, which evidently was the origin of several badges, notably of the Bourchier Knot, of the Stafford Knot, and of the Wake and Ormond Knot, and probably all others were mere varieties of these. The elbow-guard was used to secure a firm grasp on the shield, and was a very suitable badge for a Life-Guard; while the Fox at the side was, one supposes, the early and personal badge used by Ormus Le Guidon, denoting craft and skill. The conjunction of the two badges shows us a man ready to hold his own, either by physical strength or by mental wit.

For ages, nay centuries, St. Chad's was hidden away beneath whitewash, and almost crowded out of existence by the shops, which were even in front of its beautiful Moorish door; while St. Mary's great collegiate church was always

apparent. A very beautiful church, Early English, *at the earliest* 1189, St. Mary's is large and lofty, and the altar is approached by a graduated ascent of steps which gives a stately air to the choir, and is far in advance of the generality of our cathedrals in that way. The font is very ancient, so ancient that it is far older than the church itself; so St. Chad's people claim that it belonged to their church, but St. Mary's people say that it belonged to the old, old Saxon Church of St. Berthelin, whose site is in the churchyard. I should say it is carved by the Saracenic workmen who were employed by the founder of St. Chad's, and most probably a gift from him to the little old church where he had been married, when he began to look forward to the birth of an heir in his wife's home at Stafford, and made preparations for the baptism. Everything was so real in those days, whether it were love or war, God or the devil; a man put his whole soul into his life, and the sternest warrior was as humble as a child as he knelt before the altar.

From Stafford, by train, we had a day in the Black Country, to fulfil a promise. Poor Christabel, it was her first introduction, and we arrived in a blaze of sunshine and amidst a whirl of wind and dust at an empty house to a picnic luncheon: returning to Stafford in the delicious coolness of a dry summer evening.

Another day we visited Sandon Church to see the old Erdeswick tombs—up a very steep and very, very narrow lane, winding up and up into the Earl of Harrowby's beautiful park. It was *so* narrow, that Christabel exclaimed in dismay when we met a grocer's cart, but the grocer in his kindly Staffordshire way managed it somehow or other by backing his horse and cart into a cottage gateway, and leading Kit by the head safely upwards. The heat was so intense that we had not started out till after tea, and evening was closing in, but Christabel hunted up the keys in the vicarage garden, and their guardian promised to fan the flies off the pony while we two looked at the tombs. The church is very old, the tombs in the chancel magnificent.

They deserved far more study than we were able to give; and Sandon with its glorious trees on a ridge-like summit is a beautiful place, its history going back to early Norman times.

Another day we went to Bury Bank and Darleston. A bridge connects Meafford with Darleston, giving a fine view of Meafford Hall, a beautiful modern house of red-stone, brought here from Scotland, just the colour of red brick, part of the old house, where the famous Admiral Lord St. Vincent was born, being built into the new house, so as to preserve his birthplace. At Darleston, which is a manor house, and inn, and a few farms, one steps at once back into a very remote past, long before the place was called Derlaveston. I have not been able to trace the connection between this old Darleston and Darleston in the Black Country, but there seems a link in the sign of St. George at Meafford and the dedication of the parish church at the town of Darleston to the same saint. The name seems to be a corruption of De La Eston, as if the place belonged to an East Town, probably from its being the property of Burton Abbey away to the east. Bury Bank was its old name, and Wulfhere lived at Bury Bank as King of Mercia. I have a theory that he passed his three years of hiding in the moorlands of Biddulph, about twenty miles north, and that Biddulph [1] took its name from him; but when he emerged from the shades of exile he reigned at Bury Bank, which is literally a bank with traces of an old British encampment. Wulfhere was son of Penda and father of Kendred and Saint Werburgh, and also father of those two legendary young men, Wulfade and Rufin, whom, it was said, he slew at Stone because they had become converts to Christianity—a reckless blackening of character by the monks, which really almost reconciles one to the abolition of their priory at Stone. Wulfhere was a very brave man, and the whole history of the period of the

[1] "The War Wolf."

fierce struggle between Heathenism and Christianity is deeply interesting.

To go back as far as 556 A.D., the West Saxons under Ceawlin swept through the west of England, fighting, conquering, triumphant, through Shropshire to the dense forests of Staffordshire, driving the British before them like sheep. We are told that at Fethanleag at last, in 584, the British made a determined stand; there was an awful battle, and the wave of conquest was stayed by a crushing defeat. This battle seems to me to have taken place at Fenton Culvert, Fenton being, as I read it, a Norman corruption of the British Fethan—*leag* being forest; there, about four miles from Darleston and one from Stoke, are the Groaning Meadows, with their old tradition of a terrible battle, so terrible that for days and nights the wounded lay there, groaning and dying. The situation for a last desperate stand is excellent, above the valley of the Trent, the ground sloping up to a narrow pass between two rounded hills. It is near the Duke's Pits, and the whole place is undermined, and a mere handful of trees in the pass alone remain of a dense grove, within man's memory. And here, the West Saxons met, face to face, not with only the desperate Britons, but a mixed people descended from the old Romans (one finds the type throughout the Potteries), who with an equal courage and greater skill prepared for that last stand for their homes and their liberty. Part of Fenton is called The Low, which is proof of a great burying at some time; Culverdslow was the old name of the manor, apparently given by the Normans when they first emerged from the bottom of the forest and through the pass out into the open country beyond.

But to go back to 584 A.D., we may take for granted that the battle of Fethanleag bounded the Saxon conquest in Staffordshire, but the rest of the county was merged in the great kingdom of Mercia, of which we read that Crida, who had landed on the east coast at the head of the Angles, was sovereign lord in 585. After his death, Ethelbert, the

celebrated King of Kent, seized the reins in Mercia, but ultimately allowed Crida's son, Wibba, to reign as under-king there. But Wibba dying, Ethelbert again regained power there, and for a year allowed no under-king on the throne. Then he placed Cearlus, cousin to Wibba, there, who surviving Ethelbert recovered sovereign power. At his death without children, in 626, Penda was crowned king. And when the King of Northumbria, Oswald the Christian, was defeated by the King of Mercia, Penda the Heathen, it seemed as if Christianity was crushed out; but as the Mercians gazed on the fragments of King Oswald's dead body, fixed on stakes at different points of the battle-field, as a dire warning to Penda's enemies, they murmured to each other the strange words he had uttered in his dying agony, in the midst of the clash of a great defeat, and the words passed into a proverb: "God have mercy on their souls, as Oswald said when he was dying."

The next year, at Easter, Peada, son of Penda, died, murdered; it was said he was poisoned by the wife for whose sake he had become Christian. What wonder then that Wulfhere, his brother, now heir to the kingdom, should have turned on Christianity with hatred and contempt? For three years he was in hiding, safe somewhere in the dense forests or amongst the wild moorlands of North Staffordshire. Then, strong and resolute, he emerged, and, establishing his camp at Bury Bank, one of those great encampments, partly natural partly artificial, which we find here and there, he fought his claim until he reigned from Chester to the Isle of Wight—a great king, married to a Christian wife, Ermenilda of Kent.

When Anna, King of the East Anglians, died he left four daughters by his wife Hereswythe. The eldest of these, Sexbrugh, was married to Ercombert, King of Kent, and after his death, in 664, she took the veil and became first Abbess of Sheppy and afterwards of Ely. Her eldest daughter, Ermenilda, was married to Wulfhere; her younger daughter had taken the veil—one of her aunts, Etheldrythe,

was also professed—and amongst these holy and devoted women Wulfhere's children, Werburgh and Kenred, had no doubt spent some of the happiest days of their young lives, and the peaceful joys of the cloisters left an indelible impression on both sister and brother.

Wulfhere seems to have become a Christian a few years after his accession, probably when he extended his conquests south, and won Ermenilda as his bride and carried her back with him to his stronghold of Bury Bank; for in 659 he appointed a relation of his own, Trumhere by name, as bishop of the Mercians, and after *his* death, Jaruman; and when *he* died in 667, the king invited Wilfred, bishop-designate of York, to act when required as bishop in his kingdom. But Wilfrid had gone to Rome to be consecrated there, and the King of Northumbria asked the missionary Chad to be the bishop, and Chad was consecrated by three bishops at Winchester.

So when Wilfred came back from Rome he quietly retired into a monastery, until the new Archbishop of Canterbury, the great Theodore of Tarsus, asked Chad to give up York in favour of Wilfrid. And then Wilfred recommended King Wulfhere to give the diocese of Lichfield to St. Chad. From 669 to 672 St. Chad was at Lichfield, and the influence of this holy life, so simple and so sweet, must have greatly influenced the little circle at Bury Bank during the most impressionable period of the lives of the king's children, Kenred and Werburgh; and their father built churches in many places and left a glorious memory behind. The queen, Ermenilda, built a church at Stone, and it would be there that she and the children would go to worship Sunday after Sunday, rowed thither in a barge down the river Trent.

In 675 a dark cloud swept over their young lives, in the death of King Wulfhere; when, putting Kenred aside, Wulfhere's brother Ethelred was chosen king. Ermenilda in the first shock of her grief had fled to Ely for consolation; where her aunt Etheldrythe had succeeded Quee

Sexbrugh as abbess; and there Queen Ermenilda and her young daughter Werburgh took the veil together.

And at Ely Queen Ermenilda remained, in due time succeeding her aunt as abbess, while Werburgh was asked by her uncle Ethelred to look after both Hanbury in Needwood and Hanchurch near Stone; and eventually in her turn she became Abbess of Ely. She died at Hanchurch, and her body was carried to Hanbury, and later on, for safety from the Danes, it was taken to Chester. After a while Ethelred turned monk, and Kenred became king; and then, strangest of all strange stories, a king came from Essex, Offa by name, to court the king's aunt Ciniswintha (who probably kept house for him at Bury Bank), and the result of this courting was that the Lady Ciniswintha persuaded both King Kenred, her nephew, and King Offa, her lover, to turn monks! We can imagine them rowed down the river to Stone, or up the river to Trentham, to service, Ciniswintha and her handmaidens and the two young kings; she talking eagerly as one inspired, the two young men listening, swayed this way and that, to the cloister, or to the world! How strange it all seems to us now, and yet in those old Saxon days it meant Peace *versus* Warfare.

But we are lingering, as we walk amidst the trees on Bury Bank, and Christabel knows but little of King Wulfhere, and cares still less, and we must drive on to Whitmore, and farther away north still to the borders of Cheshire.

It was in the reign of Henry III. that Henry de Audley built Hulton Abbey, 1223 being given as the date of the foundation deed. His relations one and all added gifts to his gifts. They seem to have recognised his noble motive, to have been fond of him and proud of him, and freely gave of their lands. Nicholas de Verdun, who had given Audley to the second Adam, was the first witness to sign the Hulton Abbey charter, as lord of the

land on which it was built at Bucknall. Henry de Verdun signs sixth on the list.

But we drive past the fragment of the abbey on a hot August morning. It was in a snowstorm that I had visited it with the Fairy Godmother, and we had listened enthralled to the tale told us in the Abbey Farm, of the digging out of the old foundations, and the unearthing of the coffins which had been buried in front of the high altar, and how, there, was found the body of Elizabeth, widow of Nicholas, the last of the old Barons de Audley, buried in 1400, and yet her beautiful long black hair was still perfect. The abbey was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and was for monks of the Cistercian order, living according to the rule of St. Benedict; white monks, as they were called. It was swept away in the general dissolution, "the site of the monastery" being granted to Sir Edward Aston of Tixall in exchange for Ashstead, Surrey. In or about 1618 it was sold to Ralph Sneyd by Sir Walter Aston, the Sneyds having probably extended their protection already to the Cistercians, who had been so cruelly and unjustly deprived of their home, victims of the sins of other men. It stands, this fragment, in a lonely position, where the lands lie low, but sweep up to the bleak moorlands of Northern Staffordshire. On through Milton we drove, and then we mounted up to Norton-in-the-Moors.

There is a very perfect paved footway which is a memory of the old, old days when this church and hamlet were isolated in the midst of a wild moorland country. There are some Crusaders' tombs in the churchyard, which we passed by without knowing of them. There is no doubt that at one time these plain flat stones, simply engraved with a symbol, were common everywhere throughout Staffordshire and Derbyshire, but so few have been preserved that they are now very valuable as mementoes of local history. There are three at Enville with the saltire, or St. Andrew's cross, while at Biddulph the Crusaders' tombs bear the cross patée.

It should be clearly borne in mind that crests were not used in England till the fourteenth century, though arms were granted freely to any soldier (peasant though he might be) who slew an infidel in a Crusade. Badges were used, not crests, and in the Crusades, these became symbols—the symbol of the cross being chief. The Biddulphs used a cross patée, and Adam de Audley, father of the founder of Hulton Abbey, in right of marriage with Emma de Biddulph, used the same cross in a shield on the De Verdun arms; while the Nevilles (Neuville) used the saltire, as also the Maltravers, Salways, and perhaps the Greys, as their name is said to be a corruption of *Croi.*

Norton is not now in-the-Moors, but is on a lonely road, not far, however, from some works, for we saw chimneys and smoke and men gathering to rest and to eat their dinner in the scanty shade of a wind-swept hedge. Farther on we drove past the great ironworks of Black Bull, and then down the hill through Bradley Green. Through Knypersley, which last-named place shared in the pretty little church and schools and much else. The care taken by the late Mr. James Bateman, F.R.S., for his neighbours and work-people. Mr. Bateman was a remarkable man, whose love for arboriculture on the one hand and for the good of the poor on the other greatly reduced a large fortune. The splendid grounds at Biddulph Grange are his work. Nor have the Heaths, who succeeded him, been without care for their work-people's well-being.

Christabel sat silently wondering whither we were driving, but She could already sniff the heather-scented hills, and both Christabel and She were content as we drove into the ancient land of the Biddulphs, past the church, past the great old forge below the wooded Clough, with a long easy trot down-hill into Cheshire. To the right, banks of pasture with trees, and glimpses of the picturesque ruins of Biddulph Old Hall, which became a castle in the time of Charles the First by virtue of its defeat and its destruction—the tiny river

Dane below—while to the left the wooded banks of the land of the Mainwarings, rising up, bank upon bank, amidst trees to Congleton Edge, which sharply divides the moorlands of Staffordshire from the rich flat pasture-lands of Cheshire.

At Biddulph Old Hall we sat under the fragmentary foundation of an old, old park wall, grass under foot, sunshine all around us, on a bank high up above road and stream, Congleton Edge in front of us, to the right a vista of scenery stretching away far north-west to Macclesfield. And we talked of ancient times, and enjoyed our repast of bread and cheese and apples, and buns and gooseberries. And then we wandered on in a blaze of sunshine to the place where the old home of the Biddulphs had stood in the days of the Plantagenets. There are the fragments of the paved footway which led to it, and great incised sandstone pillars to the gate of the field. And then up farther, to the ruins of the beautiful stone mansion, built by Francis Biddulph in Elizabeth's reign, sacked and destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers in 1643.

The stones were quarried on the estate, up at the Park, and are of a lovely grey colour, tinged with rose. It is very well described in *Lord Brackenbury*, as it was, when in part a picturesque mass of ruin, in part the farm of the Myotts, it was the temporary home of an artist-son of the late owner, Mr. Bateman. It is now two-thirds ruin, surmounted by a tall cap-tower, one-third a dwelling-place. Built in the reign of Elizabeth, it is said that the celebrated Inigo Jones was the architect; and with a beautiful and durable stone in the Park, and famous stonemasons on the Moor, he planned a charming home, graceful and commodious. One can well imagine the pride with which Francis and his wife, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Giffard of Chillington, must have watched over the building up of this beautiful house, as it rose up stone by stone, in that lonely country place, amidst the silence of the moorlands

above. It was a time of peace; and even in the old, old times of civil war, this remote country estate had long been out of the reach of war.

The history of the Biddulphs went back to the days of Ormus Le Guidon, when he settled his three younger sons upon his favourite manor. Unlike the Normans, he made an eldest son of Robert (Dominus de Lee, under Burton Abbey), who in his turn made his only son by his first marriage, Ralph, heir to the estates of Biddulph, &c., and Ralph gave those estates to his only sister Alina. The whole tragedy and the whole brilliancy of Alina's life have not yet been unravelled—the Edelina, or the Little Noble, she had been proudly called, after the manner of the Saxon princes, when Ormus hoped to place his family amongst the great nobles of the land, in virtue of their royal Saxon blood from Goda. The eldest, Robert, was to be the baron; the second, Edward, was made a priest; Thomas, it is said, was a Crusader; Alured, or Alfred, perhaps the same. These were left dependent on their brother.

Edward married—he was presbyter of Biddulph—and thus cut short any chance of promotion; for though at this time it was usual for parish priests to marry, yet it generally closed their career, binding them down to a quiet domestic life, with some loss perhaps of dignity. It is significant of the period when family pedigrees were compiled, and it shows how modern they were, that Edward, being a married priest, was dropped out of the pedigree altogether, though he was the direct ancestor of the Biddulphs, and appears to have been a man of character and much respected. As a priest he could not hold by military service; but his niece Alina, Domina de Darleston, gave a fair portion of Biddulph to his son Roger, when she divided some of the land which she had received from her brother Ralph between her uncles. She was by then the widow of Eugen de Gresley, and about forty or fifty years of age, when, in a graciously worded deed, she—at Fenton Culvert—conveyed Over

Biddulph and Fenton Culvert to her uncle Thomas, whose descendants were called Overton; Edward the priest signing as a witness after Richard, Canon of Stone, and Vivian de Stoke (also an ecclesiastic), and before a long list of noble names.

By another deed Alina gave Middle Biddulph to Roger, son of Edward, the witnesses probably being also charged with a trust in this matter, for they were carefully selected it seems: Eutrop Hastang; Ada. de Aldithle; Anselm de Bello Campo; Tho. de Bidulf; Hen. fil ejus; Alured de Knypersley. And by another deed Alina conveyed Knypersley to her uncle Alured, and his descendants were called De Knypersley.

Overton Hall is still standing, a small stone farmhouse, very, very old, perhaps going back to early Norman times, with a dining parlour to the left hand and a kitchen to the right hand, and through the kitchen the lady's parlour, from which she could so well superintend domestic affairs. It is a mile or so north of Biddulph Hall, and the two families of cousins seem to have been always the closest of friends, and ultimately by marriage the Overtons were merged in the Biddulphs. The beautiful red-brick hall of the Knypersleys (the date is said to be of the time of Henry II.), is farther away southwards, distant three or four miles. The families seem to have had some violent breach at a very early date—Erdeswick even supposes that Alured was only half-brother to the others—but at any rate there seems to have been some fight, a Knypersley killed, and two Biddulphs charged with his death, and the families drifting further and further apart until in 1643 the Bowyers, who represented Alured Knypersley, were on the side of the Parliament, while the Biddulphs, in accordance with every tradition of the family, were on the side of the king, heart-whole and keenly active. At Hopton Heath, on March 19, 1642–3, John Biddulph fell fighting for King Charles. His son Francis, age twenty-five, was with Lord Brereton and some of the royal foot-soldiers at Brereton Hall in

Cheshire, and Lord Brereton, trembling for the safety of his beautiful mansion, was debating where to march the soldiers. Francis, young and enthusiastic and confident of the strength of his stone walls, rashly offered Biddulph Hall; and Brereton eagerly accepting, they escorted Lady Brereton and her infant son in safety there, and proceeded to strengthen the Hall by banking up sand outside the walls in case of any attack; which, however, they hardly expected. But, alas, Lord Brereton's uncle, Sir William Brereton, was in command of the Parliamentary army in those parts, and he, furiously pursuing his nephew into Staffordshire, laid siege to Biddulph Hall. He tried cutting off supplies, but with a wild moorland country at their back and devoted servants, this was not easy, and the besieged could laugh gaily as day by day supplies were smuggled in. Then Sir William brought up great cannon, and the bombardment began in dire earnest; and when a great ball came crashing in, Lady Brereton's fears for herself and baby so wrought upon Lord Brereton, that in the most cowardly manner he resolved to capitulate.

When the city of Chester was absolutely starving, she refused all offers unless the king's troops were allowed to march out with all the honours of war; but Brereton actually gave officers, men, castle, and all into the hands of the enemy, only stipulating for life—without honour. The place was absolutely sacked, and Francis Biddulph was sent into close confinement at Eccleshall Castle. At the end of a year his health began to suffer, and he was allowed to take some walks out under guard; at the end of a second year he seems to have compounded and to have been set free—a ruined man, his beautiful hall ruthlessly destroyed, his health injured, his hopes shattered. Being a Roman Catholic he was a marked man. However, trying to gather up what bright gleams he could out of life as it was, he settled with his wife and children at his country farm of Rushton, near Burslem, with his tenant, one of the old family of Bagnall.

This Rushton Grange was a portion of the property of Hulton Abbey, and, being granted to James Leveson, 1539, he sold it to Biddulph of Biddulph immediately (as if by previous arrangement). There was a gate and a lane, called Cobridge Gate, which led from the Grange to the Abbey, two miles off, and there is the old story of a secret passage. Even in the time of the Commonwealth Francis Biddulph maintained a priest at the Grange, and no doubt the sacred vessels had been secreted amidst the wreck of Hulton Abbey. There, with wife and little ones, and the priest, Francis might have hoped for some years of a quiet religious life. The priest would act as tutor to the boys; while for music and languages there was a domestic from Italy, apparently a nursery-governess, who used to sing so beautifully that the country people used to linger at night, listening to her—"Singing Kate" they called her.

She must have been away on the continent, or perhaps had some clothes sent her, in 1648, for she was attacked with the plague. There is a tragic story which tells how Mr. Biddulph rode round from place to place, forty miles in all, one dark night to get a doctor, and wherever he went, terrible, if true, he left the plague behind him. The Italian girl died, and child after child. It was at this time that, broken-hearted and shunned by all, Francis rode into Congleton to beg for food, and the town gave him ale and meat and bread to the value of 11s. 4d.

After the destruction of his home at Rushton by this fell sweep, he seems to have gone to London. There his son John married, and by marriage the family settled down in Sussex, the last of the line dying in Florence in 1767, his room there still being shown as Mr. Biddulph's Room.

The Hall passed in the female line to the Stonors who, claiming the Barony of Camoys, which the Biddulphs had wisely left in abeyance, won their claim; but unable to keep up Stonor and Biddulph, Lord Camoys sold Biddulph —the Hall some years after the rest of the lands.

What tragedies one comes across in all family history, patiently and silently borne we often find, no fuss made. Death and destruction sweep over the pathway, but as long as there is no dishonour, the man goes onwards whither he knows not, but God knows, and he is content.

From the Biddulph Old Hall we passed by the grass-walk between high hedges of box, out through the Clough by the old mill. There is a large pond with ducks, and up above a very, very old stone cottage, and down on one side the great mill wheel, dashing the little stream round as it comes downhill from the Trough Stones and Biddulph Moor, and up in the road the Talbot Inn, with its name to show that this piece of De Verdun land must have passed from Verdun of Alton, by Furnival and Nevill, to the Talbots, before it was sold.

Through the fragmentary village we go—there is one shop which sells bread and lollypops, and a letter-box in a wall—and we have tea at the Almshouses with a beautiful old Cheshire dame, who is a friend of mine, and then we dive into the Clough; and Christabel, who has been—at last—stirred up to the magic of the past, surrenders herself, body, soul, and spirit, to the enthralment of the moment.

The Clough is closed to the public; and how we got in, and where we came out, this history sayeth not. The only persons we saw were two; we came suddenly upon them. There were two, and they sat in a hollow overlooking a tiny waterfall—he a young man wrapped in melancholy meditation, perhaps a poet; she a little fair girl all in white, sitting bolt upright, gazing at us with astonished eyes, as we, suddenly turning a corner, passed them by. He looked as if recruiting health; and she, just suiting him as companion, because she could sit so very, very still, attendant on his every mood. Judging by the child's astonishment, we were the first human beings who had ever passed through this fairy glen!

This Clough is a mysterious ravine, which connects the Hall with the lower part of its village. Plunging into it by steps down and down, amidst wild raspberries and bilberries and bracken, passing by tunnels under the roads, wandering by streams which rush down from the moors, and one walks a mile and a half, unconscious of fatigue, lost to sight from the world above in a beautiful world of greenery. Its mystery surpasses even the beauty of its scenery, and one cannot but pause to admire the adroitness of the man who developed a wild ravine into this exquisite glen—the late Mr. Bateman.

Another day we drove all round beautiful Cloud, all massed in heather between boulders of red sandstone, and visited the Bride Stones, a group of Druidical stones near an ancient battlefield or burying-place, connected by tradition with the Danes. They belong to a farmhouse, which seemed deserted as it rested in the midday heat, silent within its walled garden; there was no black retriever to bark at us, nor beautiful old English sheep-dogs to come and hunt us up, as had happened the last time I was there.

Another day we drove to the church and, under the guidance of the vicar, studied its antiquities. It is a modern church, with a mere fragment of a more ancient one built into it, dedicated to St. Lawrence, and with old things in it: an old stone altar, one of the eleven left in England, and beautiful red sandstone altar rails, all carved by the Biddulph Moor masons in days gone by. The stone is a very hard one, and none but skilled workmen can deal with it. Out in the churchyard there is the shaft of the old stone cross, and the vicar, pointing out the four scooped hollows at its base, told us that these were for holy water and proved that the cross was put up *before* the Reformation; while I was able to tell him how the seven Crusaders' "tombstones" were found under this cross, which shows that the idea was to put up a cross as a memorial of the faith of those ancestors.

These flat coffin-lids—one of them extraordinarily broad —are now placed out in the churchyard, and are worth a long journey to see. Whether De Verduns, or Biddulphs, or Overtons, or Knypersleys, who can say? But one can be sure that it was a Biddulph who gathered them together, about the reign of Henry VII., and raised the high cross above them. After the Biddulphs left, the Bowyers remained (at Knypersley) and occupied a large pew with a separate entrance from out of doors, as was the custom of the eighteenth century, and there is a great altar tomb to Sir William Bowyer, Knt., died 1640. The lovely monument by Noble, life-sized figures of our Lord and two angels, occupies the east end of the south aisle and was placed there by the late Robert Heath, to the memory of a son and a daughter. James Bateman purchased Knypersley from the representatives of the Bowyers, and the greater portion of Biddulph from Lord Camoys. His grandson, James Bateman, F.R.S., devoted himself to the cultivation of orchids, then, 1836, an unknown art, and to building the Grange and laying out its wonderful gardens, where one wanders as it seems for miles, amidst a labyrinth of Chinese gardens, an Egyptian temple, and old English yew hedges. His son is now vicar, after being a missionary in India.

If Mr. Bateman saw a great rock which he fancied would suit his garden, he said, "Fetch me that rock"—he has piled them up, great red sandstone rocks. If he saw a tree which he fancied would suit his garden, he said, "Fetch me that tree," and he had it uprooted and carted into the garden. The property was eventually bought by the late Mr. Robert Heath, who dug deep down and made his fortune. His history is one of the romances of the iron trade. His son has rebuilt the Grange (which was accidentally burnt down) into a stately white stone house, which fascinated Christabel as we wandered through the gardens, thrown open to the public on the day of the Wakes Agricultural Show. What a day that was.

Stone Coffin Lids, Biddulph.

Stone Coffin Lids, Biddulph.

Gloriously sunny, desperately hot, and the large field in an amphitheatre of distant hills, with the beautiful cows and the throng of horses. "Oh, that Barbara was here!" cried Christabel. And the pleasant country faces all around one. And the dogs, where Christabel was nearly bitten by a great bull-dog who was maddened by the barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks; and then the brief thunderstorm for a climax. And the good-tempered hurry and skurry of the thronged stableyard, where we had first to find Kit, and then get her put in the right cart. And it was not till we got back to Mossley that we found the plated cup of one shaft had been lost in the skirmish, and that the pony's neck was grazed. Evidently some horse had tried to snatch the nose-bag, and in a tussle the neck was rubbed, for I noticed afterwards how viciously she snapped at horses passing on the road, even trying to pass close to other traps on purpose to snap.

Gathering heather above Biddulph was more congenial to both her and myself: a daughter of the Genealogist knee-deep in heather, and stuffing it into baskets by handfuls; Kit greedily eating heather by the roadside; I myself buying great flat Staffordshire pikelets and oatcakes from a woman passing by, and drawing in at every breath health-giving air. The flies had tormented the pony's poor grazed neck; but as we passed up by the Talbot, my friend the landlady came to the rescue, and in answer to my appeal, brought a rag and paraffin, and damped the ardour of those flies by a plentiful application of the oil on mane and face.

And yet another day, Christabel and I wandered up on to the top of the Trough Stones, amidst great grey boulders and heather, and there, perched upon the highest edge of the moor, we could calmly survey the scene around us, in the cool of the evening, at the setting of the sun. To the right mountains, to the left the moor, stretching away to Knypersley, with the great grey stones marking the edge, and rising into the Wickenstone Rocks in the distance. Behind us, North Staffordshire and the limestone mountains of

Dovedale, below us Biddulph, before us Congleton Edge and Mow Cop, and beyond, the fair county of Chester.

And then? Back to Stafford, with a night at Meafford, and a long day's journey to the Black Country; beginning with the gardens at Meafford Hall at eight o'clock in the morning, with a rest at Newcastle amidst the dust of a windy day in the Potteries; at last, at Stafford, and my little mare standing with drooping head and deep disgust at having left all the green pastures and heather behind! But I could not sell the cart so late in the summer, so I sent her out to grass for the winter to a farmer friend; and handing over the reins, Christabel and I got into the train and went to Penkridge, and so onwards back into that strange, Black Country, amidst the great lights and the clash of hammers and the turmoil of work, and I felt that I had stepped back into the Centre of All Things once more. My pony and my cart have vanished as a dream, but, infinitely refreshed, I place the great handfuls of heather in a vase —and, Go forward.

MEMORIALS OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

By the Rev. C. Bodington,
Canon Residentiary

MORE than twelve centuries have passed away since Prince Peada, the son of Penda, was baptized with all his earls and soldiers and servants, by Bishop Finan. Then four priests, men of erudition and good life, as the Venerable Bede tells us, were sent to instruct and baptize the Mercian people. One of these, a Scotsman, by name Diuma, became the first Bishop of Mercia, and established his see at Repton, near Derby. His successor was another Scotsman, Ceollach; then came Trumhere, an English monk; and after him Jaruman, described by Bede as a discreet, religious, and good man, who, travelling through all the country, far and near, before his death, A.D. 667, reduced the people to the way of righteousness.[1]

St. Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, in Northumberland, educated twelve English lads, one of whom, Chad, became abbot of the monastery of Lastingham in Yorkshire. At that time King Oswy was irritated because Wilfrid, the newly consecrated Bishop of York, did not at once come home from Gaul, where he had gone for his ordination, to take possession of his see. The king prevailed on Chad to allow himself to be consecrated bishop, and to take Wilfrid's place. The ordination by Bishop Wini of Winchester was considered to be irregular, and when Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury heard of it, he upbraided Chad for what he had

[1] Bede, *Eccl. Hist.*, iii. 30.

done. The Saint answered him with great humility, and at once retired from York to his monastery at Lastingham. Shortly afterwards Bishop Jaruman died, and the King of Mercia desired Archbishop Theodore to supply him and his Mercian people with a bishop. The archbishop at once chose Chad, who had accepted his reproof so meekly, and sent him to fill the vacant see.

Tradition relates that Jaruman had built a church at Lichfield, and Bishop Chad chose this as his see in preference to Repton. Thus he became the first Bishop of Lichfield, the fifth of Mercia. He gathered round him at Stowe a small college of seven presbyters, who shared his devotional life and ministerial work, and there he remained until his death, A.D. 672. Montalembert remarks that he left behind him a noble example of humility, wisdom, fervour, and voluntary poverty.

The following Latin inscription was formerly placed over the great western door inside Lichfield Cathedral:—

Oswyus est Lichfield fundator, sed reparator
Offa fuit; regum fama perennis erit;
Rex Stephanus, Rex Henricus, primusque Ricardus
Rex et Johannes, plurima dona dabant.
Pene hæc millenas ecclesia floruit annos,
Duret ad extremum nobilis usque diem;
Daque, Deus, longum et floreat hæc sacra Œdes
Et celebret nomen plebs ibi sancta tuum.
Fundata est Ecclesia Merciensis
Quæ nunc Lichfeldia dicitur,
Facta Cathedralis, Anno Domini DCLVII.

The Cathedral referred to in this inscription as founded by Oswy may have been the Church of St. Mary, built by Bishop Jaruman, near to which St. Chad was buried. Probably it was but a simple Saxon chapel, not unlike the chapel discovered a few years ago at Deerhurst incorporated into the structure of an old farmhouse.

Bede tells us that when the Church of the Most Holy Prince of the Apostles, Peter, was built, St. Chad's bones were translated into it. This Saxon church, attributed to

St. Chad's Well, Lichfield.

Bishop Hedda, A.D. 691–721, with the various gifts and additions ascribed to it in the Latin inscription, appears to have remained as the Cathedral Church of Lichfield for over four centuries.

It was pulled down and replaced by a Norman Cathedral by Bishop Roger de Clinton, who came to the see A.D. 1129, and died A.D. 1149. What the Saxon Church of St. Peter was can only be conjectured by the study of such Saxon buildings as the tower of Earls-Barton, or the Saxon churches of Deerhurst, or Bradford-on-Avon, or the transepts of Stow church, near Lincoln.

Under the rule of the powerful Offa, Mercia became the most important kingdom of the Heptarchy. One of the king's notable acts was that he persuaded Pope Adrian to remove the archiepiscopal authority over Mercia from Canterbury to Lichfield. The four bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester, and Selsey remained subject to Canterbury, the rest were placed under Hygeberht, Archbishop of Lichfield. This arrangement was annulled at the council of Clooveshoo, A.D. 803, with the unanimous consent of the whole Synod, and it was decreed that the see archiepiscopal from that time forward should never be in any other place than the city of Canterbury. After this time, according to William of Malmesbury, the kingdom of Mercia became nearly lifeless, and produced nothing worthy to be related in history. At Lichfield the chief event was the appointment of nineteen prebendaries with Huida as their first Provost, A.D. 822.

Under the Norman rule Lichfield was humiliated. Archbishop Lanfranc decreed that episcopal seats should not be in small towns, and Bishop Peter of Lichfield, appointed by William the Conqueror, removed his see to Chester, and was called Bishop of Chester and Lichfield. Later in the same century Bishop Robert de Lymesey removed his seat from Chester to Coventry by the authority of a Bull of Pope Paschal I.

Bishop Roger de Clinton, A.D. 1129–1149, who was

enthroned at Coventry must have been a man of mark and energy. The Cistercian monastery which he founded at Buildwas in Shropshire, now in ruins, is probably a fair representation of the old Norman Cathedral which he built at Lichfield, when Hedda's Saxon church was pulled down.

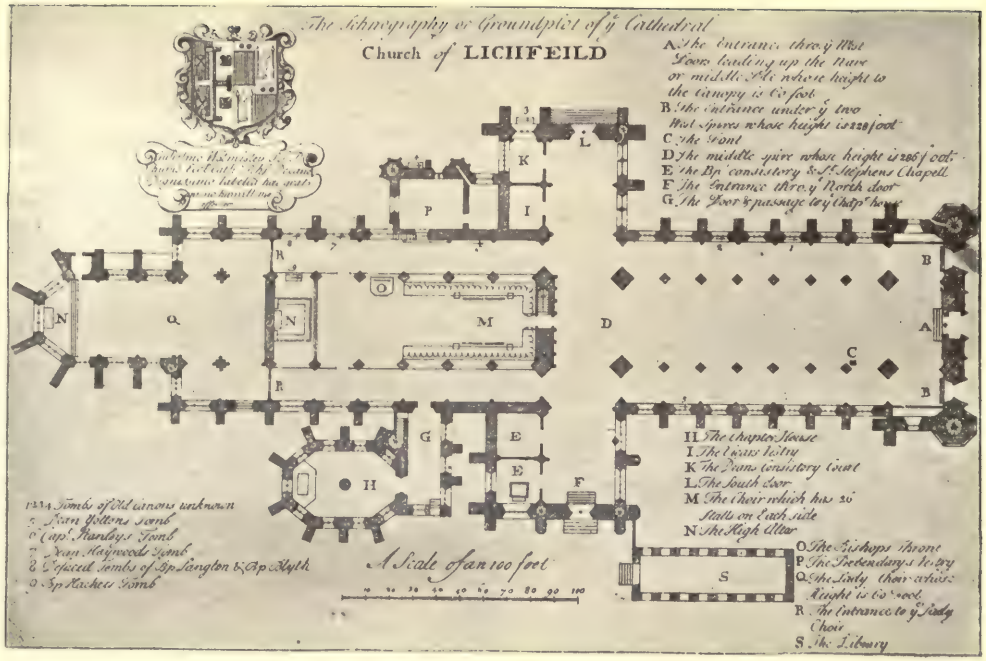
In the years 1856–1860 during the work of reparation at Lichfield under Sir Gilbert Scott, the floor of the choir was uncovered. Beneath it were found the foundations of an apsidal building, with a square-ended chapel projecting eastward from the apse. These foundations were examined and measured by Professor R. Willis of Cambridge, who believed them to be the original foundations of Clinton's Norman Cathedral, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Chad. Mr. J. Irvine supposed that the old Norman west front of the Cathedral existed down to the period of the episcopate of Bishop Roger de Meyland, A.D. 1258–1296, by whom a design for a rebuilding was obtained probably from a French architect.

No records remain of the transformation of the Norman work into early English, but Professor Willis, judging from the details of the choir, concluded that it must have been built near the beginning of the thirteenth century.

The northern portion of the transept and the chapter-house, he dated at about A.D. 1240, the south wing at 1220, the nave 1250, the west front at 1275. The Lady Chapel, designed by Bishop Langton for the shrine of St. Chad, was completed after the bishop's death in 1322. The shrine was placed eastward behind the high altar, with a small altar dedicated to the Saint on the western side of it.

There were seventeen chantries in the Cathedral. Sir W. Dugdale, in the English edition of his *Monasticon*, p. 302, gives the following list of them:—

The Chantry of St. Catharine, founded by John Hardewick. The Chantry of our Saviour, by John Heywood. The Chantry, by Peter Radnor. The Chantry of St. Blase, by Thomas Heywood. The Chantry of the Name of Jesus, by Richard Scroop, Bishop. The Chantry of St. Peter, by William de Manceter. The Chantry in the same place, by Richard Brimingham, Canon.


The Ichnography or Groundplot of ye Cathedral
Church of LICHFEILD
A The Entrance thro ye West Doors leading up the Nave or middle Isle whose height to the Canopy is 60 foot
B The Entrance under ye two West Spires whose height is 228 foot
C The Font
D The middle spire whose height is 286 foot
E The Bps consistory & St Stephens Chapell
F The Entrance thro ye North door
G The Door & passage to ye Bishops house
H The Chapter House
I The Vicars Vestry
K The Dean consistory Court
L The South door
M The Quire which has 36 Stalls on Each side
N The High Altar
O The Bishops Throne
P The Prebendarys Vestry
Q The Lady Quire whose height is 60 foot
R The Entrance to ye Lady Quire
S The Library
A Scale of an 100 foot
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100

AN OLD PLAN OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL WITH LIBRARY NOW REMOVED.

The Chantry of St. Nicholas, by Nicholas de Lega. The Chantry of St. Mary, by Walter Langton, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield. The Chantry, by Thomas Hardwick. The Chantry, by Alexander, Bishop. The Chantry, by John Kinardsey. The Chantry, by Hugh Sotby. The Chantry, by Walter Langton, for the soul of King Edward II. The Chantry of John Yotten. The Chantry of George Ratcliff. The Chantry of St. Cedda at Stow.

It is now impossible to identify the sites of these long since destroyed and disendowed chantries, but the records of them are interesting, as showing the nature of the Cathedral worship before the heavy hand of Henry VIII. and his son destroyed alike both chantries and monasteries.

The following chapter-order, made July 30, 1426, for the hours at which the chaplains were to daily celebrate at the different altars for the souls of their founders, shows how the Cathedral was constantly used in the fifteenth century:—

At 6 A.M., John Bloxton, chaplain of St. Chad's; Allen, chaplain of St. Nicholas; John Coke, chaplain. At 7 A.M., John Eyton, chaplain for the souls of deceased Kings and Bishops; 7 A.M., William Nassyngton for the soul of Richard le Scrope. A convenient hour, Robert Bane, chaplain, at the altar of B.V.M. At 8 A.M., William Alton, chaplain, came on with Henry Thomas, chaplain of St. Radegund's altar; and Roger Fordione, chaplain of St. Thomas the Martyr. At 9 A.M., William Halle, chaplain; and Thomas Hanley, chaplain of St. Andrew's altar. At 10 A.M., Ralphe Grenewode, chaplain of St. Catharine; John Molenton, chaplain of St. Stephen; and Robert Merford, chaplain of St. Peter's Chapel, who says mass for the servants of the chapter.[1]

But this was not all. "Nocturns were said from Christmas to Easter at midnight, and from Easter to Trinity-tide at dawn; and on feasts of nine lections, after vespers, till September 8. Then followed the Lady Mass, prime, chapter, with reading of the Martyrology, the Preciosa ("Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints"), the

[1] Dr. Cox's Catalogue, p. 88.

Tabula (the weekly roll of services and officiating clergy); on Saturdays and eves of doubles came benediction and business, and in Lent commendation. Then mass in chapter, sung without deacon or sub-deacon, tierce, sext, high mass at nine A.M., on doubles, with two deacons and sub-deacons, and two thuriblers, and two acolytes in silken copes, with two crosses preceding the Gospeller, before whom went the taper-bearers. Then nones (dinner and peal for the dead); vespers (an interval in winter occurred between twilight and vespers, but a longer space in summer followed supper and compline before matins); and compline (in Lent succeeding collation in choir in commemoration of the dead)."[1]

"Every cathedral in its first institution," wrote Bishop Stillingfleet, "was as the temple to the whole diocese, where the worship was to be performed in the most decent and constant manner; for which end it was necessary to have such a number of ecclesiastical persons there attending, as might still be ready to do all the offices which did belong to the Christian Church, such as constant prayers, and hymns, and preaching, and celebration of the Sacraments, which were to be kept up in such a church, as the daily sacrifice was in the Temple."[2] Such was the idea of the cathedral entertained by representative Anglican divines of the type of Stillingfleet and Hooker, who lived after the great changes had been introduced into the cathedral worship and government.

At the dissolution of the monasteries, all the cathedrals which had been served by members of the monastic orders received a new constitution, and were called cathedrals of the *New Foundation*. Such were Canterbury, Westminster Abbey, Carlisle, Durham, Ely, Norwich, Rochester, Winchester, and Worcester, old episcopal sees, refounded together with the new sees of Bristol, Chester, Gloucester, Oxford, and Peterborough.

---

[1] *Cathedralia*, Mackenzie Walcott, p. 166.
[2] Walcott, *Cathedralia*, p. 1.

The other cathedrals, like Lichfield, which had never been under monastic government, were called cathedrals of the *Old Foundation*. These remained as before under the rule of the deans and chapters. The dean was the principal person and head of the chapter. The precentor had charge of the music. The chancellor was the theological lecturer and minister of education in the cathedral and diocese. The treasurer had charge of the property. There were nine of these cathedrals of the old foundation in England. The four Welsh cathedrals were of the same type.

Cathedrals and their worship gave great offence to the Puritans; and in the year 1640 a petition, called the "Root and Branch," signed by 15,000 persons, was presented to the House of Commons, praying for the wholesale destruction alike of the hierarchy and of the cathedral establishments. Then some friends of the Church moved that no man's freehold should be taken from him until he had an opportunity of speaking for himself. Thereupon Dr. John Hacket, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, was chosen to speak on behalf of the deans and chapters of the cathedrals. He pleaded for them with great force. The cathedrals, he said, are houses of God, where the service of prayer is daily offered as a morning and evening sacrifice. He admitted that the services in some cathedral churches had given offence because of the "super-exquisiteness of the music," which served rather to tickle the ear than affect the heart with godliness, and so that which was intended for godliness vanished into quavers and air. In other parts of his address, he pointed out the value of the cathedrals and collegiate churches, as providing a staff of efficient preachers, and in the advancement of learning, and special training of young men for the ministry.

Then he said that the genuine and proper use of the cathedral chapters was that they should be the council of the bishop, for "it is not to be denied that Ignatius, Cyprian, Hierom, Austin, and others, have required that some grave

and discreet presbyters should be *Senatus Episcopi*, and be advisers with him in his consistory."

He pleaded fervently for the singing men, choristers, schoolmasters, and others dependent upon the cathedrals, and his speech was so convincing that, upon the question being put, it was carried by many votes that the cathedral revenues should not be confiscated.

But not long after, in the same session, a second vote was taken on the question, and the fatal "Root and Branch" Bill was carried.[1]

Sir William Dugdale, in his *Short View of the Late Troubles in England*, published A.D. 1681, has shown how the spirit that animated the "Root and Branch" Bill pervaded the ranks of the Puritans.

Robert, Lord Brooke, one of their leaders, was so great a zealot against the discipline of the Church, that nothing would satisfy him short of the extirpation of episcopacy. He led his troops to Lichfield, and when he had planted his great guns against the south-east gate of the Close, devoutly prayed that God would by some special token manifest His approval of their design. Shortly afterwards some accident caused the soldiers to give a shout, and Lord Brooke, on coming outside a small house into the open street to see what was the matter, was shot through the head by Richard Dyott, a deaf and dumb gentleman, who, with another, had stationed themselves behind the battlements of the central tower of the Cathedral.

The General was killed on St. Chad's Day, March 2, 1643, but the garrison within the Close could not withstand the assault of the Parliamentary forces, whose great guns and mortars played against them incessantly across the minster pool.

The surrender was made on March 5, and then followed a scene of wild disorder. The soldiers on gaining possession of the Cathedral desecrated it in every possible way. In

[1] See Plume's *Life of Hacket.*

the words of an old MS., quoted in Shaw's *Staffordshire*, they "demolished all the monuments, pulled down the curious carved work, battered in pieces the costly windows, and destroyed the evidences and records belonging to the Church; which being done, they stabled their horses in the Body of it, kept courts of guard in the cross aisles, broke up the pavements, and every day hunted a cat with hounds throughout the Church, delighting themselves with the echo from the goodly vaulted roof; and to add to their wickedness, they brought a calf into it, wrapt it in linen, carried it to the font, sprinkled it with water, and gave it a name, in scorn and derision of that Holy Sacrament of Baptism, and when Prince Rupert recovered the Cathedral by force, Russell the Governor carried away the Communion Plate and linen, with whatever else was of value."

One thing of great worth escaped them. The old and valuable MS. called St. Chad's Gospels, dating to the close of the seventh century, possibly, as Dr. Scrivener remarks, the work of St. Chad himself, if not of some contemporary of his, was secreted by the precentor, Archdeacon Higgins. He preserved the MS. until the Restoration, and then returned it to the custody of the dean and chapter. This manuscript, which contains the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and part of St. Luke, is now preserved in a specially constructed case, where it may be seen in the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral.

The Cathedral and Close suffered from three sieges in the Civil War. One under the assault of Lord Brooke and Sir John Gell; a second when Prince Rupert was the assailant of Colonel Russell; and a third in 1646 when the Parliamentarians regained possession of it.

The ruined Cathedral in its desolation, with its stripped roof and broken down spire, must have exhibited for fifteen years a melancholy illustration of the spirit of that Puritanism which had presented the "Root and Branch" petition to the House of Commons.

Dr. John Hacket, a typical Anglican divine of the

seventeenth century, by birth a Londoner, educated at Westminster School with George Herbert, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, had a remarkable career. For many years he was rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn. After the king's restoration, he was appointed bishop of the see of Lichfield.

Consecrated A.D. 1661, he threw himself with great energy into the work of organising his diocese and repairing the Cathedral. After nine years of unceasing labour, he re-dedicated it on Christmas Eve, 1669, as his biographer, Dr. Plume, relates, "with all fitting solemnities that he could pick out of Ancient Rituals." The solemn processional Psalms, and the Intercessions, in which the bishop prayed that the Cathedral might never suffer the like devastation again, even until the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, greatly impressed the worshippers.

Hacket died shortly after the dedication, and left the Cathedral "a complete church again," a monument of his piety and self-sacrificing zeal.

It may be that some of the work done under Bishop Hacket's direction was pressed forward with undue haste, for Dean Addenbrooke, in a letter dated February 5, 1773, writes: "As the roof is so dangerous, the sooner you can begin the better; delay may have very bad consequences. In my view the scheme we are upon seems best suited both to the Fabrick and to the Funds."

This unfortunate scheme sadly disfigured the Cathedral, for by it Hacket's lead was stripped off the roof and sold, slates were substituted, and the tradition at Lichfield has been that at the same time when the lead was sold the high pitch of the roofs, as shown in the early plates, was lowered to its present position.

But things went from bad to worse. In A.D. 1788 a large sum was expended on the Cathedral under the direction of James Wyatt. Externally his work called forth severe criticisms. "I have seen" (wrote "Viator" in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 21, 1795), "at Lichfield

West Front. Lichfield Cathedral.

. . . the South Transept buttressed up at the south end with two such masses of stone work as would disgrace the clumsiest country Mason." These clumsy buttresses still remain as Wyatt left them.

Within it was no better. He closed in the western arch of the choir above the old fifteenth-century choir screen with glass. He made use of cement, iron spikes, and tar cord, to convert the columns and arches of the choir into copies of those of the nave. He pulled down the old fourteenth-century altar-screen, with Sir Christopher Wren's reredos in front of it, and extended the choir to the extreme east end of the Lady Chapel, where he built up a reredos from fragments of the old work. His plans and specifications, with other interesting documents relating to the Cathedral, are preserved in the Salt Library in Stafford.

Sir Gilbert Scott, in his *Recollections*, writes of the west front of the Cathedral: "Wyatt had, by the help of Bernasconi, translated this fine work into Roman cement; we hope to retranslate it into stone." This is not quite correct, for the Roman cement disfigurement of the west front was effected after Wyatt's death, in the time of Dean Woodhouse, A.D. 1820–22.

The condition of the Cathedral, from that time until Sir Gilbert Scott's work of reparation, has been described by Canon Lonsdale, in his *Recollections of Work done in the Cathedral from* 1856 *to* 1894, published by Lomax, Lichfield. Many accurate and valuable memorials are given in the excellent Handbook of Lichfield Cathedral by the late John Hewitt, a member of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain. More modern Handbooks describe the Herckenrode glass in the Lady Chapel, and the many windows which have been added within the last thirty years. The Chapel of St. Chad's Head, built probably by Bishop Alexander de Stavenby for the relics of St. Chad, A.D. 1224–40, and the Chapel of St. Stephen in the eastern side of the north transept, the burial-place of Bishop Hugh de Pateshull, A.D. 1245, have been recently repaired and

provided once more with altars. The one had been used as a muniment room, the other as an organ chamber. The organ, enlarged and rebuilt by Messrs Hill, is now placed in a chamber constructed above the choir on the north side of the clerestory.

The following books, among others, may be referred to for trustworthy and copious information about Lichfield Cathedral:—

1. Sir William Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, 3 vols. fol., A.D. 1675. An English edition of the same in 1 vol. fol., A.D. 1718. A new edition by Coley, Ellis, and Bandinell, 8 vols. fol., A.D. 1830: London. This is a noble book, a rich mine of information, and containing the Cathedral statutes.

2. *A Short View of the Late Troubles in England*, by Sir William Dugdale, 1 vol. fol.: Oxford, A.D. 1681.

3. *A Century of Sermons*, by John Hacket, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Canterbury, fol., A.D. 1675. This volume contains Dr. Plume's *Life of Hacket.* The biography, edited by the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, was separately published, with many valuable notes, by Masters, A.D. 1865.

4. *A Survey of the Cathedrals, giving an Account of their Foundations, Builders, Antient Monuments, &c.*, by Browne Willis, Esq.: London, 2 vols., A.D. 1727.

5. Pennant's *Journey from Chester to London*, 1 vol.: London, A.D. 1782.

6. Stebbing Shaw, *History of Staffordshire*, 2 vols. fol.: London, A.D. 1798, 1801. The Lichfield portion was published separately in a volume of 119 pages.

7. *The History and Antiquities of the Church and City of Lichfield*, by the Rev. Thos. Harwood, F.S.A.: published at Gloucester, A.D. 1806. A new edition of this excellent book is much to be desired.

8. *The Antiquities of the Cathedral Churches of Worcester, Chichester, and Lichfield*, by Thomas Abingdon, Esq.: London, 1 vol., A.D. 1717.

9. *History of the City and Cathedral of Lichfield*, by John Jackson, jun., Lichfield, A.D. 1805.

10. *The History of the See and Cathedral Church of Lichfield*, by John Britton, F.S.A.: London, A.D. 1836.

11. A Catalogue of the Muniments and Manuscript Books pertaining to the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield, compiled by Dr. J. Charles Cox, is most valuable, and is one of the volumes of the Salt Archæological Society.

12. A report on "The Muniments of the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield," by Mr. Reginald S. Poole of the British Museum, should be read with Dr. Cox's Catalogue, which it supplements, and in some important particulars corrects. It was published, A.D. 1895, by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Fourteenth Report. Appendix. Part viii. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

13. Mackenzie Walcott's *Cathedralia* (Masters, A.D. 1865) throws much light on the ancient customs which obtained in Lichfield Cathedral.

14. *The Gentleman's Magazine* has a store of letters, mostly written in the latter part of the eighteenth century, in reference to the Cathedral, its architecture, and the changes introduced by Wyatt and others.

15. *Diocesan History of Lichfield*, by the Rev. W. Beresford: S.P.C.K.

Perhaps it may be well, in conclusion, to refer to some of the many engravings of the Cathedral, which exhibit it to us as it was in the past.

One of the best of these is the plate of the west front given on page 174 of Fuller's *Church History*, A.D. 1655. This view, the work of S. Kirke and W. Hollar, shows the west front as it was before the siege of Lichfield with all the figures complete, and it includes Dean Heywode's library, which was pulled down A.D. 1757. On the opposite page the south side of the Cathedral is depicted in an engraving by Samuel Kirke and R. Vaughan. In each view the roofs of the Cathedral are represented at their original high pitch, and with a lead covering. A similar

pair of engravings, by Dan. King, are given on pages 299 and 300 of the English edition of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, published A.D. 1718. The earlier Latin edition of the *Monasticon*, A.D. 1763, gives a south view of the Cathedral, and the edition by Coley, Ellis, and Bandinell, A.D. 1830, has a view of the west front, after Hollar, showing the west window given by King James II. when he was Duke of York. In a side view the original tracery of this window is introduced. There is also a fine view of the south side of the Cathedral by John Carey; and a plate of the south side of the Cathedral by S. Harris, given on page 370 of the first volume of Browne Willis' *Survey of the Cathedrals*, shows the building as it appeared in 1727, that is, fifty-eight years after Hacket's restoration. Here it is represented with a lead covering and high-pitched roof. With it is a ground-plan showing the position of the old library on the north side, and of the high altar and altar-screen in the choir as it stood before its removal by Wyatt. Harris' plate and ground-plan are reproduced in Shaw's *Staffordshire*, Lichfield portion, p. 14.

In the year 1813 "an illustration of the architecture of the Cathedral Church of Lichfield" was published by Charles Wild. The description of the Cathedral as it stood at that time, with the ground-plan, after Wyatt's alterations, is good and accurate. The plan shows the bricked-up arches of the choir; the high altar and screen are gone; and the only existing altar is at the east end of the Lady Chapel. The plates of the exterior show the low-pitched slated roofs as they appeared after the removal of the lead in 1776, and the west front before the application of Dean Woodhouse's Roman cement.

The views of the interior show the organ with glass work round it on the top of the screen at the west end of the choir, and the great square pews which filled the eastern part of the choir. The Lady Chapel appears with Wyatt's reredos behind the altar at the east end. There are ten of these excellent aquatinta prints.

Mr. Britton, in his *History of the See and Cathedral Church of Lichfield*, A.D. 1836, introduces a ground-plan showing the same arrangement as that of Wild. His views and drawings are very good, and he includes in his account of the Cathedral a list of views and prints; but none of them have a higher value as historical memorials than those above named. Storer's *Graphic and Historical Account of Lichfield Cathedral*, A.D. 1816, is illustrated by ten plates and a ground-plan. The six engravings in vol. iii. of Winkle's *Cathedral Churches*, A.D. 1842, are excellent.

Space does not admit of a notice of other and later works, though some of them are very good.

THE FIVE "ROYAL FREE CHAPELS" OF THE COUNTY

By Gilbert Twemlow Royds, M.A.

Rector of Haughton, and Rural Dean of Stafford

I THINK it well to attempt an Introductory Note on the subject of these Royal Free Chapels; though I confess that I do so with considerable trepidation. For it seems very difficult to discover either books or living people with much authentic information about them. I believe I may assume that the terms "Royal Free Chapels" and "Royal Peculiars" are practically synonymous. They were "Royal," because they were built by a king or other royal personage, on one of the king's manors, for the use of the king and his retinue while in that neighbourhood. They were "Free" or "Peculiars," as being exempt from the visitation or jurisdiction of the Ordinary of the diocese in which they were situated; and the following extract from the Charter Rolls of 35 Henry III. will show their character:—

"The King having learnt by certain inquisitions . . . that the Dean and Chapter of his Free Chapel of S. Mary, Stafford, were wont to have and still have by the King's Charter, their free court for themselves and all their tenants as well within the town of Stafford as without; and that none of the King's Bailiffs have required from them or their tenants any suit at County or Hundred Courts or at the Borough Court; and that the said Dean and Chapter may have and hold Pleas of lands and tenements of their men in their manors according to the custom of the King's manors; and that no Sheriff or other officer shall intrude upon the tenements of the said men of the Dean and Chapter, and also that the said Dean and Chapter have their gallows and infangeth and utfangeth; and that their tenants as well within as without the Borough are quit of toll, pontage, passage, and other customs and tallages

unless when tallages are paid by the King's other churches and exempt chapels. The King therefore grants and confirms to the said Dean and Chapter all the said liberties and accustomed articles to have and to hold freely, quietly, well and in peace, with all liberties and free customs for ever. Dated at Windsor, 28 Oct, in 35 year of our reign."

The king was thus the Visitor, and they were under the direct jurisdiction of the Pope. In one case at least, that of the Minories, London, in Henry VIII.'s time, a Papal Peculiar became a Royal Peculiar. All appeals, as formerly made to the Pope, were ordered to go "immedyatly to the Kynge's Majistie of this realme into the Courte of Chauncie." It is said that there were never more than eleven of them in the kingdom; and, if this be true, assuredly this county had the lion's share.

Their foundation belongs to a past so very remote that it can hardly be possible to give exact dates, or founders' names, in all cases. Wolverhampton seems to have satisfied itself on good grounds that it was founded by Wulfrun in 994. Tettenhall has documentary evidence that it was founded by King Edgar, 959-975, and then made a Royal Free Chapel, with a grant of lands to a dean and five prebendaries. Tradition says that Gnosall was founded by Wulphere, King of Mercia, and his queen, Ermenhilda, and was made a Royal Free Chapel by Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred. Penkridge was founded and made a Royal Free Chapel either by Ethelfleda or Edgar. Stafford may owe its origin to Ethelfleda; but there was probably a church there before her time. Domesday describes Stafford as having a dean and thirteen prebendaries.

Probably some of these churches, as, *e.g.*, Penkridge, did not become collegiate till they were rebuilt on a larger scale than that of their original erection.

The Roll of Seisdon Hundred in 1255 notes that "the King holds the manor of Totenhale in his hands and . . . he has the donation of the Deanery of the Church; and Henry de Wengham holds it [? the donation] of the gift of the King. It is worth 50 marks with five prebends and he gives for

Frankpledge half a mark; and Elias the Canon holds an acre of purpresture of the Canon's fee and one rood, and it is worth 5d." The king had also the donation of the Church of Wolverhampton when it was vacant. "Giles de Erdinton holds it, and it was worth with its seven prebends 60 marks and the Dean did suit at two general Hundreds." A pourpresture was something unjustly claimed.

It may be asked at whose instigation these chapels were made "Free"; and whether their position in this respect was of advantage to the Church at large. One can easily imagine that a royal founder may have desired to secure the position of visitor for himself, in the same spirit as, in quite modern times, certain benefices were made "donatives" by their founders, thus excluding possible episcopal interference in the appointment of an incumbent. Some of the clergy too, especially in large collegiate establishments, were very impatient of episcopal control.

There were good and bad clergy in those early ages as well as good and bad bishops; and a set of clerics, inclined to be lax or independent, would feel that, while a strict and energetic diocesan bishop was at their gates, the Pope was a long way off, and therefore comparatively unlikely to trouble them. The bishops often struggled hard, sometimes perhaps from mere love of power, and sometimes from a righteous desire to reform abuses, to bring these chapels within their jurisdiction; in some instances successfully, and in others not so. A vivid description is given by Rev. W. Beresford, in his *Diocesan History*, of how in Henry III.'s time Roger de Molend, in spite of both king and Pope, gained admission to the church at Stafford and exercised discipline. In some cases the king voluntarily handed over the church to the see; as King Stephen, on re-founding St. Mary's, Stafford, made a grant of it to the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. It must be tolerably evident that it was not well that any church should be exempt from the jurisdiction of the Ordinary.

The Reformation offered a great opportunity for the

abolition of this exemption. But, by an oversight (according to Dean Hook), it was neglected. It came, however, later on. An Act of George III. deals to some extent with Peculiars. In 1835, the Ecclesiastical Commission was established; and under an Act of 3 & 4 Victoria, the Fourth Report of the original Commissioners was carried into effect, and by 1847 all Peculiars had ceased to exist.

I have given in this note such information as I have been able to acquire. But the subject is both interesting and obscure, and I should rejoice to see it dealt with by a competent hand in a serious treatise.

The architectural description of the five Royal Free Chapels is given in alphabetical order, as I can think of no other satisfactory rule of precedence.

GNOSALL—DEDICATED TO ST. LAWRENCE.—What we see before us now is what was at one time (I do not attempt to deal with any earlier church) a noble Norman cruciform church, with a short chancel, and without any aisles. The generally received opinion would seem to be that there was a Norman north aisle to the nave. But after examining the church most carefully, and in the company of an expert, I feel convinced that the original plan was aisle-less. The closed doorway of the north aisle is not Norman. A reference to the opposite doorway will show that they correspond to each other; each head being formed by two long stones, and slightly pointed. The smaller buttresses of this wall would also seem to be Early English.

From the exterior the Norman character of the building has very largely disappeared. On the west front some walling and a piece of string-course may be Norman: but I cannot feel sure that it is not Early English work throughout, with Norman stones re-used. We note very interesting bits of Norman string-course running across the face of the north transept, and showing elsewhere; and there are three Norman pilaster buttresses on the north wall of the chancel.

On the west wall of the south transept there is a string-course with Norman ornament, which clearly indicates that the dimensions of the transept are unaltered. But its face has been completely altered by the insertion of a charming two-light window and a square-headed doorway in the fourteenth century. It has also two graceful buttresses, with gable-headed weatherings, with a cinquefoil ornament on the lower set-offs; the eastern buttress being set square, and the western angle-wise. The windows of both aisles of the nave are insertions of late fourteenth-century work; and the Perpendicular windows of the clerestory and chancel give it the character of a fifteenth-century church. As in the case of Lapley, the tower was raised in the fifteenth century, and has now a wholly Perpendicular aspect.

In the thirteenth century considerable changes took place. The chancel was lengthened; we have a characteristic Early English priest's door and one buttress on the north side; and under the present fine, but largely restored, east window we find a similar Early English buttress, which suggests the lancets which most probably rose above. The nave with its lofty and stately arcades, and its two aisles, with single lancets in their west walls, now took the place of the plainer Norman nave. The present porch is modern; but it covers a fine Early English doorway, with nook shafts in the jambs. I never can regard the west window of the nave with much admiration, but it is a characteristic triplet. The line of the high-pitched roof of this period is clearly marked. In the north gable of the north transept there is an Early English window with plate tracery, which seems to suggest that the upper part of this transept was delayed in building: unless it was inserted very early, in place of a smaller Norman window.

The south aisle of the chancel has evidently been extended eastward in the fifteenth century, and windows of the same date were then inserted in the previously existing aisle. But another most difficult problem presents itself on this south side of the chancel aisle. There is a blocked

Gnosall Minster.

window, apparently Early English, which appears to have stood in the centre of a gable: yet how can we explain the existence of a gable roof in this position? Did the original chancel aisle take the form of a second transept? In this case the wide arch, which takes the place of the whole east wall of the transept, resting on a shallow respond against the south wall, would be a somewhat later development.

As was so commonly the case, a great change in outline was effected in the fifteenth century, and the nave now has a low-pitched roof, with a fine clerestory and embattled parapet. Pinnacles, rising again from the battlements, would give a greatly enriched effect.

On entering at the west door (and may I urge that to gain a first general impression to the best advantage, one should always enter a church as near the west end as may be possible?) the magnificence of the Norman work, *c.* 1080, is at once apparent. The western arch of the crossing is extremely fine, the shallowness of the mouldings suggesting very early work. A little west of the crossing on the north side is one of those architectural puzzles which seem to baffle solution. What is the explanation of the remains of a low arch, with the capital hacked off, and now built up? It is too low to have been part of a Norman arcade contemporary with the crossing. Nor can it have been the entrance to the stairway to the rood-loft. Is it a remnant of the church which existed prior to that period? Similar doorways in that identical position at Britford, Repton, and Deerhurst are discussed by Professor G. Baldwin Brown, in his *Ecclesiastical Architecture in England from the Conversion of the Saxons to the Norman Conquest*, and he concludes that this formed the entrance to a side chapel. *Valeat quantum!* The nave roof is very poor; having evidently replaced a much finer one.

On the east side of the north transept a late Perpendicular chapel, of slight projection, was added. In this chapel an ancient "dug-out" chest, bound with iron, is well worthy of notice. The chancel is of fine proportions; so

also is the south chancel aisle, of fifteenth-century date. There is a curious niche, of Early English character, but with a round arch, in the north wall of the chancel, now occupied by a small figure; but it is difficult to say what its original purpose was. I will hazard a conjecture. From its position it may well be an Easter Sepulchre. In an admirable article in *The Treasury*, Dr. E. Hermitage Day gives examples of these, invariably on the north side of the chancel, and of great variety both as to dimensions and character. It appears certain that, as at East Dereham, they were sometimes quite small, intended only to receive the Host, enclosed in a pyx; while in other instances there is an elaborate structure, with space for a "goodly large crucifix." The measurements of this niche are 3 feet 5½ inches high, by 3 feet 4 inches wide; and from its position and general character, I think it by no means improbable that this was its purpose. If so, it must have a peculiar interest as being an unusually early example. A modern reredos has been transplanted from Eccleshall Church. There is a very fine alabaster figure in chain armour in the south aisle of the chancel, said to be a Baron Brough of Brough Hall; and there is a local tradition that the last wolf in England was killed by one of the Broughs, in a pit-hole about a mile to the north of the church. There are also preserved two good slabs, with crosses, shears, &c.; on one of these the floriated cross is most elaborate. The south transept has a feature of peculiar interest in its west wall. A Norman blind arcade has evidently run along it; a triforium passage above, entered by a doorway from within, giving access to the belfry. The arcade was cut through in the thirteenth century, when the south aisle of the nave was built, the capitals of the arch giving access to the transept being foliated on one side and moulded on the other.

The chancel was restored in 1874–75 by Mr. Ewan Christian, at a cost of £600, provided by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. In 1888, a general and careful restoration

of the rest of the church was carried out under Mr. C. Lynam. The font and pulpit are from his designs, as is also the south-west porch. But money was not plentiful, and it is evident at a glance that large sums are still needed to give back to this church something of the magnificence which it once possessed. In such a church stained glass windows are almost a necessity; and at Gnosall there are none. The fragments of old glass are infinitesimal. A fine nave roof and some rich sedilia would also greatly add to the general effect. One can but hope that adequate gifts may be forthcoming some day.

The following quaint note is from Erdeswicke: "The church of Gnosall hath peculiar privileges of very ancient date. The minister and churchwardens annually elect a jury of twelve men, who are impanelled, and deliver a verdict on all ecclesiastical matters, concerning which any dispute may arise during the ensuing year."

We have come across something yet more "peculiar." There was once a lady prebendary here, a certain Margaret Weston. It is probable that the Dean and Chapter had farmed out the prebend for a lease of lives, the same falling to Margaret Weston as heiress. We wonder if there were other such *raræ aves* elsewhere!

PENKRIDGE—DEDICATION, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.—In accordance with our usual practice, we first take a walk round the outside of the church. This is always advisable on the occasion of a first visit to any church. Nothing gives one so good an idea of the ground-plan or of its architectural features generally.

We have before us here, to all appearance, a wholly Perpendicular church. The tower is extremely fine, both in proportion and detail, dating from *c.* 1400; but the rest of the church is hardly so good. Much of the window tracery is not of the highest merit, and some of it is very late, *e.g.*, in the south chancel aisle, that in the chancel clerestory dating from 1578, in the time of Jacobus

Riddings, vicar. The ground-plan is simple, consisting of a nave and chancel, each being flanked by aisles on both sides, a south-west porch with parvise, a western tower, and a modern vestry built against the tower and west end of the north aisle of the nave.

A more minute inspection reveals some Norman walling on the north side, and the remains of a lancet window at the east end of the north chancel aisle; of this the cill shows outside, and the internal arch inside. The high-pitched roof-line of the earlier church is visible on the east walls of the chancel and nave, as also are the marks of the former lean-to roofs of the aisles all round the church.

On entering the church, we realise at once the immense changes that have taken place; for we have Early English arcades of four bays each, in nave and chancel, and Early English arches leading into the chancel aisles. The faces at the terminations of the hood-moulds of the arcades should be noticed. Some of them are very charming; but they are worked in plaster. How can this be accounted for? And are they a clever reproduction of the originals?

The replacement of the earliest, and the Norman, churches by this larger church of the thirteenth century may be accounted for as follows. King John gave Penkridge to the Archbishops of Dublin in 1216; probably as a reward to Archbishop de Loundres for building Dublin Castle at his own cost. Mr. C. Lynam has acutely observed that some of the details of the chancel arcades show a distinctly Irish influence.

There are some early misereres preserved in some of the seats of the north chancel aisle; and parts of the old screens are incorporated in those at the back of the choir seats, and in the fronts of the choir desks. The marble floor of the sanctuary is of quite exceptional beauty. The font is dated 1668. There is a piscina in the south chancel aisle; and the remains of a stoup, with ogival head, in the porch.

The church possesses many fine monuments to the Littleton family, and these have been very well restored. The earliest is an incised slab on the floor of the south chancel aisle. The figures represent William and Katherine Winnesbury, and their only daughter Alice, who married Ricardus Littleton in the sixteenth century.

The east window is by Ward & Hughes. Two of the best windows are those at the east and west extremities of the south wall of the nave aisle; the former by Lavers and Barraud, and the latter by A. J. Dix.

The church was restored, under Mr. Chatwin of Birmingham, in 1882. The chancel arch was raised, a very doubtful proceeding in all cases. But, as we do not remember the former arch, it is impossible to say more. A panelled roof, of good Perpendicular design, was placed over the nave (unfortunately not in oak), some of the old angel figures in oak being happily preserved.

The iron chancel screen, though not ecclesiastical, has a quite unique interest. It consists of some gates ploughed up by a Dutch settler in South Africa. On his death-bed, he sold the gates to the Hon. W. Littleton, on condition that he would place them in an English church. They are dated 1778, and probably stood in front of some Dutch town-hall. They bear the motto "Rest and Joy," in Dutch.

TETTENHALL—DEDICATION, ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.—The situation of this church is very romantic and charming, and there are some magnificent old yew trees in the hilly churchyard.

Externally, the east end shows the earliest work remaining. This dates from *c.* 1207. It will be noticed that the Early English pilaster buttresses have been built over, at various dates, by buttresses of much greater projection. Doubtless this became necessary owing to the rapid slope of the ground. The Pendeford chapel, with its triplet of lancets, must have been added a little later. The ground-plan

comprises a nave, with north aisle, double south aisle, with south-west porch, and western tower. The chancel has the Pendeford chapel as a south aisle. The north aisle, of fourteenth-century date, runs the whole length of the church, including in its area the Wrottesley chapel, the organ chamber, and vestry. From external evidence at the east end, and from the existence of the arcade on the north side of the chancel, I think it is clear that there must have been in the thirteenth century a chapel corresponding with the Pendeford chapel, and that this was absorbed into the larger fourteenth-century aisle, when increased accommodation was required. It may be observed that a door has been converted into a window, and that the other windows have been lengthened.

The tower is a good feature, of fifteenth-century date, with good base-mould and plinth. It had pinnacles at the angles, but they are gone. It has six bells by Mears, dating from 1841. Outside the tower, at its south-east corner, is placed a stone, which is said to be the one remaining stone of the Saxon church. But it is very difficult to decipher anything to corroborate this.

On entering at the porch, we see that the nave is somewhat short and narrow. But we have a finely proportioned chancel (the church was collegiate, with a dean and five prebendaries), and it opens into its aisles on either side through an excellent Early English arcade. There is distinct evidence of the Norman church in the responds at both extremities of the nave on the north side. It seems probable, therefore, that the Norman church consisted of a nave with north aisle and chancel. There is also a Transition Norman arch opening out of the Wrottesley chapel, but there is an idea that this is not in its original position.

The present nave is of the fifteenth century, and it has a good clerestory of the same date on the south side.

The Wrottesley chapel is separated from the rest of the aisle by screens east and west. The western screen is rich, but has been much mutilated in restoration. The

eastern screen is coved and painted, and decorated with shields. Some interesting old woodwork is preserved in the stalls and misereres in the chancel.

But the glory of Tettenhall Church is in its east window. The whole wall is pierced by five noble trefoil-headed lancets. There is a double plane of ornament. Shafts rise from the cill, having capitals and bases with considerable variety of treatment, the shaft on the north side being banded. The capitals are attached to the outer lights (the mouldings running continuously from the capitals), which are separated by masonry, not mullions, the south shaft being stopped to form a piscina. The font is octagonal, a good example of the Restoration period; its base and plinth were restored in 1842.

There is a considerable number of interesting monuments, but apparently nearly all have been moved from their original positions, except those in the Wrottesley chapel. The earliest in the chapel is that of Richard and Dorothy Wrottesley, dated 1417.

This church has been the subject of several restorations in modern times. In 1825, a two-storied Early English porch was pulled down. It had a steep gable, which rose high above the roof of the aisle; a picture of this may be seen at the William Salt Library at Stafford. A new south aisle was built at the same time. In 1841, the north aisle received a new roof.

In 1883, a complete restoration was undertaken from Mr. G. E. Street's plans. But, owing to his death, the work was carried out by his son, Mr. A. E. Street. The previous south aisle was replaced by a better one, in the Geometrical style, and a porch with vaulted roof was built. Much was done throughout the interior at this time. The bases of the nave pillars were restored, low screens divided the chancel from its aisles, and oak seating was provided. The bracket arch of the chancel is as satisfactory as may be; but the low wall screen is the reverse of this, and the pulpit, though costly, is not of good design.

Some old glass is preserved in the south window of the Pendeford chapel. It is recorded that before Cromwell's time all the windows were of stained glass; but the iconoclasts changed all that! Happily, there is now a considerable amount of good modern glass, mostly by Kempe. The east window is the gift of the Perry family, and the west window that of the Wards.

There is, at present in the vestry, a very interesting "lintel stone," dated 1686. But where it came from, or what its very curious sculpture may represent, is so far a mystery.

In 1086, Sampson was made Dean of Tettenhall by the Conqueror; he was also made Dean of Wolverhampton, and afterwards Bishop of Worcester. There was a succession of deans up to the dissolution of the collegiate churches. The first vicar was appointed in 1602.

WOLVERHAMPTON—DEDICATION, ST. PETER.—Up to the time of Henry III., the patron saint of this church was St. Mary the Virgin; it was then re-dedicated to St. Peter, whose figure may be seen in a canopied niche on the west face of the tower.

The church was founded in 994, by Wulfrun, wife of Aelfhelm, Earl of Northumberland, and daughter or sister of Ethelred. It was richly endowed by Ethelred, who made it collegiate for a dean, eight prebendaries, and a sacristan, and exempted it from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield for ever. Edward the Confessor confirmed its position as a Royal Free Chapel; and Edward IV. appropriated it to St. George's, Windsor.

The site of this church is very fine. It stands 500 feet above sea level, and the magnificent tower is a landmark far and wide. The western approach to the church has been greatly improved recently.

The ground-plan, excepting the chancel, is an oblong, broken only by the porch and vestry jutting out opposite

each other on the south and north sides respectively, and by the slight projection of the north transept. The chancel is modern. The tower, rising from the crossing, and the nave with its aisles and the transepts were built *c.* 1342; but the form of the roofs has been altered, much as was usual in the fifteenth century. The tower is a noble example of its class. Its three stories above the roofs are richly panelled (except on the north side, where only the top story is panelled) with considerable variety of ornament. The heads of the belfry windows are enriched with pediments, terminating in finials. The battlements have two tiers of sunk panelling and pinnacles at the angles, and there is a stair-turret in the north-east angle. There are twelve bells, including two small ones, the seven earliest dating from 1698.

On entering at the porch, which is two-storied, with a groined roof, attention is at once attracted to the font. It is octagonal, and of very great interest. In *English Church Furniture* (Cox and Harvey), a high authority, it is classed as "late Decorated." But this by no means exhausts its story. The shaft is of this date, so also is some good quatrefoil work on the under side of the bowl. But on one of the panels are inscribed the names of Robert Cox and Richard Green, with the date 1660. It would seem, therefore, that the panels were completely re-worked at that time, as they are all of the Restoration type. But further, on one of them is inscribed "Restored 1839." What was done then it is impossible to say; I can only guess that the whole was cleared of whitewash. The west gallery is also of unusual interest and charm. It was erected in 1610 by the Merchant Taylors' Company. It has unfortunately now some ugly iron supports. The nave has a fine modern roof. The pulpit is a great feature, with its cleverly contrived winding stairway, terminating in a fine grotesque lion. Dr. Oliver, in his really valuable book, describes it as unique, as being built out of a single stone! Probably it was covered with whitewash in his time, for the jointing of

the stones is quite apparent now. It is unique in another sense, as being the only pre-Reformation stone pulpit in the county. There was a sounding-board once, but that has disappeared. The pulpit is fifteenth-century work, and we must be grateful to the Puritans for leaving it uninjured. There are some old stalls, with misereres, in the easternmost bay of the nave, which is the present position of the clergy and choir.

To the transepts belongs the special interest of containing the principal monuments of the church. Each has its original panelled roof; and both, especially that of the north transept, are distinctly good. In the north transept, called also "Lane's chancel," there is a very fine altar-tomb, also a fine monument to Colonel John Lane, *ob.* 1667. He it was who, with his daughter Jane, secured the escape of Charles II. after the defeat of Worcester. This was probably in pre-Reformation times the chantry-chapel of St. Katharine. The panelling of the walls is very good.

The south transept, known also as the "Leveson chancel," is used as a morning chapel. It has a fine old oak altar-table, which is known, so far as its original portions are concerned, to have been in existence in 1636. It was referred to then, as recently dedicated, by the Puritan preacher, Henry Burton. Richly carved Perpendicular screens, which have been carefully restored, separate the transept from the crossing and the south aisle of the nave. The altar-tomb of the Leveson family, 1575, and the bronze statue to Admiral Leveson, *c.* 1633, the only remaining vestige of a stately monument, should be noticed. There is a mutilated piscina in the south wall.

Passing into the crossing, the lancet arches seem to indicate that the first great Cross church, or at least the eastern portion of it, was Early English. Their date is said to be *c.* 1250. But the capitals on the chancel side have the nail-head moulding. May not this indicate that the date should be placed somewhat earlier?

During the Commonwealth the chancel was pulled down;

according to Dr. Oliver, not a stone being left. It was rebuilt in the Italian style, low, with a flat roof, in 1682. At the same time the charming old deanery, with its magnificent oak staircase, was built. Let us hope that this may be saved from the destroyer's hand!

In 1865, the present chancel, with a polygonal apse, was built by Mr. Ewan Christian, in the Decorated style. On the whole it is a satisfactory piece of modern work. The interior is intended to be very rich, with its wealth of stained glass, and its series of frescoes below the windows. These last are by Heaton, Butler, & Bayne, and represent "the Parables." The glass is by various artists; but the seven windows of the apse are all by O'Connor.

Of the other glass in the church, it is only necessary to say that the west window is in memory of the great Duke of Wellington; but the date is sufficient to insure its not being good. In the south aisle of the nave there are three admirable windows by Kempe. These are in memory of former rectors, Archdeacon Iles and Prebendary Jeffcock; and of Mrs. Roper, headmistress of the Girls' School.

The chief attraction of the churchyard is the shaft of what is supposed to have been a cross, standing south-east of the porch. Antiquaries differ hopelessly as to what it is. Some think they recognise Norman ornament on it; while others fancy that it has a far higher antiquity, and is Runic. It is round, and has a marked entasis, and is a venerable relic of the past; and that is all we can venture to say.

STAFFORD—DEDICATION, ST. MARY THE VIRGIN.—We have here a great cruciform church, standing in the centre of the county town. In this case there are some records, not very many, for tradition says that most of them were destroyed at the time of the Reformation. But happily we have some, which give us information just where most needed; and in the now existing church her story is written in her own stones, in a way which can be interpreted with more than usual accuracy.

We will deal with a few points first which concern the very earliest history of the church, and which are prior to anything that would strike the ordinary visitor to the present fabric. Domesday records that there was a collegiate church here, a Royal Free Chapel, with a dean and thirteen prebendaries. King Stephen gave it to the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. But a point of wholly unusual interest lies in this: that before any church of St. Mary's existed, there was a church of St. Bertelin's built (it is said) in Saxon times, and in such a position that the east end of St. Bertelin's abutted against the west end of the south nave aisle of St. Mary's. This is certain, both from records and from the evidences of the masonry. St. Bertelin's Church is mentioned in 1386, when a miracle is said to have taken place in it; also in Henry VIII.'s time, and again in James I.'s time, when it is described as "an old stone building with three aisles. They pulled down one aisle to repair the other two, and thereof made a school-house." This was only pulled down in 1800. Learning this from records, it is very interesting to see how it is confirmed by the story written in stone. This south aisle of St. Mary's appears never to have had a west window; but in the wall there is a relieving arch, which was the head of a former doorway, the building up of which is evident both outside and inside. The buttress at this angle has really formed the end pier of an archway. To the north of this buttress then there was an aisle, and this will account for the absence of a window, and for the doorway by which the two buildings were connected.[1] So much for St. Bertelin's Church, which has entirely disappeared.

We now come to deal with the existing church. One cannot resist a great craving for some written record of the Norman church, and the method of its vanishing. That there was a Norman church is certain from what I have already stated, from the Norman walling of the lower part

[1] See Mr. C. Lynam's valuable paper on this church.

of the whole of the west end, and from one short piece of ornamented string-course, with the double-billet moulding still remaining on the north side of the west door. Scott mentions that other fragments of Norman work were found during the restoration, but he does not say where, and I can discover nothing as to their present existence or locality.

What became of this church? It is likely, I suppose, that while the nave and tower were pulled down to make way for others of much greater magnificence, the chancel was left standing for a time. And, whereas it has been said that the nave is somewhat short for so large a church, it has occurred to me that the reason may be found in the retention of the then existing Norman west end.

The building of the great church probably began with the tower, and the nave with its aisles followed at once. The church was re-founded by King John, and these parts of it were completed *c.* 1190. The arcade pillars are clusters of four; the capitals are foliated, and have square abaci. All the work of this portion of the church is noticeable as representing Early English work of the very earliest type. The eastern responds of this arcade have received a remarkable treatment. The capitals are lower than those of the rest of the arcade; there is a square block of masonry over the abacus, and above this again a second abacus, from which the arch springs. It presents a very difficult problem. Was there a change of design, to result in a loftier arcade, immediately after beginning to build? Or do we see here a sort of relic of the former Norman arcade, the pillars of which only ran up to the lower level? I incline to the former hypothesis. The lines of the pitched roof of the nave, and of the lean-to roofs of the aisles are clearly evident at both the east and west ends. On the west wall of the tower there is a blind arcade of six arches, these being alternately foiled in their sub-arches and plain. The doorway in the north aisle and the inserted lancet window at its west end would seem to be of this same date.

The doorway to the south aisle has the appearance of being somewhat later. It is of the advanced Early English type, with a well-moulded arch of two orders, and with a hood-mould, foliated capitals, and two banded shafts in either jamb. The great west doorway and window are of later date, and were probably inserted when the chancel was built.

Next in point of time we come to the south transept of fully developed Early English work. This has been largely rebuilt. Scott replaced a large Debased south window with three fine lancets, copying as far as possible all details from stones found. At the south-west angle there is a stairway formed in the buttress, which leads by a passage in the thickness of the wall to the belfry chamber. This is lighted by an arcade looking into the transept. The arches into the aisles of the nave and chancel are of great beauty, richly shafted and moulded; and it may be noticed that the capitals towards the nave are moulded while those towards the chancel are foliated.

The building of the chancel and its aisles was the next step. They date from *c.* 1300. It would seem that the eastern portion of the south aisle is a little later than its western portion. The two windows of its western portion are quite plain triplets under one arch. The two other windows are mullioned, with moulded arches, shafted and moulded jambs (they are specially noticed by Paley in his *Gothic Mouldings*), and having in their heads three circles enclosing quatrefoils resting on the heads of the lights. The east window of this aisle is a detached triplet, which has a charming effect as seen from the west end of the church. Just to the right of this, on the east wall, is a fine double piscina, with clustered shafts, the dog-tooth ornament on one of the respond capitals, and a hood-mould formed by a bold string-course. There is a turret in this south-east angle, with a remarkable pyramidal head. The chancel has a five-light east window, with modern tracery of Early English character. The arcade pillars are clusters of four, filleted, and the capitals and arches are simply moulded. There are

some interesting indications to be noted here. The pair of pillars nearest the east end are widened east and west, and have a piece of flat surface north and south, as if to receive a reredos; and there are no responds against the east wall, the inner order of the arches being supported on corbels. These would seem to suggest that the high altar stood forward, and that the last bay of the chancel formed a small Lady chapel.

The north aisle is of later date, and it is what one perhaps might describe as a plain and poor specimen of Decorated work. But, take the chancel and its aisles as a whole, it is a noble conception. The great width, with the height and lightness of the pillars and arches, gives a sense of spaciousness and dignity quite out of the common.

We come now to what may be regarded as in some sense the most magnificent feature in the church—the north transept. Built 1320–1340, it is Decorated work in its fullest development of the curvilinear type. It is of considerably larger dimensions than the opposite limb. The chief glory of this transept lies in its north façade. A noble window, filling nearly the whole wall-space, a rich doorway, and very fine buttresses with detached pinnacles, combine to make this the richest bit of exterior work which the church possesses. I believe some are inclined to criticise the window adversely, considering its proportion faulty, and desiring much greater length of mullion to suit its great width. But I cannot agree with them. It is all part of an original design; and, given the necessity of the fine doorway, I cannot see that the shortening of the window is any sign of incompetence in its architect.

The window is of seven lights, formed by two detached and intersecting arches, each containing two sub-arches. The mullions have capitals and bases. The centre-piece is an irregular, but very beautiful, quatrefoil, cusped throughout. The doorway is also a rich piece of work. It is recessed in three orders, and has foliated capitals to its eight shafts.

The mouldings of the arch are very good, and there are three rows of ornament, running round the arch and continuing down the jambs. The middle ornament is the ball-flower, and on either side of it are two other four-leaved flowers. The dripstone is very noticeable, as it is continued unbroken down the jambs nearly to the ground. Internally the walls on either side of the door are decorated with canopied panelling, the straight-sided canopies having crockets and finials, and being flanked by pinnacles. The only weak point about this transept is its roof, which is thin and plain.

It will be seen at once that this transept had originally a high-pitched roof. A clerestory was added late in the fifteenth century. This clerestory is considerably finer than that of the nave. Was it built at a somewhat earlier date? Or was its superiority a sort of tribute to the magnificence of the transept? Perhaps both questions may be answered in the affirmative. Anyhow, at about this time, the whole appearance of the church was, as in so many other instances, largely altered. The high sloping roofs disappeared, the walls rose, and large clerestories and flat roofs with embattled parapets took their place. The nave roof is excellent, with its massive main trusses and well-moulded ribs and bosses, which enrich the panelling.

A late and poor clerestory was added to the chancel. I do not know what it was like, and have heard its disappearance regretted by some. But in Scott's opinion it was quite unworthy of retention.

It should be added that at a much earlier date the walls of the nave aisles were raised, and large three-light windows inserted, with boldly projecting buttresses (portions of the small thirteenth-century buttresses still remain). These changes were apparently made in consecutive centuries, for the windows of the south aisle are Decorated, while those of the north aisle are Perpendicular.

The central tower is full of interest. What is seen externally is of late fourteenth-century date. The lower stage

is square, with massive panelled and crocketed pinnacles at the four corners, growing by angular weatherings into an octagon. The belfry is lighted by two-light windows on each of the cardinal faces. Above these runs a string-course, with gargoyles at the angles, and a band of ornament underneath it. To crown the whole is an embattled and panelled parapet, with pinnacles at each angle.

Will the spire ever rise again? Plot says that it was one of the highest in England, and that it "was blown down at twice" in the great storm of 1593. It is said to have fallen first on the chancel and then a second portion of it on the south transept, which would account for the latter's having been so much altered.

The font is of quite extraordinary interest, and is an undying puzzle to antiquaries. It is not necessary to attempt more than a very sketchy description of it here. The design of it is strangely oriental, as shown in the formation of the bowl by four large lobes, and in the Byzantine lions crouching at its base. Further, the legend just over their heads, "Discretus non es si non fugis ecce leones," is rather suggestive of the dangers in a land where lions actually exist; and the other lines: "Tu de Ierusalem: Ro . . . alem: Me faciens talem tam pulchrum tam specialem," acquire a more real meaning if the idea of the font came from the East. Now, to give this suggestion substance, it must be borne in mind that in 1126 King Stephen granted to the Bishop of Chester, Lichfield, and Coventry, the church of Stafford. This was Bishop Roger Clinton; and he died at Antioch in 1148, in the course of the second Crusade. In that year, Louis VII. of France, with some of his companions, made a pilgrimage from Antioch to Jerusalem.[1] Taking these facts into consideration, it has been suggested, and I think with considerable probability, that Bishop Roger, or one of his companions, struck by something seen in their travels, designed a font for his church at Stafford, and that,

[1] For another theory, see Miss Biddulph's paper, p. 105, above.

on the return from the Crusade, this oriental design was carried into effect.

Little need be said as to the glass, or the monuments, for there is scarcely anything of interest to be noted. There is no old glass, and of the modern glass much is very bad, and the rest not deserving of high praise. There is one window of Kempe's, very beautiful in design, but not quite happy, for its position, in its colouring. There is an altar-tomb to Sir Edward Aston, *temp.* Henry VIII., and there is the famous (or infamous) bust of Izaak Walton (by Belt). Walton was baptized in this church in 1593.

One other external feature should be noticed. Scott replaced a classical porch to the south doorway of the nave by a graceful, but somewhat small Decorated porch. It seems to me that, for the general character of this part of the church, a Perpendicular porch of two stories, with a flat embattled roof, would have been in better keeping. Of course, for this part of the work funds may have been limited, and Scott may not have been free to treat it as he desired. Of this I know nothing. But I confess I never pass the church without feeling a desire for something of larger size and more stately character.

The ground-plan shows a chancel and nave, each of five bays, with aisles; the chancel and its aisles being rather wider and only a little shorter than the nave and its aisles.

It will be seen that we have in this church something representative of every period of architecture. By a little effort of the imagination, the vanished Saxon church of St. Bertelin may be recalled. The work of the Normans is actually before us, though to a very limited amount. There is Early English work of noble character, both in its very earliest development, and as it grew more graceful and more ornate. The work of the Decorated period has commanded our special attention; and we have a general outline and some good details of the late Perpendicular period. Looked at, then, from this point of view alone, the church is no mean school of ecclesiastical architecture.

With regard to its restoration by Sir G. G. Scott in 1844, it must be remembered that, before he took it in hand, the church was in the worst conceivable condition. The great piers of the tower were structurally unsound, and it was a matter of great difficulty and real danger to save the tower. Mutilation had been rampant everywhere, for the purpose of filling the church with galleries; and in various parts comparatively modern accretions of Debased type had almost blotted out traces of what had been there before. It was the opinion of Pugin that it was the best restoration that had been effected in modern times. Assuredly, on the whole, it is a great achievement; and Scott's memory will always live through his preservation of this noble church to God's glory and the justifiable pride of our county town.

THE OLD MONASTERIES OF STAFFORDSHIRE

By Rev. S. W. Hutchinson, M.A.

IT is difficult for us in this twentieth century to realise how different England must have been in the early Middle Ages, and this is particularly true with respect to the Monastic Orders and their diverse kinds and various establishments, not only the abbeys and priories, nunneries and friaries themselves, but their outlying granges and farms. For when we consider the sparseness of the population, their local influence would be something to be reckoned with. There were no less than twenty-four of these religious houses of various sorts and sizes in the county, often a great blessing in lawless times no doubt, but sometimes, it must be said, they were overbearing and tyrannous. Nor is it easy for us at this distant date to imagine the gaping chasm, as it were, that was left near one of these monasteries, even a small one, when the hour of dissolution came. It was like a revolution, but a revolution coming far more home to the people than any mere change in the type of Government.

The earliest monastic establishments that we know of in Staffordshire were those at Stone (A.D. 670), and Trentham (A.D. 680) founded by Wulphere, King of Mercia, and Ethelred, his brother and successor. They were probably something of the Celtic type, and were for both monks and nuns under an abbess. St. Werburgh, niece of King Ethelred, was chosen by him to preside over Trentham, where she died. But she was buried at Hanbury; and on the coming of the Danes, many years later, her body was

translated to Chester, where the great Abbey, now the Cathedral, is dedicated to her memory. The most famous monastery of this Celtic type was the not very distant one of Bangor Iscoed near Wrexham, on the Dee. We may be pretty sure that these earliest foundations at Stone and Trentham were swept away by the Danes.

Then followed after a long interval the abbeys and nunneries of the Benedictine Order, as that of Burton founded by Wulfric Spot, Earl of Mercia (1002). It was the most important abbey in the county, though the abbot was unmitred and did not sit in Parliament. Tutbury, founded in 1010, was likewise a Benedictine priory, but was an alien monastery, being subject to the abbey of St. Pierre-sur-Divan in Normandy. During his French campaign, Edward III. assumed the patronage of Tutbury, and no doubt of all other alien priories. There was one at Lapley also, an offshoot of the great abbey at Rheims, which was suppressed by Henry V. during his wars. There were also two small Benedictine houses at Canwell and Sandwell.

In the twelfth century several Augustinian monasteries —homes of English clergy—were founded. All these were in North Staffordshire, and within a few years of one another, viz., at Rocester (1146), which alone was dignified with the name of abbey; at Stone, refounded (*temp.* Henry I.) as a dependency of Kenilworth; at Trentham (*c.* 1150) refounded; at Ronton, or De Sartis (1149)—a clearing in the bishop's woods, and a dependency of Haughmond Abbey, Salop; at St. Thomas juxta Stafford (1174), on the Sow; and at Calwich (1148), on the Dove, another small dependency of Kenilworth.

Following immediately on these came the Cistercian abbeys, of the Order of St. Bernard, due to another revision of the Benedictine rule; and again all the three Cistercian abbeys were in North Staffordshire. Croxden Abbey was founded 1176; Dieulacres, near Leek, removed thither from P(o)ulton in Lancashire (1214); and Hulton (1223), was founded by Henry de Audley. The position of these three

houses so near one another seems to point to the need of much reclaiming of waste land and agricultural enterprise to be undertaken.

Then there were also five Benedictine nunneries, and these were all in the southern half of the county: at Blythbury, first established for monks as well as nuns, according to Tanner; at Brewood, at Cature (?), Fairwell, near Lichfield, and at Hanbury. There was also a house of Whiteladies not far from Brewood.

The Cluniac House at Dudley was an offshoot of Wenlock Abbey, and this completes the list of monastic houses, strictly speaking. But besides these there were friaries, black or grey—houses of itinerant preachers—at Lichfield, Stafford, and Newcastle, which were the chief towns of those days. There was also a cell of the Knights Templars at Keele, or, after 1311, of the Hospitallers of St. John.

This list of religious establishments, all in our own county, which had not one-tenth of its modern population, will be looked upon with astonishment by any one who has not studied this side of our county history; but we have to remember that this is not nearly all the ecclesiastical provision. There were in addition the cathedral and collegiate churches, with their deans and prebendaries or canons of secular clergy at Lichfield and Tamworth, as well as the five royal minsters and the parochial clergy and numerous chaplains as well. But none of these could fill the place of the monasteries, or take up their work, when the hour of dissolution came, even where they did not share their ruin.

One can imagine the influence and importance in its neighbourhood of one of these religious houses from a social or agricultural and educational, as well as religious, point of view. There were no workhouses in those days; the monasteries were givers as well as receivers of alms, and the Poor Laws only became necessary when the monasteries came to an end. No poor man, woman, or

child would ever be turned away from their doors unfed. At Trentham this tradition survived until quite lately, and there were bread and beer for any one who chose to ask for it. It had to be discontinued, because tramps learnt to go out of their way to take advantage of this Trentham custom.

And besides being almoners to the poor, nearly all the educational work that was done at all was done in the monasteries. They were also the hotels of the Middle Ages, but it was not their rule, as in a modern hotel, to present a bill to the departing guests; and Stone Priory, in 1343, petitioned the king to be allowed to appropriate Madeley Church on the ground of the priory being situated on the main road and consequently often being called upon to entertain guests of importance. Monasteries, too, were hallowed havens of rest, where aged bishops, princes, or others might retire, as Bishop Richard Peche did to St. Thomas's Priory, near Stafford (*c.* 1182), to end his days in the odour of sanctity and peace.

But unfortunately there is another side to the picture; for these communities of religious men, dedicated to piety and under vows of poverty personally, were corporately great landlords, and sternly claimed and exercised all sorts of rights and magisterial power, even to the doubtful privilege of having gallows. This militated much against their popularity and usefulness, especially when, as sometimes happened, they sallied forth to seize, *vi et armis*, the cattle, crops, or other goods of some hapless tenant who had not paid his rent or tithe.

But, if the religious houses were high-handed themselves, they suffered sometimes from the like fault in others. In 1327, we find the Prior of Trentham complaining that Adam de Filford and others had forcibly entered the monastery against the will of the canons, in the name of the late Earl of Lancaster (beheaded 1322). And a system of ruinous oppression was imposed upon them, namely, that of corrodies, which the king or other great lord inflicted. One Adam Ferrour, "by request" of Kings Edward I. and

Edward II., was supported many years at Trentham, receiving meat, and drink and clothing as if he were a canon of the house; and often a corrody included stabling and keep for horse and groom as well. But in the case last named when, in 1318, Richard de Whitchurch, a cross-bowman, was appointed to succeed Adam, the prior successfully resisted the imposition.

Nearly two hundred years later, however, in 1511, William Awood, groom of the king's stirrup, was granted a corrody in succession to Nicholas Pirwhit, deceased, and without any protest on the part of the prior; and when he died in 1529, he was succeeded by Henry Acres. In 1294, John Tiney, Prior of Stone, had to answer at the assizes for resisting a corrody to William de Cotes. Besides these, numerous examples of corrodies occur in the records, and there can be no doubt that they were a heavy burden and must often have been a cause of great trouble and even scandal to the pious members of the fraternity.

The Patent Rolls give an instance of this at Leek.[1] The Roll of 20 Edward III. (1346) May 14, is an exemplification, viz., at the request of the Abbot of Dieulacres, of the tenor of the record and process of a plea before the king, of Trinity Term, 19 Edward III., to this effect :—

"Roll 21. Among the pleas of the King, Stafford to wit: Randolph, abbot of Dieulacres, was attached to answer wherefore he had not complied with the King's request to him to grant to Richard de Preston such sustenance from the abbot's house as Robert de Carmenton had in his lifetime at the request of Edward I. John de Lincoln, who sues for the King, says that the said Robert, at the request of Edward I., had in the abbey for life sustenance in bread, ale, and kitchen, and other necessaries as a monk of the house, and yearly for his robe 14s., for cutting the same (*talliatura*) 9d., and for shoe leather 4s. with a chamber, fuel, litter,

[1] T. Taylor, M.A., F.S.A.

and candle, befitting his estate. On his death the King requested the like for Richard by divers writs, the first whereof was delivered to the abbot at Dieulacres on Sunday after Michaelmas, 18 Edward III., in the presence of John le Blount and Robert de Waltham; a second was delivered to him there, on Monday after All Saints following, in the presence of Richard Frost and William le Forester; and a third, requiring him to answer for his disobedience to the other two, before the king in the Octaves of the Purification following, was delivered to the abbot at the same place on the Sunday before Christmas Day, 18 Edward III., in the presence of John atte Grene, and Robert atte Dene: All which writs he has treated with contempt. The abbot, by Robert de Clifton, his attorney, denies the contempt, and says that Randolf, sometime earl of Chester and Lincoln, by a charter produced granted in frank almoin to the monks at Dulacresse the land of Rudeyard by these bounds, the water of Ludebeche running between Rudeyard and Lec to the house of Robert Bec, thence to Merebrok, thence to Quamendehul, and back to the house of Dodin to *Sepulchrum Thoni*, thence by Falingbrok to Fulhe and Luddebrok. Wherefore, he says, the King ought not to charge the abbey with any corrody and that the said Robert never had any. The said John rejoins that the said Rudeyard, where the abbey is now situated, is entirely without the bounds of the county of Chester,[1] and earl Randolf held it of the King's progenitors as of the crown, and so it is now held in chief. Also that the earldom of Chester with the fees, lordships and possessions late of the said earl came into the hands of the King's progenitors. And for the more full declaration of the right of the King in this behalf the said John says that the abbot holds of the King in chief as of his crown, between the waters of Davene and Lec, co. Stafford, the manor of Leek, the wood of Helleswode, and the manor

[1] The ancient boundary line, which has been noticed elsewhere, runs east of the abbey, but the Lyme, or westward limit of the Mark, is now the boundary of the county, and so the abbey is now well within Staffordshire.

of Burchehowgraunge, and therefore his house is liable to find sustenance for the King's servants.

"The abbot says that he holds the manor and lands afore said of the earl of Chester, as of the honor of his sword of Chester and not of the King in chief.

"Therefore let a jury come before the King a fortnight after Michaelmas.

"At which day before the King at Westminster came the said John, the abbot by his attorney, and a jury who say on oath that the abbey is of the foundation of one Randolf, sometime earl of Chester, and from that time the abbots have held the lands in question in frank almoin of the earls of Chester as of the honour of the sword of Chester, and that Robert de Carmenton never had any sustenance in the abbey at the mandate of Edward I. Judgment for the abbot."

In the eleventh year of King Edward II.'s reign the Abbot of Rocester—a great sheep-farmer—was impleaded before the king. The king had commanded that a corrody at Rocester Abbey should be given to Robert de Beston for loyal service to Edward I. in Gascony, Scotland, and Berwick-on-Tweed, and the abbot had refused. The abbot said that his house had been founded by Richard Bacun in pure alms, which divers kings had confirmed. His house, moreover, was burdened with debts, and in consequence of a great mortality amongst cattle and a scarcity of corn, he had been forced to send out his canons to beg, *quasi mendicantes*. The case dropped.

In the days of Bishop Norbury both convent and parish asked the bishop whether the parishioners ought to take the Eucharist at Rochester Abbey or the parish church, and he answered at either. For both were served by Austin canons, or ordained clergy, and it is said that the second canon in the abbey usually served the church before a vicar was endowed out of the rectory.

The monasteries were, in their best days, the chief homes

S.E. Procession Door, Nave. Sextry. Chapter House.

South Gable (dormitory door head) of Transepts.

of art and industry and learning. They trained within their walls masons and builders of no mean order, and men who illuminated their MSS., beautiful copies of the Psalter and the Church Office, and books; and even the ordinary deeds in the muniment rooms were written in most perfect handwriting such as puts our modern scrawl to shame.

We have many beautiful churches in Staffordshire, some of them of very ancient date, as their Norman architecture bears witness, more ancient indeed than most of those beautiful Early English abbeys, which were once such an additional glory to our county, but are now, alas, no more. The only remains worth mentioning at all are those at Croxden and Ranton. Otherwise, except at Dieulacres, they have almost entirely disappeared, and their stones have been carried off to build churches or houses or barns or walls, or to mend the roads. Everything that would sell was pulled down by the ruthless hand of the destroyer at the time of the dissolution. Lead from the roofs, great bells, crosses and candlesticks, vestments and altar cloths, plate of gold and silver, all shared the same fate, and were sold to the highest bidder to fill the coffers of the king or whoever could obtain a share.

The abbeys were generally founded by great feudal lords for the salvation of their own souls, and of their ancestors, and that their names might be perpetually remembered in the prayers of the monks or canons. Sometimes they were founded in expiation of a murder committed. Burton Abbey is supposed to owe its existence to the penitence of Wulfric for his massacre of the Danes; Stone, in 670, to the penitence of King Wulphere for the murder of his two sons, Wulfad and Ruffin, though it is more than doubtful whether he ever had such sons, or whether so good a man ever committed such a murder. Again, in Henry I.'s reign, it was refounded in expiation of the murder of two nuns and a priest, by Enisan and Ernald his son, tenants in chief under Robert de Stafford.

Dieu-la-cres was founded by an Earl of Chester, who had divorced his wife and yet hoped for an heir. But nearly all the sites chosen, however wild and wet, had already sacred traditions. St. Modwen had lived on an island in the Trent, opposite the spot where the great abbey of Burton sprang up. And at Dieu-la-cres there was already a chapel of the Virgin, or rather perhaps a chapel of twigs (*virgis*), in connection with the site of a promontory fort and a ruined village of very ancient date, which is noticed again in the article on "A Quiet Corner of the County."

The monasteries were extensively endowed with lands by their founders and others, but this was very largely checked by the Statute of Mortmain in 1279, which made it unlawful to give lands to ecclesiastical bodies without the king's leave, and few religious houses were founded after this date. Any of the chartularies are sufficient to show that this was a very real danger. Burton Abbey, for example, notwithstanding its loss of half its lands under the Conqueror, had estates all over the county, and in Derbyshire and all neighbouring counties as well. Ilam manor and church, with its chapels on the abbey estates, and the livings of Sheen, Caldon, Blore, Grindon, and Okeover, were all dedicated to the supply of the abbey kitchen. It is worthy of note that all the first seven Abbots of Burton came from Winchester, and others from Abingdon, Glastonbury, and St. Edmondsbury, but all the later ones were monks of the house.

In an article on St. Bernard by Mr. A. C. Benson we have a representation of the best and strictest days of the Cistercians, as at Dieulacres, Croxden, or Hulton. "The Cistercians are reformed Benedictines. They rose at two; they ate no meat, fish, eggs, or cheese. They had but one meal a day, and that at two o'clock in the afternoon, twelve hours after leaving their beds. Their churches and services were as simple and plain as their diet. Conceive what all this must be in a climate like England. Manual

work in agriculture, literary work in the library, were just as much a monk's business as prayer and praise."

And the rule of the other Orders would not be very different, except that probably there was less manual labour, and so the ordinary régime of monastic life most of us would consider severe in the extreme. The plainness of the food, the strictness of the fasts, the silences, the cold of the unwarmed church, cell, or cloister, the midnight services coupled with the early Offices and Mass—even though provision was made and relaxation allowed for the comfort of the sick and aged—all these things point to monastic life as far from being the luxurious thing it is sometimes represented to have been.

The dress of the Augustinian canon was black. He was generally a priest, or about to become one, and was under the jurisdiction of the bishop of the diocese, and sometimes even engaged in parochial work, ministering in distant oratories, though the law was that a secular priest, as vicar or chaplain, should be appointed by the rector, when he was an abbot or prior, for the services of the parish church or chapel, to baptize infants, to visit the sick and to bury the dead.

The dress of the Cistercians was white, and many of them were lay monks. Their abbeys were extra-parochial, and owned obedience to no bishop save the Pope. The Cistercians took a larger part than other Orders in agriculture, labour in the field being part of their daily round; and their houses will always be found in some beautiful valley, fertile enough now, but when they first settled there very different. Draining, irrigating, ploughing, and sowing, and hard toil, mingled with worship, filled their days.

The case of Dieu-la-cres may again be taken to illustrate what the Cistercian monks did. They were founded in 1215, in Rudyard, which was to be "disafforested." The tract of land given to them was wild heath, like Gun Hill, and wood, like Le Frith. The river Churnet came wriggling down the valley, close by their doors. They straightened

the river, pushed it away from them to the edge of the valley nearer Leek, and thus also made it more available to turn the mills at the bottom of Mill Street, Leek. The low valley they drained by a twelve-foot culvert lined with stone which ran from their house to Bridge End, some half a mile away. This drain still exists; it first runs from the abbey ruins towards Broad's Bridge, and thus gives rise to the tradition of a subterranean passage between the abbey and Leek old church. Then, before reaching Broad's Bridge, it sweeps west-by-north towards the river at Bridge End. The road across the valley they raised several feet, and it is still known as "The Surey," the sure, or made, or perhaps paved way.

The monks also had their granges at a distance, often reclaimed by their energy from barren woods and swamps, often the gift of pious benefactors. Normacot was a gift to Hulton Abbey of Henry de Audley, its founder, in 1223. Other Orders also had their outlying granges. Stallington belonged to Trentham Priory, as also did Wall Grange, and Elkstone; and Darlaston and many others to Burton Abbey.

A word should be said too about the dissolution. It was probably for many reasons quite necessary; the monasteries had seen their best days, and the whole system on such an extensive scale in such a sparsely populated country was rotten. We need not believe all the tales of depravity we hear; they were doubtless exaggerations trumped up by men suborned for the purpose, or at least by commissioners who knew that a bad report was looked for. But the dissolution was disastrous to many of the parish churches as well as the monasteries. Many parishes are still suffering from it, some of those which were best endowed in the Middle Ages being now almost without any endowment at all. For the monasteries had gained possession of many parish churches, and had so long held the tithes and glebe, that they were supposed to belong to them; and when their property was dispersed the church property went with

West Front, Croxden Abbey.

it. It is in this way that so much of the great tithes has come into the hands of laymen and colleges or schools.

But it was not all bad. The property of five or six great abbeys was spared, and they were allowed to continue and to do a work more useful to others. The abbeys of Oxford, Peterborough, Westminster (for a short time), Chester, Gloucester, and Bristol, in 1541, all became cathedrals, and their abbots were consecrated as diocesan bishops; and so it happens that we have to thank Henry VIII. for the first substantial extension of the episcopate. No new diocese had been formed since Ely and Carlisle in the reign of Henry I. four hundred years before, and none has been formed since until our own time.

One more great change made by the dissolution was, that the House of Lords lost a great number of spiritual peers by the downfall of the religious houses, and the balance of power in the Upper House passed to the side of the laity.

OLD TOWERS AND SPIRES

By J. H. Beckett, A.R.I.B.A., Etc.

AMONGST the most valued possessions of this country are its ancient towers and spires. They are fairly plentiful in nearly every district, and in Staffordshire exists a due proportion—as a matter of fact, there are at least a hundred old church towers. Their value is very difficult to assess; the better way perhaps is to imagine the blank which would result in a picturesque town or village were its old tower non-existent. The loss would be quite irreparable. The poet would indeed be restricted in his theme, and the artist deprived of one of his fondest subjects.

Few thinking folk are not more or less affected by the associations surrounding an old tower, and few who do not regard such a building as the centre of interest in an ancient town or village; and most people have memories of the important part the music of the belfry has played in the most joyous as well as the most mournful epochs of their history.

It is not possible in these brief notes to do more than touch on a few of the ancient towers and spires of the county. No attempt at classification is made. This is hardly possible in face of so great a variety in character and date. Neither for the same reason is any comparison with the towers of other counties attempted. But the opinion may be stated that, possessing as it does the Cathedral Church of Lichfield, Staffordshire is not likely to yield precedence to any of the neighbouring shires.

Lichfield Cathedral more than merits all the praises lavished upon it. The "Ladies of the Vale"—by which

name the three spires are known—are very graceful and full of refined beauty. Their combination from many points of view forms a picture nothing less than enchanting, and this in spite of the fact that the situation of the building does not lend itself to imposing effects.

The three spires render this Cathedral "the only one of the kind." Of course, no old church can be said to be precisely alike any other, but the definition in this case will be sufficiently clear when it is stated that Lichfield is the only one in the country boasting of three complete spires. The whole building also is in distinct contrast with cathedral churches generally, its architecture being to all intents and purposes uniform. And one of the most curious and interesting facts in a most interesting building is, that this uniformity exists in spite of a wide—very wide—divergence in the dates of the erection of the various parts. This applies most particularly to the steeples.

The wonderful west front is of late thirteenth-century (Early English) work. The immense number of niches, all now occupied by statues, gives a very rich (but in spite of this a chaste and restrained) effect. Of this front the western towers form the greater portion and their stair turrets, flanking the façade, form a well-balanced finish to the whole.

The spires crowning these towers were added by Bishop Norburgh about the middle of the fourteenth century. They are ornate but typical examples of "Decorated" architecture; and in spite of the inevitable difference in detail, are sufficiently in harmony with the earlier work below. This is all the more remarkable as, although the south-west steeple capping the "Jesus" tower is in its original state, that at the north-west was rebuilt in "Perpendicular" times. Such rebuilding has been faithfully carried out, and harmony in the whole front preserved.

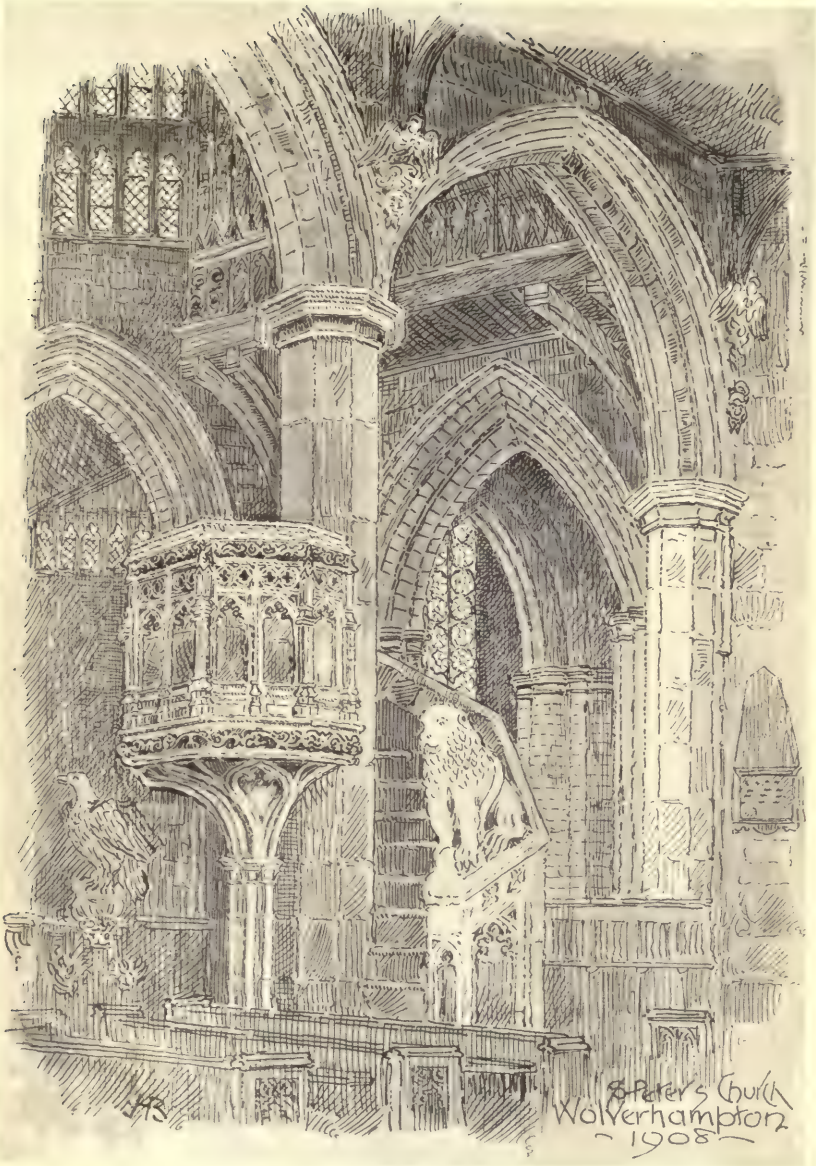
The central spire stands on a tower which probably was rebuilt in the Early English (thirteenth century) period, superseding one of Norman date. The spire itself was

rebuilt by Bishop Hacket between the years 1661 and 1669. Uncommon interest attaches itself to this steeple, which is erected in a sort of late Gothic style, many examples of which exist in Staffordshire. The work in this case is sufficiently in keeping with the general style of the Cathedral and with the other spires. In addition to this it is of excellent design in itself, graceful in outline, and thus forms a fitting finish to a more than beautiful edifice. The total height of this steeple is about 258 feet, exceeding by 60 feet that of the western spires.

Considering the magnificent example set by the Cathedral there are comparatively few spires in the county. They exist, however, at Uttoxeter, Weston, Brewood, Hamstall Ridware, Rolleston, Clifton Campville, Church Eaton, and elsewhere.

Uttoxeter Church Steeple is a good example, and in spite of the remainder of the church having been rebuilt in a hopeless style, presents a fine effect from most points, especially in the street view from the south. The treatment of the stair turret of the tower is most successful, and the spire of the "Decorated" and other periods is of better proportions than most. In the case of several towers, spires have been intended as a completion of the design, but never carried out. This may be seen in the corbelling out of the stone courses in the angles of the belfries. Mucklestone is an example. Tamworth is another; in this the spire has been actually commenced.

Many important towers exist in the southern portions of the county. That at Tamworth, just referred to as having an incipient spire, is one of the most imposing. The lofty pinnacles (almost "spires" in themselves) at each angle add to the impressiveness of this structure. Most of the church towers in this as in other counties are of the fifteenth century, but an unusually well-proportioned one of the fourteenth century is to be seen at Mucklestone. Some are earlier still, that at Weston-on-Trent being of the thirteenth century. Many are of varied dates, Norman work



Minster Pulpit, Wolverhampton.

being not at all uncommon. Of this latter (twelfth century) period that at Gnosall will be referred to, and work in this style also occurs in the towers at Forton, High Offley, Lapley, Checkley, Church Eaton, and others.

To go to the other extreme in dates there are examples of very late Gothic being erected in a kind of "local" style. This work is very interesting from the fact of its being executed in a period when the Renaissance in architecture was in vogue. There are cases where Gothic stonework and Renaissance woodwork of practically identical date are to be found in the same church. The Elizabethan Gothic of the tower at Cheddleton will be referred to later, and that at Broughton is Gothic of the middle of the seventeenth century. The central spire at Lichfield Cathedral has already been described as the finest specimen of the work of this latest period.

St. Peter's Church at Wolverhampton possesses a noble and well-proportioned tower, placed over the crossing. These central towers are not common in the county, but this, as well as those of Gnosall and St. Mary's, Stafford, is among the best. The arches of the crossing at St. Peter's are of thirteenth-century date. The upper portion of the tower is latish "Perpendicular," probably about 1500. Its design is striking and handsome, and, aided by a good situation, its mass dominates, as it should do, the buildings around. The belfry contains no less than ten bells, in addition to the "Call" bell. The sketch shows the wonderful fifteenth-century pulpit standing out against the dark shadow of the thirteenth-century tower arches.

In the Eccleshall district are many interesting towers, that of the parish church of Eccleshall itself being one of the finest. There is a bit of very extraordinary work (Early English) on the west face of this tower. Probably, however, the most fascinating church historically in this district is that at Gnosall. Here the tower, a good one of "Perpendicular" date, is supported over the crossing on four massive Norman arches. These are of exceptional beauty and carved with

ornament characteristic of the period. A well-designed little tower, also of "Perpendicular" times, exists at Chebsey. Here the "outside" stair turret lends itself to effective grouping.

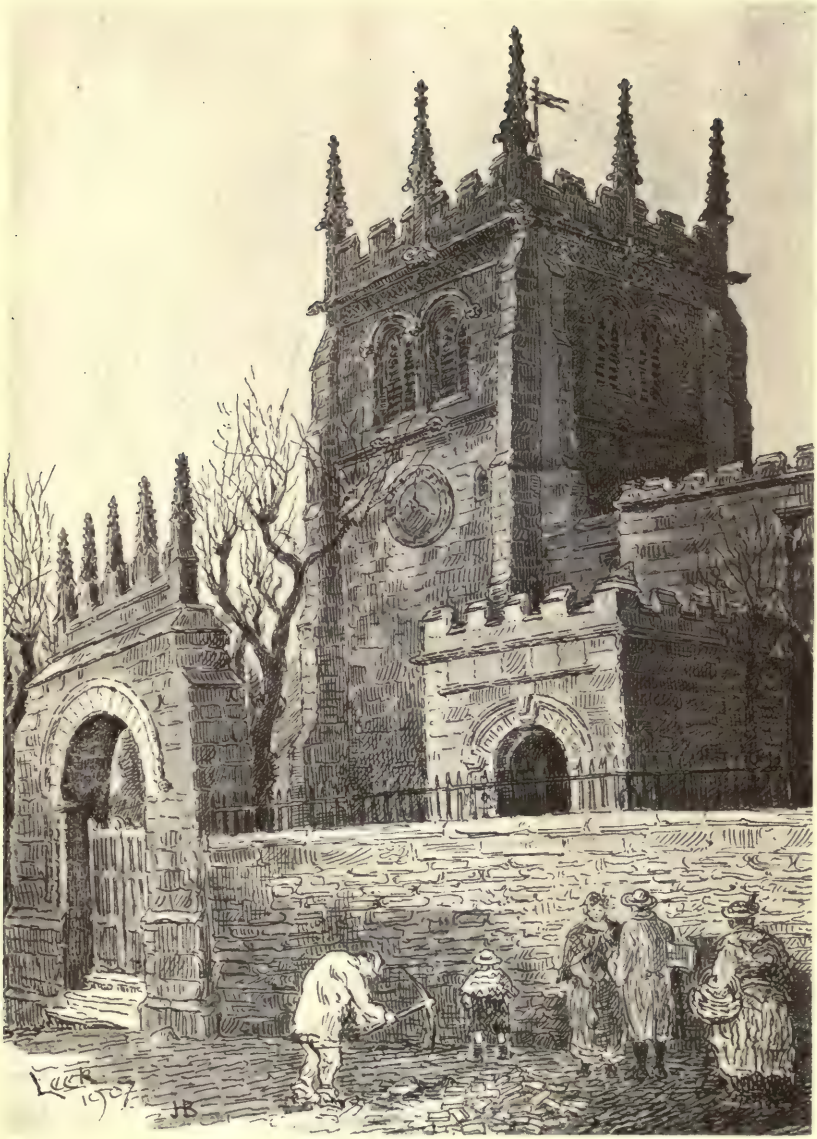
In the north-eastern portion of the county, the towers at Ellastone and Church Mayfield are "Perpendicular" examples. The epithet in these cases is apt, as the height in both is considerable as compared with the "cross" dimensions. The general effect is distinctly "vertical."

The Moorlands of North Staffordshire possess some church towers of uncommon interest. These are generally sturdy and massive in character. That of the old parish church at Leek exemplifies this, being unusually ponderous but effective "Perpendicular" Gothic. Cheddleton has a church of much beauty, the fourteenth-century work being some of the best. Its tower is very quaint and well situated. Much interest is added to it from the fact of its being a specimen of Elizabethan Gothic.

Towers octagonal in plan are scarce in this as in most other counties, the contrast between two in Staffordshire —the fine one at St. Mary's, Stafford, with the rock-like structure at Dilhorne being more than striking. "Moorland Perpendicular" exists in the picturesque tower of the church at Alstonfield, a building of many styles and much quaintness. In this as in many old Staffordshire belfries, ancient bells with beautifully lettered inscriptions are to be found. These form an absorbing study in themselves as Mr. Lynam's book on the subject will testify.

Timber bell-cots are few in the county, but the Moorlands supply a good specimen at Rushton Spencer. The little church here was formerly an entirely wooden structure.

These few notes may serve in some small degree to demonstrate the extreme interest of old Staffordshire church towers. The more they are investigated the more charms are revealed, and a study of them repays a hundred times over the effort involved.



South Porch, Leek Old Church.

HISTORIC CHARTLEY

By H. Wells Bladen

FEW places in Staffordshire can claim to be of greater interest, either to the naturalist or to the historian, than Chartley. The romantic story of its noble owners through so many centuries, the strange denizens of its ancient wild park, the crumbling towers of its mediæval castle, the associations of its moated manor-house and of its mysterious Moss—all these combine to put Chartley in the foremost rank among the Memorials of the County. Nor at this time, when its connection with the House of Ferrers has been severed, and its park has lost by its practical extinction of the white cattle, which were its chief title to fame, does the duty of placing on record its history become the less urgent.

The origin of Chartley is lost in antiquity. It occurs in Domesday Book as Certelie, but Duignan discards the somewhat obvious derivation, *certus*, sure, safe (fortress), and construes it "Ceort's lea." However that may be, and although there is no historic mention of Chartley before the Conquest, it undoubtedly did exist as a fortification in very early days, and very possibly was known to the Romans. Its earthworks and the mound (artificial to a large extent) upon which the castle is built, are of much interest to the archæologist, but no definite conclusion, except that they are pre-Norman, seems to have been arrived at in respect to their age. Their *raison d'être*, however, is not far to seek. It is but necessary to cast one's eyes westwards from the high ground above to realise how splendid must have been the protection they offered to the eastern valley

of the Trent. Hence, doubtless, the tradition that the castle was primarily built as an eastern outpost of the vast estates of the Earls of Derby, to keep in check the depredations of the lords of Stafford. The earthworks, however, are older than the tradition.

Chartley is situated midway between Stafford and Uttoxeter, seven miles from each. To the west in the valley, a hundred feet below, the Trent is gradually purging itself from the sordid contact of the towns. Eastward winds the silvery course of a famous trout stream, the Blythe. Away in the south the spires of Lichfield Cathedral rear themselves to the sky, while the northern horizon is an unbroken line of rough, untilled forest land, the Great Park of Chartley.

At the time of the Domesday Survey, Chartley was held as a royal manor, probably a recognition of its commanding position and its importance in intestine warfare. Rufus, however, either gave or sold it to Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, whose family afterwards merged by marriage into that of Ferrers, and whose representatives, therefore, in spite of varying fortunes, held it until the year 1904.

The castle, the ruins of which are still standing, was built in 1220 by Ranulf, or Randolf, the seventh of the Earls of Chester. It was erected on the western side of the pre-existent earthworks, and there were originally five towers facing to the south and east. The walls were twelve feet in thickness, and skilfully pierced with slits for the archers. The towers were all about forty feet in diameter, but only two of them remain visible to the eye not skilled in archæology. In one of the archery slits of the westernmost tower, which still stands, there is a cross deeply carved in the masonry, which probably dates back to the foundation of the castle.

It reminds us that Ranulf had other interests than Chartley, for he was a valiant Crusader. Moreover, he was the founder of the famous Beeston Castle, in Cheshire, and Dieulacresse Abbey at Leek. In which connection, Leland,

Chartley Castle.

speaking of Chartley, has the following interesting note (1545): "*the olde castell is now in ruine, but old yerle Randol, as sum say, lay in it when he builded Dewl'encres Abbey.*"

The "old yerle" had an adventurous life, and through it all his constant companion was William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, and lord of Tutbury. Henry Ferrers was a Norman, who had shared largely in the spoils of the Conquest, and founded a family destined to play no small part in English history. From Senlac to Naseby, in France, in Scotland, in the Holy Land, whenever and wherever there was fighting to be done, a knightly representative of the Ferrers was sure to be in the foremost rank. A wild and warlike race they were! The son of Henry, who by the way was a Domesday commissioner, led the historic charge of the cavalry which saved the standard at Northallerton (1138). Stephen created him Earl of Derby. The third earl was a leader of the rebellion against Henry II., and had his castle of Tutbury destroyed. He was afterwards killed at the siege of Acre.

Earl William, the sworn comrade of Ranulf, Earl of Chester, married his friend's sister, and hence came into possession of Chartley. These two were with King John when he died at Newark (1216), and together were witnesses of the monarch's will. The seventh Earl of Derby added to his already enormous estates the lordship of Groby and founded the family of Ferrers and Grey of Groby, of which line came the Marquises of Dorset, Lady Jane Grey, and the Earls of Stamford.

Robert, the last Earl of Derby of this line, perhaps added to the lawless glory of his race, but at a rather heavy cost. He was married to a niece of Henry III. at the age of eight, and he became a widower while still a boy. Afterwards he married into the Basset family of Drayton Manor. With his brother-in-law, Lord Basset, at his side he was one of the first to support Simon de Montfort in his struggle against the king. He laid siege to Worcester, demolished

the Jewry, and destroyed the royal park. Then he shared in the victory of the barons at Lewes, but his career of conquest was cut short at Evesham, where he was taken prisoner.

Henry III. offered him pardon, but Ferrers disdainfully refused and managed to make his escape. Once more he determined to make a stand, but the cause of the barons was slowly dying; and though he raised an army from among his dependants, he was heavily defeated by the royal forces at Chesterfield (1266). Here he was again captured, and this time all attempts to escape proved abortive, and he is said to have been dragged in chains to Winchester. His vast estates were confiscated, and his titles and dignities forfeited to the Crown. All his possessions, except Chartley, were conferred upon Henry's second son Edmund. Ferrers languished in prison for three years, when he was offered freedom and restitution of his estates conditionally on payment of a fine of £50,000—an enormous sum in those days. Instead of trying to raise this money, however, he tried to recover his inheritance by law, on the plea that he was made to promise payment under threat of death. Meanwhile Henry III. died and Ferrers sued his successor for the recovery of Chartley, which was by this time in the possession of the Sheriff of Staffordshire, Hamon le Strange. With a party of friends Ferrers laid siege to his own castle one night and drove out the sheriff. The lawsuit against Edward I. was eventually decided in his favour, so that Chartley at least was preserved from the general wreck of the vast estates. But titles had gone, and the turbulent Earl's son, John, had to be content with the dignity of Baron Ferrers of Chartley.

The spirit of his forefathers, however, was not quelled, and he joined in the rebellions of the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk. His son Robert was found on the side of the king when there was a common enemy to face, and he won distinction at Crecy and in the Scotch wars. Edmund, the fifth baron, against whom the Erdeswicks arrayed themselves,

shared in the triumphs of Henry V., and is eulogised among a small and illustrious band of heroes in Michael Drayton's ballad "The Battle of Agincourt" (1627).

At his death the title and estates passed by the marriage of his daughter into the family of Devereux. The blood of the Ferrers still ran strongly in the veins of the new line, and the descendants of this marriage added fresh lustre to their fame. The titles of Viscount Hereford and, later, of Earl of Essex, were created in favour of successive owners of Chartley. There were three Earls of Essex, and each in his time, in widely differing spheres of action, carved for himself an enduring monument in English history. Of the first it was written that "throughout the conspiracies of the Scottish queen's party, and the intrigues of the Court, he remained true to Elizabeth. Brave and enthusiastic, he has been called the reviver of mediæval chivalry, and from his high repute 'the good Earl of Essex.'" Spenser, too, has immortalised his name in the dedication of *The Faërie Queene*.

By his time, of course, Chartley Castle had long been in ruins, and a manor-house, surrounded by a moat, had been built "a good flit-shot from the castle." After the revels at Kenilworth, so vividly described by Sir Walter Scott, Elizabeth spent ten days at this manor-house, while the Earl was administering affairs in Ireland. His countess, however, did the honours, and the situation must have been a delicate one, for the unscrupulous Earl of Leicester was paying court both to his queen and his hostess at the same time. Whether he brought the situation on himself by suggesting the visit to Chartley, or was dragged into it by fate, history does not record. The days of Elizabeth's visit were passed mostly in sport, ample opportunity for which was found in the park. On one day she visited Stafford, there to confer a boon on the cap-makers, and to restore the assizes to the town, a curious account of which is contained in the Corporation records.

Essex died soon after this, murdered, it was said, by

Leicester's agents. In any case Leicester lost no time in marrying his widow, to the lasting offence of the queen. A strange ending to the somewhat sordid romance is told by Scott. Leicester tired of his lady, and prepared poison for her to take as a cure for headache, but inadvertently drank it himself and died.

In 1586, during the tenure of Chartley by the second Earl of Essex—a mere boy whose mad infatuation for the queen had such an unhappy ending—Mary Stuart was imprisoned there for a period of nine months. She was removed thither from Tutbury because the moat at Chartley made it a safer place in which to secure her. It was also said that there was such plenitude of water there that the unfortunate queen's washing could be done on the spot, thus upsetting a means of communication which seems to have been taken advantage of at Tutbury. The young earl appears to have been bitterly opposed to the Scottish queen's incarceration at his house, but Elizabeth, who well knew its lonely and strongly defensive situation, laughed at his scruples.

Nevertheless, a plot for Mary's release was not long in unfolding itself; and her keeper, Sir Amyas Pawlet, was ordered to seize all her private papers. He then took her by force to Tixall, closely confined her to a small corner of the house, and kept all writing materials from her. After three weeks of such treatment she returned to Chartley, where, on entering her chambers, she found all her cabinets had been opened, and her money, seals, and papers were gone. After a moment's pause, she turned to Pawlet and with dignity said: "There still remain two things, sir, which you cannot take away—the royal blood which gives me the right to the succession, and the attachment which binds me to the religion of my fathers." A letter which Elizabeth wrote to Pawlet about this time thanked him in terms of warmest gratitude "for his wise and safe conduct in so dangerous and crafty a charge." Later, Mary was removed from Chartley to Fotheringay, there to await her

execution. Up to within a few years ago, there was still preserved at Chartley an old carved oak bedstead in which the Queen of Scots slept and which bore the date A.D. 1470. This is one of the very few relics saved from the disastrous fires which have several times almost entirely destroyed successive mansions. Twenty years afterwards James I. visited Chartley, "and," writes a local historian, "with little good taste or feeling, made his mother's prison his temporary residence and the scene of his royal revels."

The history of the second and third Earls of Essex is more of national than local character. The second eventually was brought to the block through an insane outbreak of revolt against his royal mistress, and remorse is said to have hastened the queen's death.

The third earl was the parliamentary commander of the Civil Wars. He died childless in 1646, and the estates passed by marriage to the Shirleys of Staunton Harold. In 1677, Charles II. created Sir Robert Shirley, great grandson of the second Lord Essex, Baron of Chartley, and the further titles of Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrers were added by Queen Anne.

Of Lawrence, the fourth earl of this line, an ancient volume of Debrett contains the following interesting note: "His lordship, having in a fit of phrensy, shot mr. Johnson, his steward, Jan. 1760, in April following was tried by his peers in Westminster Hall, and suffered death on the 5th of May, in the same year." Horace Walpole, in one of the best of his letters, gives a graphic account of his execution. Speaking of his courage and wonderful coolness, he says: "Even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine amidst crowds—thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot-and-six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers in his landau-and-six, his coachman crying all the way; guards on each side; the other sheriff's

carriage followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards."

"The universal crowd," concludes the letter, "behaved with much decency and admiration, as they well might, for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution, and with less ostentation." Which last note reads rather curiously, seeing that his lordship was dressed in his wedding clothes and drawn to the place of execution by six white horses! It is an interesting fact that at this execution a drop platform was used for the first time, devised by the earl's family, so, it was said, that their noble kinsman "might not swing off from a cart like a plebeian culprit." The condemned man claimed a peer's right to be hanged with a silken rope.

The present Earl Ferrers, the tenth of his line, sold the estates of Chartley in 1904, thus severing a connection between lord and land which dated back to the reign of King William II. The family of Congreve, however, into which the larger part of the estates have passed, connects another illustrious name with Chartley, and it may well be that its new owners will re-create some of the glories of the past. Those grim old towers have been owned by many whose deeds have gone to make up our island story.

Reference has already been made to the strange denizens of the Great Park whose thousand acres lie on the northern horizon. A tract of primæval forest land it may well be called, for until last year it had never been tilled by the hand of man. Its coarse and natural grasses, its luxuriant bracken, its stunted oaks, its lofty firs, grow up, rot away, and grow up again, as they doubtless have done for thousands of years. Truly a fit home for the lordly race of wild cattle which roamed at will within its borders for six and a half centuries.

At the time of the Norman Conquest the forests of England, Scotland, and Wales contained a large number of white cattle, the origin of which has given rise to much and vexed discussion. These magnificent beasts throve

and multiplied exceedingly under the harsh forest laws of the Conquerors, which made unauthorised hunting, or poaching, subject to very grievous pains and penalties. The slayer of a stag or bull, for instance, generally had his eyes torn out, to prevent him for the future from pursuing the royal game. When these laws were repealed the common people doubtless wreaked their vengeance on the great herds of cattle and deer, which had so long been protected while they themselves had been exposed to all forms of tyranny at the hands of their over-lords. The natural consequence would soon have been that these animals would have disappeared from our fauna had not a few nobles confined herds of them in their private parks and thus protected them from the sometimes wanton attacks to which they had been subjected.

Thus it came about that William Ferrers, Earl of Derby, collected a herd from the remnants left in Needwood Forest (the name Needwood or Neatwood is significant) and enclosed them in his own park at Chartley. This was soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century (probably 1225), and, doubtless about the same time, similar herds were enclosed at Chillingham in Northumberland, Cadzow in Scotland, and numerous other places. Very few, however, survived the spoliation of the Roundheads, and most of those dwindled to extinction, until only the three already mentioned remained. Unfortunately it seems only too probable that the Chartley herd must soon be added to those of the past.

Ten years ago, when Professor Boyd-Dawkins viewed the herd, and stated his theory as to their origin, there were fifty-five of them. And splendid they looked as they drew up in battle-line to meet the intruders into their ancient domain. At the first approach of strangers the herd had dashed off at a great pace, but soon having collected their scattered forces, they returned somewhat cautiously, until they were within twenty yards of the party of visitors. [One of the illustrations is from a photograph

taken on this occasion.] There they halted, apparently in well-arranged order. They were drawn up in crescent form, the king of the herd in the middle, and two powerful bulls guarding each flank. Thus they stood, and seemed to listen as Professor Boyd-Dawkins gave his address. It may be of interest here to quote such an eminent authority:—

"It has been my fortune to devote a considerable amount of time and attention to the study of the oxen of this country—wild and domestic—and I think it may perhaps interest you, who live in this district, if I say a few words as to what I take to be the origin and history of this wonderfully beautiful breed of cattle. Before I deal with this question I should like to point out that the custom of enclosing our domestic cattle in fields, with hedges and ditches, is wholly unlike the condition of things which prevailed when this breed of cattle was first introduced into this country. The use of hedges is a comparatively modern thing. Down as late as Elizabeth, and even later, fields and hedges were the exception, and great tracts of rough glade and woodland, such as there is at Chartley, without any enclosures, were the rule. The pastures, without hedges, were surrounded in the lower portions and most of the valleys by regions which were more or less what is technically called forests, uncultivable because of the wetness of the soil and its general marshiness and the density of the woodlands. The greater portion of this country, as late as the days of Elizabeth, was occupied by great forests, in which enclosures were an exception.

"Under these circumstances herds of cattle, such as were then domesticated, were set to get their own living in certain areas which were bounded on every side by forests. They were looked after by cowherds, in very much the same way as the wild red deer in the Highlands of Scotland are looked after by the keepers. To all intents and purposes they were a kind of domesticated wild animal. I mention this because this Chartley breed is called an

aboriginal wild breed. The term 'wild' is only to be attached to them in relation to the absence of enclosures, which make our cattle so tame at the present time. When we consider the time when they were first introduced into this country, they are to be looked upon as representing a large breed of oxen domesticated in ancient days. These Chartley white cattle, with dark ears and muzzles, and also the white cattle with red ears and muzzles elsewhere, are to be looked upon as having survived in the great parks of the great nobles down to the present day in areas such as Chartley, which in all probability has never been enclosed. You see, then, that the wildness of this breed stands in direct relation to the physical condition of the country at the time when they were introduced.

"This herd represents an ancient breed in this country belonging to the larger division of domestic cattle, and which has a very clear, definite, and precise history. Now comes the question, what is that history? When were these cattle introduced? Direct evidence on this point is altogether absent. I cannot tell the exact date when these cattle were introduced into this country, but I do know this. I know that before the ninth century in this country there was a breed of cattle which was distinctly associated with the English, and which is defined in certain old documents under the name of white cattle with red or dark ears. If you look at these cattle you see how just that description is —white they are and dark ears they have. I take it then that these cattle were in this country before the mention of them in these records, in which they are dealt with as well known over a wide area in Britain.

"The introduction of the smaller breed of domestic oxen, *Bos longifrons*, into Britain dates back to a remote antiquity far out of the reach of history.

"The larger breed was domesticated on the Continent in the Neolithic age. It is descended from the great wild Urus, which abounded in the forests of the Continent in Pre-historic times, and lingered in Europe as far down as

the time of Charles the Great. This larger breed spread over the Continent of Europe through the Pre-historic and Early Historic Period, and became defined from all others by its white colour and red or black ears, not merely in the British Isles, but also in Spain. It cannot be traced further back in our land than the time of the English migration. It may very well have been introduced even later than this by the Scandinavian Vikings, who were in the habit of taking cattle on shipboard and carrying them to foreign lands. Examples of this are presented by the transport of cattle from Norway into Iceland A.D. 874, and into Greenland, and from Greenland to North America in the eleventh century. The men who carried cattle over the wide and dangerous waters of the Atlantic are not likely to have left behind their best breed when they invaded and conquered Britain. . . .

"The pure white colour of this breed, which is out of harmony with its surroundings, and which renders it impossible to be concealed from its enemies, implies domestication. There is no known case of any white animal at all approaching its size living in a wild state, with the exception of the polar bear, and this animal is snowy white because it lives in the regions of snow."

Professor Boyd-Dawkins tabulated his conclusions as follows:—

1. That the beautiful Chartley breed was originally introduced into this country, in a domesticated condition, from the Continent, where they had been carefully selected by man during long ages.

2. That they were introduced about the time of the English or Danish conquests.

3. And lastly, that the shyness and wildness of the breed is due to the fact of their never having been confined in small enclosures where they would come into close contact with man.

It may here be stated that those scientists who differ from Professor Boyd-Dawkins, and hold that these cattle

Chartley White Cattle—The King of the Herd (1898).

are the direct descendants of the aboriginal wild cattle of this country, base their theory on the following grounds: That they needed no protective colouring since they were the acknowledged kings of the forest; that they have never exhibited any signs of domestication, the cows always refusing to be milked; and that they hide their young at birth, an infallible sign, it is said, of wildness.

Up to quite recent years they were generally regarded in the light of strictly wild animals, but most authorities seem now to have come into line with the theory of Professor Boyd-Dawkins, which has accordingly been recorded in these annals.

Unfortunately, since the address, of which the above is an extract, was delivered, a tuberculous disease broke out among the Chartley herd, and within a few years they were reduced to a sorry and dejected remnant of the once magnificent herd. It is supposed that constant in-breeding was responsible for the decay which broke out so suddenly and with such sad and alarming results. When it is considered that the herd has never been a large one, and that no admixture of blood had ever taken place, the wonder perhaps is that they lasted so long.

At the time of the sale of the estates there were eleven cattle left, among which was a black heifer of two years. The presence of this sable representative in the pure white herd awakened many old stories, and doubtless gave rise to many new ones. Tradition has it that the fate of the cattle is largely bound up with their noble owners. Thus the birth of a black calf, which happened from time to time, was supposed to portend evil to the reigning earl, or, at least, a death in his family, and instances are quoted to support the old superstition. Moreover, it was predicted long centuries ago, that if once the purity of the herd was contaminated, disaster and ruin would befall the house of Ferrers. Consequently there were those who saw in this black cow a sufficient cause for whatever led to the sale of the estates and the departure from

the magnates of Staffordshire of a great and honourable name.

Nearer to the truth, perhaps, than all these traditions and superstitions was the explanation invariably given by the old keeper: "Yes, it means a death all right, but only his own," the fact being, of course, that a black calf was always shot as soon as it appeared, so that the purity of colouring of the herd should not be sullied.

The remnant of the herd was offered for sale by public auction in London, but ineffectively, and they were afterwards transferred by private treaty to the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. As if their misfortunes had not already been sufficiently great, it remains to be added that the train in which they were conveyed caught fire, and three of the wretched animals suffered death in consequence.

It is said that the present owner of Chartley is making an attempt to build up a fresh herd by admixture of Welsh and Scotch blood; but whatever may be the result of his experiment, the romantic association has been broken, and the chief glory of Staffordshire fauna has departed.

There are still left in the Great Park the red and fallow deer, which for centuries lived in friendly communion with the cattle. Moreover, the botanist and the ornithologist may find much of interest that will well repay a visit to this high and wind-swept plateau.

Of more interest still to the botanist is the Moss, or peat bog, which lies behind the manor house, between the castle and the park, where several varieties of rare flora are to be found. By the way, the Moss, which in parts is dangerous and of unknown depth, may have accounted for the name *Certelie*, the *sure* ground on which the castle was built, in contradistinction to the decidedly *unsure* ground hard by. An extraordinary tradition, the origin of which the writer has been unable to determine, says that "Old Stafford" lies engulfed in the bog.

At the neighbouring village of Stowe, curfew was rung up to within about thirty years, and stocks stood at the

cross-road near the church. This church is a structure of great interest, the tower, built on the ancient base of a former one, going back to the fourteenth century. The walls are Norman, and the unusually large chancel is separated from the nave by a fine old Norman arch in splendid preservation. The church boasts a massive silver communion service presented by an Earl Ferrers in 1723. There were once many monuments in the church of the Chartley family, the only one now remaining being a large recumbent effigy of Walter Devereux, K.G., Viscount Hereford, and his two wives. He was the father of the first Earl of Essex.

In the hollow between Chartley Moss and Drointon, a considerable quantity of gypsum was once raised, and it is said that coal was also at one time found on the estate.

Close to the village of Chartley is an old toll-gate; and a short distance to the south of this is Cage Hill, on the top of which is an artificial mound, supposed to be a "barrow." If this could be authenticated, the blank in the history of Chartley before the Conquest might be filled up.

One wonders what the future may hold for this quiet little hamlet, so intimately connected with the strife of former times, so curiously removed from the stress of these latter days.

BOSCOBEL AND WHITELADIES

By the Rev. F. Wrottesley, M.A.

On the confines of Staffordshire and Shropshire, hidden from the road by trees and hayricks, stands a secluded old hunting-lodge, which once held three crowns, and formed part of a wonderful episode —unequalled in the annals of any country—of devotion to a sovereign. On September 3, 1651, was fought the fatal battle of Worcester, "the crowning mercy," as Cromwell called it, from which Charles II. fled by St. Martin's Gate to Barbourn Bridge, which crosses a tributary of the Severn, a mile north of Worcester. Here a consultation was held as to the best means to take for the safety of the king. The decision was taken to go northwards; and the Duke of Buckingham, Lords Wilmot, Derby, and others, guided by Richard Walker, one of Lord Talbot's troopers, rode by way of Barnhall, Ombersley, and Hartlebury, leaving Kidderminster on the left, to Broadwater, across Lea Castle Park, crossed the river Stour by Blakeshall, and arrived at the Heath on Kinver Edge. Here a second consultation was held, and at Lord Derby's suggestion, it was determined to make for Boscobel, a hiding-place which Lord Derby had already used in his flight from Wigan to Worcester. At this juncture Mr. Charles Giffard, as one well acquainted with the country, came forward and volunteered, with the assistance of Francis Yates, a servant, to act as guide. For this service Yates was soon afterwards taken prisoner, and on his refusal to give any information respecting the king was

hanged.[1] The king and his party passed through Stourbridge on to Himley, where taking a cross-country route through Wombourne and the Wrottesley woods, they reached at daybreak the house and monastery of Whiteladies.[2]

Whiteladies was a Cistercian convent with a church dedicated to St. Leonard. The date of the foundation is uncertain, but from the fact that Emma de Pulverbatch, having granted a virgate of land in Beobridge to the White Nuns of Brewood, made over the remainder in 1186 to Haughmond Abbey, it is concluded that it must have been founded at least as early as 1185. Once founded, it soon acquired property, and members of rich and powerful families sought a shelter within its walls. King John granted to it a weir on the Severn near Bridgnorth in 1212; and about 1291 the advowson of Mountford was also granted. In 1326 Elizabeth la Zouche with another escaped from the convent, but in 1332 the former made her confession before the Bishop of Lichfield in Brewood Church, and was readmitted. At the time of the dissolution in 1536 Margaret Stanford, the prioress, returned the gross annual value derived from demesne lands at Whiteladies, and rents in Salop, Staffordshire, and Notts at £31. 1s. 4d. Soon after the dissolution, at the west end of the ruined church was erected a half-timbered mansion, an engraving of which is to be found in Blount's *Boscobel*, ed. 1660. Of this building not a vestige remains, though some of its foundations can be traced in very dry weather. The owner or tenant of this house at one time was William Sheffington, son of Sir John Sheffington, Kt., Alderman of London. William Sheffington was buried in Tong Church in 1550, and is described

[1] Among the State Papers of 1672 there is a petition from Elizabeth, the widow of Francis Yates, for a pension on the ground of her late husband's services, which was granted.

[2] One of these byways is a hollow road dividing the Wrottesley and Patshull estates, and still known by the name of King Charles's Lane.

on his tablet as "of the White Ladies Esquire." His widow Jane, the daughter of James Levison, Esquire, married for her second husband "William Fowke, Gentleman," and for her third husband "Edward Giffard, Esquire," and died in 1572, as testified by a tablet in Brewood Church. At this house Charles and his friends arrived in the early hours of the morning of September 4th. The door was opened by George Penderel, who acted as servant, and Charles was taken into an inner parlour, where William and Richard Penderel were sent for by the Earl of Derby. On their arrival they transformed the king, by cutting off his hair and dressing him in woodman's guise, into Will Jones. His dress consisted of a jump and breeches of green coarse cloth, and a doeskin leather doublet belonging to Richard Penderel; an old grey hat with turned up brim, belonging to Humphrey Penderel, the miller; a coarse hempen shirt called an hurden or noggen, belonging to Edward Martin; a band of George Penderel's, and a pair of shoes of William Creswal. He was then led out by Richard Penderel by a back way into a retired part of the woods surrounding the house, called "Spring Coppice." The rest of the party galloped off towards Newport, but were overtaken close to Salter's Hill, where the majority were made prisoners. The Earl of Derby was beheaded. The Duke of Buckingham escaped. Lord Talbot lay hidden at Longford, near Newport. The Earls of Lauderdale and Cleveland were imprisoned in the Tower, and Charles Giffard, though taken prisoner, escaped from an inn at Banbury in Cheshire, and eventually found his way to Holland. The property of Whiteladies then belonged to a junior branch of the family of Giffard of Chillington.

In Domesday Chillington is reckoned among the possessions of William Fitz-Corbesun in Warwickshire; but by a deed dated about A.D. 1180 Peter Corbesun, the grandson of William Fitz-Corbesun, granted Chillington to Peter Giffard, his wife's nephew. At the date of this deed Peter Giffard had returned from Ireland, where he

had served under Strongbow, Richard Fitz-Gilbert, Earl of Clare. Margaret, the wife of Peter Corbeson, was a Giffard, and probably sister of a William Giffard, who was seneschal of Roger, Earl of Warwick. The Giffards of Chillington were probably descended from the Giffards of Fonthill, county Wilts, the third barony founded by the Giffards in England after the Conquest, as is shown by the fact that five of the Giffard witnesses out of the six to the three earliest Chillington deeds are members of the Fonthill barony. The arms of the Giffards of Chillington are three stirrups with their leathers, which is a version of the famous coat of the Scudamores. In the *Liber Niger*, or *Black Book of the Exchequer* (A.D. 1166), a Walter Giffard is recorded as holding one of Godfrey Scudamore's four knight's fees in Wiltshire. In all probability this Walter Giffard was the father or brother of Peter Giffard.

The head of the family at this time (1651) was a Peter Giffard, who, though over sixty-one years of age when the king raised his standard at Nottingham in 1642, converted Chillington into a garrison, and took the field in person with all his sons and nephews of a military age. But Chillington was reduced at an early stage of the war, and Peter was carried off prisoner to Stafford, and all his property was sequestrated. In 1650 he was returned as a papist in arms, and in 1652 his lands were all forfeited, and most of them leased or sold. Charles Giffard, the guide to Whiteladies, was the youngest son of Peter. To him the king, "when he came to his own again," does not seem to have behaved illiberally.

Charles Giffard married the widow of Sir Joseph Coulster, whose son Charles was one of the students of St. Omer sent over in 1679 by the superior of the college to testify to the infamous conduct of Titus Oates whilst in that seminary. The first of the Giffards to live at Whiteladies was Edward, the second son of Sir Thomas (1491–1560). Sir Thomas married for his second wife Ursula, daughter of Robert Throckmorton of Coughton ; and we find that in

1595 Edward Giffard purchased from Thomas Throckmorton and Margaret his wife the property of the Whiteladies. Edward married for a second wife Frances, the eldest daughter and heir of Bartholomew Skerne of London, his first wife being Joan Leveson. He died in 1606, and in Ashmole's time there was a tomb to him in Brewood Church. Mistress Frances Giffard was buried at Brewood in 1625. Edward left a son John; and, as his mother resided at Whiteladies, John built a house for himself hard by, which also might serve as a hiding-place for Roman recusants. Many of these "priest-holes" were designed by the priest Brother Nicholas Owen, nicknamed "Little John." To the house-warming feast John Giffard invited, among others, Sir Basil Brooke, whom he asked to give a name to his new house. Sir Basil aptly called it Boscobel (*i.e. Bosco-bello*, "fair wood"), because it was situated in the midst of many beautiful woods. John Giffard married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Poyntz of Iron Acton, county Gloucester, and widow of John Pennye of East Coker, county Somerset, and had four daughters, Frances, Dorothy, Philippa, and another. Of these the last three died unmarried, and Frances, who married John, son and heir of Thomas Cotton, of Gidding Abbots, county Hunts, Esquire, was the sole survivor.

When Charles arrived at Whiteladies the occupants of the house were Dorothy, widow of John Giffard, to whom the house belonged, and who "brought his Majesty some sack and biscuit"; Charles Giffard, who had acted as guide; George Penderel, servant, and his brother John, "a kind of woodward there"; a Mrs. Anna Andrew, who took care of the king's clothes; Edward and Bartholomew Martin, and an old priest named Walker. The king had not been an hour in the wood before a troop of the enemy's horse came to Whiteladies and inquired if some of the king's horse and the king himself had not passed that way, and if they could give any information. The reply was made that about three hours ago a party of horse had called there, and so, after asking about the route, the enemy followed in pursuit.

Boscobel House.

In a secluded part of Spring Coppice Charles spent the greater part of the day, under one of the thickest trees. It was raining, and he was protected by a blanket brought him by Margaret Yates, sister to Richard Penderel's wife. Margaret was the wife of Francis Yates, who lived at Langley Lawn at a farm close to Spring Coppice. She also brought him a mess of eggs, milk, and sugar, part of which he ate, and gave the rest to George Penderel. When it was dark, the king, with Richard, George, and Humphrey Penderel, and Francis Yates, went to Richard's house at Hubbal Grange, where he passed as "William Jones," a wood-cutter.[1] With Richard lived his mother Jane, who came to see the king before he departed, and blessed God that her sons would be, as she hoped, instruments of his deliverance. The king ate his supper of bacon and eggs, and nursed Richard's youngest daughter, Ann, who afterwards married one John Rogers. Francis Yates offered the king thirty shillings, of which the king took ten shillings, and then left with Richard to go to Madeley, in hope of being able to cross the Severn, and escape into Wales with the aid of Mrs. Francis Wolfe.

From Hubbal Grange the king and his companion went through the village of Tong till they reached Evelith Mill, where they had to cross a brook by a wooden bridge. Owing to the gate, which they had to open, making a noise, the trusty miller came forth, cudgel in hand, and demanded: "Who goes there?" Richard thereupon leaped off the bridge into the stream, followed by the king, who, as it was dark, could only be guided by the rattling of Richard's leathern breeches. As a matter of fact the miller had concealed in his mill some loyalist soldiers, and thought the new comers were Parliamentarians come to search for his

[1] All that remains of Hubbal Grange is a little old brick and timber homestead in the parish of Tong. The greater part of the Grange was pulled down early in the last century. It was the grange or farm of Blackladies, a convent of the Benedictine Nuns, dedicated to the B.V.M., situated three miles from Whiteladies, on the left of the road leading from Bishopswood to Brewood.

guests. On the farther side of the valley they ran up a deep and very dirty lane. They then passed through the village of Kemberton and arrived at Mr. Wolfe's house at Madeley. Charles waited in a field under a tree while Richard entered the house to ask for help and protection. This was readily granted, but owing to the hiding-holes of the house being known, all the shelter he could afford was a barn now used as a malt-house. They also were informed that the river Severn was strictly guarded and the ferry-boats secured, so that there was no alternative but to retrace their steps. They remained in the barn through the night of Thursday and the whole of Friday, and on the night of September 5th, guided by Mr. Wolfe's maid for the first mile, they went back first to Whiteladies, where John Penderel told them that Lord Wilmot had found refuge at Moseley and that Colonel Carlesse was in hiding at Boscobel, and then on to Boscobel.[1] Leaving Charles in the wood, Richard quickly brought out Carlesse to him, who was rejoiced to find the king in such safe hands. The three then returned to the house, and William's wife, seeing the state of the king's feet, took off his stockings, cut the blisters and bathed his feet. After partaking of a meal, at Carlesse's suggestion they concealed themselves in the wood in preference to the house, as it was now daylight.

Boscobel, built by John Giffard, has undergone many changes. Until the year 1790, there was at the east angle of the house a semicircular projection containing the staircase, as seen in the engraving in Shaw's *Staffordshire* and the *Gentleman's Magazine* of February 1809. A new staircase was constructed, the principal entrance removed, and the land in front of the house laid out as a pleasure garden. After

---

[1] According to *Boscobel Tracts*, it was the old priest Walker, with John Penderel, who lived at Whiteladies, who took Wilmot first to the house of Mr. Huntbach at Brinsford, in the parish of Coven. Mr. Huntbach's sister Margery married Sir William Dugdale, the celebrated Warwickshire antiquarian. There is no trace of the house left.

the death of Dorothy Giffard, widow of John, the property devolved on the sole surviving daughter, Frances Cotton. Her husband John died before 1654, and they had an only daughter Jane, who married Basil Fitzherbert of Norbury and Swynnerton. Their descendant, Thomas Fitzherbert, sold the property in 1812 to Mr. Walter Evans of Darley House, Derby. It was purchased for his daughters, and Miss Frances Evans was the owner of Boscobel till her death in 1873, when it passed into the possession of her elder sister, Miss Elizabeth Evans, who also owned Whiteladies. On her death it devolved on her nephew, Sir Thomas W. Evans, and is now the property of the Rev. Canon Carr, whose mother was a Miss Evans.

As you enter the house you go up a few steps into a "parlour" or "music room," which was made out of an outbuilding a century ago. The room is wainscoted, but the panels are painted. Over the chimney-piece is a portrait of Charles II., supposed to be an early copy of Sir Godfrey Kneller's original picture, purchased in London by a brother of Miss Evans. On the chimney-piece are three representations of Charles II., the one representing him coming to Boscobel; the middle one showing Charles in the oak, and three soldiers on horseback passing under the tree; and the third represents Charles leaving Boscobel accompanied by the Penderels and Francis Yates. These were designed by the sister of the Misses Evans, the late Mrs. Edmund Carr. From the "parlour" a door to the left leads up a few steps into an oratory known as "the King's study," where hangs a picture of Cromwell. Upstairs, on the first floor, are two bedrooms close together. The first, known as "the Squire's bedroom," has a door which was once a sliding panel opening into a recess in the large chimney stack, which runs from the bottom of the house to the top. The recess measures about 5 feet across, and a trap door in the floor gives access to the hiding-hole, from which, by means of steps, it was possible to descend and pass through a door into the garden. Opposite

this bedroom, a short staircase leads to an upper room or garret, called by Blount "a gallery." In this room, just above the staircase and close to the window, there is a loose piece of board in the floor, and by lifting up this THE HOLE ($3\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide and 5 feet 2 inches deep) may be seen. A short ladder enables the visitor to descend, and to realise how uncomfortable it must have been. Dr. Stukeley, who visited Boscobel in 1713, refers to the garret as "the Popish chapel." Close to the house in the garden is a mound on which is a summer-house, where was a stone table with seats about it. There seems to have been another stone table in the wood, which at the end of the eighteenth century was removed, and stood up against the side of the house. Two portions of one or the other of these stone tables may still be seen, as one forms the threshold of the door by which you enter the house from the garden, and the other is placed under the wicket gate which leads from the garden into the field, where stands the Royal Oak. A Latin inscription in white pebbles, on a ground formed by dark pebbles, may be seen in front of the house. It was placed there after Mr. Evans had purchased the property, and his daughter, the late Mrs. Edmund Carr, herself put in the white pebbles.

But to return to the narrative of events. It was about three o'clock on Saturday morning when Richard and the king came to Boscobel and met Colonel Carlesse. When it was light they went out into the wood and determined to take shelter in a tree. A thick-leaved oak was chosen which had been lopped three or four years before, and now being grown again was bushy. Into this, by the aid of William and Richard and a wood ladder, the two got. Two cushions were then handed up, and the king, after all his travels, fell fast asleep with his head on the Colonel's lap. When he woke up he was hungry, and the Colonel produced some bread and cheese and beer which had been provided by the thoughtful "Dame Joan," William's wife. Meanwhile Richard had gone to Wolverhampton, some

seven miles distant, to buy provisions. In the evening they came down from the tree and entered the house. On that day Humphrey Penderel had been to Shifnal to pay a Captain Broadway some taxes, where he was interrogated by a Colonel of the rebels, who told him that the penalty for concealing the king was death, and that a reward of one thousand pounds was offered to any one who would discover him. This he told the king on his return. On that night "my Dame Joan" had provided some chickens for supper, and a pallet was placed in one of the hiding-places. According to Blount it was "the priest's hole." He rose early in the morning and walked in the gallery, where he spent some time in devotions, and through a window of which he could see the road from Tong to Brewood. On being asked on Saturday what he would like for dinner, he expressed a wish for some mutton, whereupon the Colonel slew a sheep belonging to a farmer named William Staunton, who rented some of the demesnes of Boscobel. When the mutton was cold a leg was brought into the parlour, whereupon the king, asking for a frying pan and some butter, cut off and fried some collops. Meanwhile John Penderel was sent to Moseley to the house of Mr. Whitgreave, where Lord Wilmot was hiding, to tell him that the king intended to join him that night. On arriving at Moseley he found Lord Wilmot had gone to Bentley, whereupon he told Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston of the king's intention, and so the three went off to Bentley to arrange for Lord Wilmot to return and meet the king at Moseley that night. Soon after dusk on Sunday evening, September 7th, the king, after taking leave of Colonel Carlesse, who afterwards escaped to France, mounted on Humphrey's mill horse, "the dull jade," and attended by the band of brothers and Francis Bates, set off for Moseley, where he arrived safely.

With regard to the present oak, while there are to be found some who still believe in its being the identical tree which gave shelter to a king, there are others

who maintain that it is a successor grown from one of its acorns.

The question of the age of the tree seems to depend greatly on the generally recognised rate of growth of oak trees (if there is one), as so many of the authorities quoted seem to have written from hearsay, as, for instance, in Evelyn's *Silva*. Basil Fitzherbert erected a brick wall round it in 1677 with an inscription over the gate on a blue stone in golden letters. Portions of this inscription were found in 1812 among the grass on the mound by the Rev. Joseph Dale, curate of Donnington. This inscription was replaced by another in 1787; and in 1817 iron palisades took the place of the brick wall. The tree is of no mean dimensions and bears indications of numerous branches having been lopped off its sides. The girth of the tree one foot from the ground, had increased by half an inch between 1881 and 1889, the girth being in 1881 fourteen feet.

Of the many annuities granted by Charles on his accession only those remain to-day which were to be paid to the survivors of the Penderel family and Elizabeth, the widow of Francis Yates. An annual sum of £45 1. 6s. 7½d., to be payable out of fee-farm rents in the counties of Stafford, Worcester, and Salop, was to be administered by Sir Walter Wrottesley, Mr. Richard Congreve, and Mr. John Giffard—with the survivor of the three and his heirs to continue the trust. As Mr. Giffard was the survivor, W. T. C. Giffard, Esq., is now sole trustee. There are now fifteen recipients of the annuities, seven of whom trace their descent from the eldest son William.

Colonel William Careless had his home at Bromhall in the parish of Brewood. In 1556 a Thomas Carles was tenant at Bromhall. In 1539 Richard and William Carles appear in the muster roll among the Chillington tenants. The Colonel was buried at Brewood on May 28, 1689, and from a tablet erected to his son's memory at Fulham we learn that he had two sons, Thomas (1643–1668), and

William, who entered the Jesuits' College at Rome and assumed the name of Dorrington. He died in 1679. By royal command the name was altered to Carlos and a coat of arms granted with the motto, "Subditus fidelis regis et regni salus."

The following are a list of the principal authorities quoted in the foregoing: *Boscobel Tracts*, Hughes; Blount's *Boscobel; The Flight of the King*, Allan Fea, 2nd ed.; *History of the Giffards*, *Historical Collections*, *Staffordshire*, vol. v. n.s.; *Boscobel*, Rev. H. G. De Bunsen; *Brewood*, W. Parke and J. H. Smith; *History of Tong and Boscobel*, W. H. Griffiths.

LICHFIELD AND DR. JOHNSON

By J. T. Raby

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in the commanding house and shop overlooking the market square at Lichfield. His father was Michael Johnson, "a citizen of credit and renown," who came with his brother, Andrew Johnson, from Cubley in Derbyshire, a village about five and a half miles south of Ashbourne, and a similar distance north-east of Uttoxeter. These two brothers were the sons of William and Katharine Johnson, who lived at Cubley for some years, but it does not appear to have been the ancestral home of the family, the registers neither recording the baptism of the father nor the burial of husband or wife. Boswell says Michael Johnson served his apprenticeship at Leek, and that he was followed to Lichfield by a love-sick maiden, who took lodgings opposite to him, pined and died of unrequited affection, and was buried in the cathedral. To her, it is said, Michael Johnson paid posthumous honours by placing a tombstone over her grave inscribed: "Here lies the body of Mrs. Elizabeth Blaney, a Stranger; she departed this Life, 20th of September, 1694." This romantic story, however, has been utterly demolished by Mr. Aleyn Lyell Reade in his recent work on *The Reades of Blackwood Hill* and *Johnson's Ancestry*. Elizabeth Blaney is proved to have belonged to a family of good position, who had suffered reverses of fortune, and acted as companion or help in the household of a grandson of Archdeacon Hinton of Coventry for over five years before her death, and

Michael Johnson is shown to have been settled at Lichfield for at least eleven years before the event which is recorded to have had such a romantic ending. There is, moreover, some ground for believing that Elizabeth Blaney was a distant relative of the Johnsons, and it is certain that Michael and Andrew Johnson acted as appraisers of her goods under her will. Boswell evidently derived his story from a communication by John Nichols, dated February 5, 1785, to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, wherein he gave some particulars of Dr. Johnson's early life, supplied by "a friend." "The friend," as told elsewhere, was Miss Anna Seward, "The Swan of Lichfield," and it seems to have had little or no foundation in fact, although it has held the field for more than a century. In all probability it arose from the true story of Michael Johnson's disappointment in love which Mr. Reade's recent investigations have revealed. On December 30, 1686, Michael Johnson, of the city of Lichfield, bachelor, was licensed to marry Mary Neyld of Derby, spinster. William Grimley of Lichfield, dyer, stood surety; but the marriage did not take place at any of the then existing churches in Derby, and as Michael Johnson was up to 1692 described as a bachelor, it is safe to conclude that the marriage never took place at all. There is good reason for believing that Mary Neyld, or Neild, was the daughter of one Luke Neild, a prominent tradesman of the town, who was at one time churchwarden of All Saints, and generally seems to have been looked upon as a man of some local importance. She eventually married, according to her father's will, one James Warner, and herein we have the love-tragedy of Michael Johnson's life. It is this which, in all likelihood, explains the "vile melancholy" which Boswell says he transmitted to his son, and which accounts for his failure, noted by the latter in his *Annals*, to derive perfect happiness from the society of his wife. There was in Michael Johnson, as Boswell records, "a mixture of that disease, the nature of which eludes the most minute enquiry, though the effects are well known to be a weariness of

life, an unconcern about those things which agitate the greater part of mankind, and a general sensation of gloomy wretchedness." The explanation was, as he suggests, to be found in a love-tragedy; but Michael Johnson well kept his secret from his family and his friends. The gossips of the day evidently thought, with "The Swan of Lichfield," that it had to do with some love-sick girl who followed him from his home to Lichfield; but time, and the discovery of the marriage license, show it to have been a tragedy of maturer years—to have been connected with Mary Neyld of Derby, and not Elizabeth Blaney of Leek.

The earliest date at which Michael Johnson can be connected with Lichfield is January 29, 1682–83, when a license was issued for a marriage between Robert Rowley of Uttoxeter, Staffs, aged twenty-five, and Anne Needham of Rocester aged twenty-five; the marriage to take place at Rocester. *Michael Johnson, of the city of Lichfield, bookbinder, stood surety.* It is interesting to note that he is here described only as a bookbinder, a trade to which it seems probable he had served his apprenticeship, whether at Leek or elsewhere, and upon which he first embarked at Lichfield. Evidently at that early date he had not started bookselling. Michael Johnson's friend, or perhaps relative, was Robert Rowley of Denstone Hall, Rocester, who died about the beginning of 1715, leaving a widow, Anne, and a large family. The next date at which Michael Johnson's name is found connected with Lichfield is December 15, 1687, when his name occurs in a list of those who promised to contribute towards the re-casting of the cathedral bells. The sum he promised was ten shillings, and as this would be a very respectable sum for a tradesman to contribute for such a purpose in those days, it is probable he was then firmly established in the city and had a good connection. On February 16, 1690, Michael Johnson stood surety for the administration of the estate of the late Rev. Thomas Adderley, vicar of Eccleshall, and in or about 1692 his name appears in a Harleian MS., 7022: "An Abstract of the Names of the

Samuel Johnson.

City and County of Lichfield." The entry is given relative to Sadler's Row, Market Street, where Michael lived, thus:—

Michaell Johnson, Batchelor, 36 yrs., 00 01 00.
Andrew Johnson, widd^{r}, 32.
Symon Martin, app^{ce}, 16.
Ann Deakin, serv^{t}, 27.

Only once after do the names of Michael and Andrew Johnson appear together, and that was on February 11, 1694–95, when they acted as appraisers of the goods under the will of Elizabeth Blaney, as previously recorded. Michael Johnson's apprentice, Simon Martin, was no doubt a relative of the Simon Martin who was junior bailiff of Lichfield in 1684, and who in 1661 had contributed one pound towards an armed force for the service of Charles II. and the defence of Lichfield.

Somewhere about this period Michael and Andrew Johnson parted company. Michael continued the business at Lichfield, and Andrew married a second time, and established a like business at Birmingham, where he settled and continued to live up to his death, more than thirty years after. It is a point of great interest in connection with the career of Andrew Johnson that his name appears on the title-page of the first book known to have been published in Birmingham, a remarkable fact which has been unearthed by the assiduity of Mr. W. H. Bickley, and first recorded by Mr. A. L. Reade in his book. The title of this work is as follows:—

A | Discourse | concerning | Church - Communion | wherein is shewed (etc., etc., etc.) And also A | Discourse | wherein is shewed, | That the Church of England does | not teach for Doctrines the Command | ments of Men | By a Divine of the Church of England | London, | Printed by J. Downing, for Andrew Johnson, | Bookseller in Birmingham, 1702.

The volume is a small one of 140 pages, measuring 6¼ inches by 3¾ inches, and consists of two sermons preached in Birmingham by Abraham Jeacocke, the first on March 30 and April 6, 1701, and the second on June 1, 1701. There is a dedicatory epistle "To his Loving Friends and Parishioners, the Inhabitants of Birmingham." It appears that "Jeacocke was minister of Deritend Chapel. Previously (1694–97) he was assistant master of Birmingham School, and in 1712 was appointed the second master; he afterwards removed to, and died at, Gnosall, Staffordshire, leaving Richard Banner of Birmingham his executor."

As already said, Michael Johnson remained at Lichfield carrying on the business of bookbinder and bookseller, and paying visits on market days to Birmingham, Uttoxeter, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and other neighbouring towns. He thus became well known throughout the Midlands. After his visit to Trentham in 1716, the Rev. George Plaxton, at that time chaplain to Lord Gower, in an oft-quoted letter, placed it on record that "Johnson, the Litchfield Librarian, . . . propagates learning all over this diocese and advanceth knowledge to its just height; all the Clergy here are his Pupils, and suck all they have from him." As a citizen of Lichfield Michael Johnson filled almost all the offices of distinction in the city. He was churchwarden of St. Mary's in 1688, sheriff in 1709, elected a magistrate and brother of the Incorporation in 1712, junior bailiff in 1718, and senior bailiff in 1725. It was while he was sheriff of the city that the son, destined to add so much lustre to it, was born; and on the day that he was born Samuel Johnson was baptized. The event is thus recorded in the registers of St. Mary's Church:—

"September, 1709.
"Bapt. Sam., son of Michael Johnson, gent., 7."

That was September 7 according to the old style, and with the eleven days added at the rearrangement of the calendar in 1752, became September 18 in the new style.

It was very remarkable that Samuel Johnson should have been born and baptized on the same day, and neither Boswell nor any other writer has satisfactorily explained the circumstance. Samuel Johnson himself has afforded the only clues. When, a few days before his death, he burnt his papers, some fragments of his *Annals* fortunately escaped the flames. One of these was never seen by Boswell, but it was published in 1805 under the title of "An Account of the Life of Samuel Johnson, from his Birth to his Eleventh Year, written by Himself, to which are added Original Letters to Dr. Samuel Johnson by Miss Hill Boothby. From the MSS. preserved by the Doctor, and now in the possession of Richard Wright, surgeon, proprietor of the Museum of Antiquities, Natural and Artificial Curiosities, &c., Lichfield." The museum has long since been dispersed, and the little volume is now very scarce, but two copies have been very happily secured for the birthplace. To this book we are indebted for the explanation of the facts concerning the birth and baptism of Samuel Johnson on the same day. Under the date of "September 7, 1709," Johnson, in this scrap of autobiography, says:—

"I was born at Lichfield. My mother had a very difficult and dangerous labour, and was assisted by George Hector, a man-midwife of great reputation. I was born almost dead, and could not cry for some time. When he had me in his arms he said: 'Here is a brave boy.' In a few weeks an inflammation was discovered on my buttock, which was at the first, I think, taken for a burn; but soon appeared to be a natural disorder. It swelled, broke, and healed.

"My father being that year Sheriff of Lichfield, and to ride the circuit of the county next day, which was a ceremony then performed with great pomp, he was asked by my mother 'Whom he would invite to the Riding?' and answered 'All the town now.' He feasted the citizens with uncommon magnificence, and was the last but one that maintained the splendour of the Riding.

"I was by my father's persuasion put to one Marclew, commonly called Bellison, the servant, or wife of a servant, of my father, to be nursed in George Lane, where I used to call when I was a bigger boy, and eat fruit in the garden, which was full of trees. Here it was discovered that my eyes were bad; and an issue was cut in my left arm, of which I took no notice, as

I think my mother has told me, having my little hand in a custard. [How long this issue was continued I do not remember. I believe it was suffered to dry when I was about six years old.] It is observable that having been told of this operation, I always imagined that I remembered it, but I laid the scene in the wrong house. Such confusions of memory I suspect to be common.

"My mother visited me every day, and used to go different ways, that her assiduity might not expose her to ridicule; and often left her fan or glove behind her, that she might have a pretence to come back unexpected; but she never discovered any token of neglect. Dr. Swinfen told me that the scrofulous sores which afflicted me proceeded from the bad humours of the nurse, whose son had the same distemper, and was likewise short-sighted, but both in a less degree. My mother thought my diseases derived from her family.

"In ten weeks I was taken home, a poor diseased infant, almost blind.

"I remember my aunt, Nath. Ford, told me when I was about . . . years old, that she would not have picked such a poor creature up in the street.

"In . . . 67, when I was at Lichfield, I went to look for my nurse's house; and, inquiring somewhat obscurely, was told 'this is the house in which you were nursed.' I saw my nurse's son, to whose milk I succeeded, reading a large Bible, which my nurse had bought, as I was then told, sometime before her death.

"Dr. Swinfen used to say that he never knew any child reared with so much difficulty."

This narrative so full of interest, so quaint and so vivid, not only supplements what Boswell tells us of Johnson's early days, but affords incontestable evidence as to why Johnson should have been baptized on the same day that he was born, viz.: first, because of the great Sheriff's Ride to be conducted by his father on the day following his birth, and secondly, because he was a very delicate child and not likely to live. Happily the gloomy prognostications as to the shortness of Samuel Johnson's life proved illusive, and he lived for more than the allotted span of man, not dying until he had reached his seventy-fifth year.

Of his home and his parents Johnson again, in his youthful *Annals*, gives an interesting sidelight when writing of his second year:—

"In the second year (1710–11) I know not what happened to me. I believe it was then that my mother carried me to Trysul, to consult Dr. Atwood, an oculist of Worcester. My father and Mrs. Harriots, I think, never had much kindness for each other. She was my mother's relation; and

he had none so high to whom he could send any of his family. He saw her seldom himself, and willingly disgusted her by sending his horses from home on Sunday; which she considered, and with reason, as a breach of duty. My father had much vanity, which his adversity hindered from being fully exerted. I remember that, mentioning her legacy in the humility of distress, he called her *our good Cousin Harriots*. My mother had no value for his relations; those indeed whom we knew of were much lower than hers. This contempt began, I know not on which side, very early; but, as my father was little at home, it had not much effect.

"My father and mother had not much happiness from each other. They seldom conversed; for my father could not bear to talk of his affairs; and my mother, being unacquainted with books, cared not to talk of anything else. Had my mother been more literate, they had been better companions. She might have sometimes introduced her unwelcome topick with more success, if she could have diversified her conversation. Of business she had no distinct conception; and therefore her discourse was composed only of complaint, fear and suspicion. Neither of them ever tried to calculate the profits of trade, or the expenses of living. My mother concluded that we were poor, because we lost by some of our trades; but the truth was, that my father, having in the early part of his life contracted debts, never had trade sufficient to pay them, and maintain his family; he got something, but not enough.

"It was not till about 1768 that I thought to calculate the returns of my father's trade, and by that estimate his probable profits. This, I believe, my parents never did."

Dr. Johnson lived, as we shall see, to modify his early impressions; and it is hardly surprising that, on his death-bed, he wished these early *Annals* to be committed to the flames. To his parents he became the most dutiful and loving of sons, and to them he paid the highest and the most enduring honours.

Again, when writing of his third year, Dr. Johnson gives in his *Annals* some glimpse of his early training:—

"My father considered tea as very expensive, and discouraged my mother from keeping company with the neighbours, and from paying visits or receiving them. She lived to say, many years after, that, if the time were to pass again, she would not comply with such unsocial injunctions.

"I suppose that in this year I was first informed of a future state. I remember, that being in bed with my mother one morning, I was told by her of the two places to which the inhabitants of this world were received after death; one a fine place filled with happiness, called Heaven; the other a *sad* place, called Hell. That this account much affected my imagination I do not remember. When I was risen, my mother bade me repeat what she had told me to Thomas Jackson. When I told this afterwards to my mother she

seemed to wonder that she should begin such talk so late as that the first time could be remembered."

JOHNSON'S EARLY TRAINING AND TEACHERS.—This ends the story of Dr. Johnson's home-life as a child, for the *Annals* here intimate that: "There is a chasm of thirty-eight pages in the manuscript," and when next the narrative opens it is of his life at Lichfield Grammar School. What the thirty-eight pages destroyed contained is left to conjecture. We miss the visit to the cathedral to hear Dr. Sacheverel preach, but Miss Mary Adey supplies the deficiency. In a letter to Boswell, she says:—

"When Dr. Sacheverel was at Lichfield, Johnson was not quite three years old. My grandfather Hammond observed him at the cathedral perched upon his father's shoulders, listening and gaping at the much celebrated preacher. Mr. Hammond asked Mr. Johnson how he could possibly think of bringing such an infant to church, and in the midst of so great a crowd. He answered, because it was impossible to keep him at home; for, young as he was, he believed he had caught the publick spirit and zeal for Sacheverel, and would have staid for ever in the church, satisfied with beholding him."

Then we miss from the *Annals* any account of Dame Oliver's School, which was Johnson's first place of instruction, and which was situated in Dam Street, and at the corner of Quonian's Lane. These thoroughfares have retained their curious original names, and the school-room with the Dame's residence attached, and the boys' playground on the opposite side of the lane, are easily identified. Boswell comes to the rescue, and gives us the following account of Widow Oliver and her distinguished pupil:—

"He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children in Lichfield. He told me she could read the black letter, and asked him to borrow for her, from his father, a Bible in that character. When he was going to Oxford, she came to take leave of him, brought him, in the simplicity of her kindness, a present of gingerbread, and said he was the best scholar she ever had. He delighted in mentioning this early compliment, adding, with a smile, that, 'this was as high a proof of his merit as he could conceive.' His next instructor in English was a master, whom, when he spoke of him to me, he familiarly called Tom Brown, who said he 'published a spelling-book, and dedicated it to the UNIVERSE; but, I fear, no copy can now be had.'"

No copy of this spelling-book has been found; but quite recently "Tom Brown" has been satisfactorily identified. He was, it appears, Thomas Browne, a Lichfield shoemaker, who turned schoolmaster, in August 1717, the year of Johnson's entering Lichfield Grammar School. Browne was associated with the Olivers, who also were shoemakers. He was not exactly a poor man, yet after his death no literature was found in his house except a parcel of old books in the kitchen, valued at 5s.; and the schoolroom contained nothing but one table and an old chair.

Johnson entered Lichfield Grammar School in January 1717, when he was seven years of age, and remained there for eight years, when he had attained his fifteenth year. The school was then an unpretentious building of brick, and occupied the same site in St. John Street as that which was given up in 1903 when new premises were opened at Borrowcop. The old building had four gables, and, unlike the later one, consisted of one room only. This room was oak panelled, and contained massive oak desks for the scholars, and near each end raised ones for the ushers. In Johnson's time, and down to the middle of the nineteenth century, a conspicuous piece of furniture was the flogging-horse, a three-legged, rough-looking stool, over which delinquents leaned for castigation. The playground was smaller than in modern times, the wall of the house being continued to the school on the north side, while on the south a portion occupied by a shed was then a pathway separating the school premises from the property now occupied by the Girls' High School. Johnson began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or under-master, of the Lichfield Grammar School, "a man," said he, "very skilful in his little way, and reputed to be the son of a clerk to the parish of St. Mary." About two and a half years later Johnson came under Mr. John Hunter, the headmaster, a severe disciplinarian, who is described as "an odd mixture of the pedant and the sportsman," and

who "forgave any offence to a boy who would tell him where to find a covey of partridges." According to Johnson, Hunter "was very severe, and wrong-headedly severe." "He used," said he, "to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence, for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him." What a master! What a critic for a pupil! But Hunter was a good Latin scholar, and Johnson was obliged to confess that his severity was often needed even in his own case. "My master whipt me very well. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing." With every stroke of the birch came thundering down on the cowering victim's head the terrible words: "And this I do to save you from the gallows!" But Hunter had reason to be proud of his scholar; for Johnson was the undisputed intellectual monarch of the institution. His schoolfellows readily acknowledged his supremacy; so much so that three faithful slaves used to go every morning and *carry him to school*, which was no joke, for the future doctor had already begun to give no uncertain signs of the renowned bulk of body that was to be. It is recorded that he engaged very little in the ordinary sports of the boys, his only amusement being, in the winter time, to be pulled along the ice with a string tied round his body and guided by a barefooted lad running before him. When a lad only ten years old—in October 1719—he wrote in one of those diaries which he seems to have kept almost from his cradle: "Desidiæ valedixi; sirenis istius cantibus surdam posthac aurem obsersurus"—"I have said farewell to sloth, and mean henceforth to turn a deaf ear to her syren

strains." How manly the resolve—how truly prophetic of the man to be.

JOHNSON'S ACCOUNT OF HIS STUDIES AT LICHFIELD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—As already intimated Johnson stayed at Lichfield Grammar School for eight years, and in his *Annals* we have a vivid picture of the life there and the methods of teaching adopted in those days. Johnson says:—

"To learn *Quæ Genus* was to me always pleasing; and *As in Præsenti* was, I know not why, always disgusting.

"When we learned our Accidence we had no parts, but, I think, two lessons. The boys that came to school untaught read the Accidence twice through before they learned it by heart.

"When we learned *Propria quæ Maribus*, our parts were in the Accidence; when we learned *As in Præsenti*, our parts were in the Accidence and *Propria quæ Maribus*. When we learned the *Syntaxis*, in the former three, *Propria quæ Maribus* I could repeat without any effort of recollection. I used to repeat it to my mother and Tom Johnson; and remember, that I once went as far as the middle of the paragraph, *Mascula dicuntur monosyllaba*, in a dream.

"On Saturday, as on Thursday, we were examined. We were sometimes, on one of those days, asked our Catechism, but with no regularity or constancy.

"The progress of examination was this. When we learned *Propria quæ Maribus*, we were examined in the Accidence; particularly we formed verbs, that is, went through the same person in all the Moods and Tenses. This was very difficult to me; and I was once very anxious about the next day, when this exercise was to be performed, in which I had failed till I was discouraged. My mother encouraged me, and I proceeded better. When I told her of my good escape, 'We often,' said she, dear mother! 'come off best when we are most afraid.' She told me, that, once when she asked me about forming verbs, I said, 'I did not form them in an ugly shape.' 'You could not,' said she, 'speak plain; and I was proud that I had a boy who was forming verbs.' These little memorials soothe my mind. Of the parts of Corderius or Æsop, which we learned to repeat, I have not the least recollection, except of a passage in one of the Morals, where it is said of some man, that, when he hated another, he made him rich; this I repeated emphatically in my mother's hearing, who could never conceive that riches could bring any evil. She remarked it, as I expected.

"I had the curiosity, two or three years ago, to look over Garretson's Exercises, Willymot's Particles, and Walker's Exercises, and found very few sentences that I should have recollected if I had found them in any other books. That which is read without pleasure is not often recollected nor infixed by conversation, and therefore in a great measure drops from the

memory. Thus it happens that those who are taken early from school, commonly lose all that they had learned.

When we learned *As in Præsenti*, we parsed *Propria quæ Maribus* by Hool's Terminations; and when we learned *Syntaxis*, we parsed *As in Præsenti*, and afterwards *Quæ Genus*, by the same book; sometimes, as I remember, proceeding in order of the rules, and sometimes, particularly in *As in Præsenti*, taking words as they occurred in the Index.

"The whole week before we broke up, and the part of the week in which we broke up, were spent wholly, I know not why, in examination; and were therefore easy to both us and the master. The two nights before the vacation were free from exercise.

"This was the course of the school, which I remember with pleasure; for I was indulged and caressed by my master, and, I think, really excelled the rest.

"I was with Hawkins but two years, and perhaps four months. The time, till I had computed it, appeared much longer by the multitude of novelties which it supplied, and of incidents, then in my thoughts important, it produced. Perhaps it is not possible that any other period can make the same impression on the memory.

"In the spring of 1719, our class consisting of eleven—the number was always fixed in my memory, but one of the names I have forgotten—was removed to the upper school, and put under Holbrook, a peevish and ill-tempered man. We were removed sooner than had been the custom; for the headmaster, intent upon his boarders, left the town-boys long in the lower school. Our removal was caused by a reproof from the Town-Clerk; and Hawkins complained that he had lost half his profit. At this removal I cried. The rest were indifferent. My exercise in Garretson was somewhere about the Gerunds. Our places in Æsop and Helvicus I have totally forgotten.

"At Whitsuntide Mrs. Longworth brought me a 'Hermes Garretsoni' of which I do not remember that I ever could make much use. It was afterwards lost, or stolen, at school. My exercise was then in the end of the Syntax. Hermes furnished me with the word *inliciturus*, which I did not understand, but used it.

"This task was very troublesome to me; I made all the twenty-five exercises, others made but sixteen. I never showed all mine; five lay long after in a drawer in the shop. I made an exercise in a little time, and showed it to my mother; but the task being long upon me, she said, 'Though you could make an exercise in so short a time, I thought you would find it difficult to make them all as soon as you should.' . . . . . .

"In making, I think, the first exercise under Holbrook, I perceived the power of continuity of attention, of application not suffered to wander or pause. I was writing at the kitchen windows, as I thought alone, and turning my head saw Sally dancing. I went on without notice, and had finished almost without perceiving that any time had elapsed. This close attention I have seldom in my whole life obtained.

"In the upper school I first began to point my exercise, which we made noon's business. Of the method I have not so distinct a remembrance as of

the foregoing system. On Thursday morning we had a lesson, as on other mornings. On Thursday afternoon and on Saturday morning, we commonly made examples to the Syntax.

"We were soon raised from Æsop to Phædrus, and then said our repetition on Friday afternoon to Hunter. I remember the fable of the wolf and lamb, *to my draught—that I may drink*. At what time we began Phædrus, I know not. It was the only book which we learned to the end. In the latter part thirty lines were expected for a lesson. What reconciles masters to long lessons is the pleasure of tasking.

"Helvicus was very difficult: the dialogue *Vestitus*, Hawkins directed us to omit, as being one of the hardest in the book. As I remember, there was another upon food, and another upon fruits, which we began, and were ordered not to pursue. In the dialogue of Fruits, we perceived that Holbrook did not know the meaning of *Uvæ Crispæ*. That lesson gave us great trouble. I observed that we learned Helvicus a long time with very little progress. We learned it in the afternoon on Monday and Wednesday.

"Gladiolus Scriptorius—A little lapse, we quitted it. I got an English Erasmus. In Phædrus we tried to use the interpretation, but never attempted the notes. Nor do I remember that the interpretation helped us.

"In Phædrus we were sent up twice to the upper master to be punished. The second time we complained that we could not get the passage. Being told that we should ask, we informed him that we had asked, and that the assistant would not tell us."

Here Johnson's narrative ends. It is a story full of interest of his school days in Lichfield, and over a hundred years having elapsed since the publication of the *Annals*, will well repay perusal. During the last century there has been much controversy as to the schoolmasters of Johnson; and their identity had remained enshrouded in mystery up to the end of last year (1908). Then Sir Robert White-Thomson, a descendant of Hunter, caused a search to be made in the Episcopal Registers at Lichfield, and it resulted in the discovery that the Rev. John Hunter, on his appointment to the headmastership of Lichfield Grammar School in 1704, was described as M.A. of University College. This settles beyond dispute the question of Hunter's parentage and University. John, son of J. Hunter, of St. Alban's, Herts, *pauper*, matriculated from University College, Oxford, on November 7, 1691, aged seventeen; he took his B.A. degree in 1695 and his M.A. in 1700.

There was, as has been remarked, a certain appropriateness in Samuel Johnson, afterwards a devoted son of Oxford, receiving his early floggings from a member of that University. Holbrook was described by Johnson as "a peevish and ill-tempered man"; but Boswell says that Dr. Taylor, Prebendary of Westminster, told him that "he was one of the most ingenuous of men, best scholars, and best preachers of his age." This Holbrook was the Rev. Edward Holbrooke, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. in 1716, and his M.A. in 1721. He was incorporated at Oxford University on May 4, 1730. In 1744 he was appointed by the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield to the vicarage of St. Mary's. He died in 1772, leaving no issue. By his will, proved in that year, he left a guinea apiece to the Rev. Thomas Seward, and his wife, Elizabeth, as well as to the Rev. Samuel Martin and Anne, his wife, and to Christopher Astley. Mrs. Seward, Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Astley were the daughters of the Rev. John Hunter by his first wife, Miss Norton of Warwick.

When Johnson left the Lichfield Grammar School he was sent to Stourbridge School in Worcestershire, where he remained for something over a year. The change, however, was not agreeable to him. The master at Stourbridge School was a Mr. Wentworth, "a very able but an idle man," according to Johnson. He did not reverence his master, and the master in turn felt that he should get no honour by him. Said Johnson: "I had brought enough with me to carry me through; and all I should get at his school would be ascribed to my own labour, or to my former master." Accordingly he returned home, and spent the next two years in Lichfield in comparative idleness, with no settled plan in life, and in desultory and unsystematic studies. His reading was not confined to "light literature," as it is called, "not voyages and travels, but all literature, sir, all ancient writers, all manly." In truth he was amassing riches—lying in wait for the call which was to make itself distinctly heard by-and-bye, and which was

to lead to the career of usefulness and honour marked out for him.

JOHNSON'S PLAYMATES AND SCHOOLFELLOWS. — Amongst Johnson's schoolfellows at Lichfield were some whose friendship he retained throughout life. In his own form was Charles Congreve, who was afterwards chaplain to Archbishop Boulter, Swift's powerful adversary in Dublin. Congreve, in later years, became a confirmed valetudinarian, and in 1776 was living in London, looked after by an elderly woman, who encouraged him in drinking, until his conversation became quite "monosyllabic." When Johnson, at the last recorded visit, asked him what o'clock it was, that signal of departure "had so pleasing an effect on him that he sprang up to look at his watch like a greyhound bounding at a hare." But of all the Lichfield boys Johnson in after life was most intimate with, two especially are singled out, viz., the Rev. Dr. John Taylor and Mr. Edmund Hector. With Dr. John Taylor, who became Prebendary of Westminster, he maintained to the end a constant and friendly intercourse, and was frequently a visitor at his patrimonial estate at Ashbourne. On the death of Mrs. Johnson he sent off immediately to Dr. Taylor, who hastened to the summons, and did all that was possible to calm his friend's violent grief. When the year before his death he was stricken with palsy, he wrote at once to Taylor: "Let me see you as soon as possible"; and again on his death-bed it was his old friend and schoolfellow who read prayers to the dying man, and afterwards performed the funeral service over his grave in Westminster Abbey. Beyond what is contained in the *Annals* most of our knowledge of Johnson's school life is derived from Edmund Hector, who appears to have been the chosen companion of his early days. The two lads used, in their play hours, to saunter about the fields round Lichfield, and Hector was never tired of telling of his friend's moral influence with his comrades. Hector settled down in due

course as a surgeon in Birmingham, and Johnson was always delighted when he had an opportunity of seeing his old friend, whose sister, he told Boswell, was the first woman he ever loved, and to whom he addressed an affectionate message shortly before his death. Hector, who was about the same age as his friend, survived him nearly ten years, and died in 1794. Boswell mentions Dr. Robert James, the inventor of the fever powder, as another of Johnson's schoolfellows, but this seems open to question as James was his senior by eight years. If they were schoolfellows it could only have been for a short time, but they were without doubt on intimate terms, and according to Mrs. Thrale, James knew the history of his friend's early life better than any one. It was probably by him that Johnson was introduced to John Newbery, the publisher, at whose house he must first have met Oliver Goldsmith. Another Lichfield schoolfellow, Lowe, had the reputation among the boys of being the only pupil who was as good a scholar as Johnson. Lowe took orders and eventually became a canon of Windsor. Of a Joseph Simpson we hear something, through a casual mention by Johnson half a century later. He was a barrister, and not wanting in ability, but fell into a dissipated life, and lost his practice. A tragedy from his pen, called *The Patriot*, was published as the work of Johnson, the year after its author's death. Mr. Jackson, a schoolfellow whose career was not more successful than Simpson's, dined with Johnson and Boswell at the Three Crowns Inn at Lichfield in 1776, and "seemed to be a low man, dull and untaught. He had a coarse grey coat, black waistcoat, greasy leather breeches, and a yellow uncurled wig; and his countenance had the ruddiness which betokens one who is in no haste to 'leave his can.' He drank only ale. He had tried to be a cutler at Birmingham, but had not succeeded; and now he lived poorly at home, and had some scheme of dressing leather in a manner better than common." Such were some of the schoolfellows of Johnson, and tradition has it that they sat

at the same upper form in the large room on the ground floor of the old Grammar School House in St. John Street, now (1909) occupied by Alderman H. M. Morgan, J.P., Mayor of Lichfield, himself an *alumni* of the school.

HIS CAREER AT OXFORD AND RETURN HOME.—At the age of nineteen Johnson left Lichfield for Oxford University, and was entered a commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, on October 31, 1728. His father accompanied him to Oxford, and in presenting his son to the University magnates was loud in the praises of his boy. His career at the University, however, came to a sad and sudden close, all too soon. Poverty overtook old Michael Johnson at Lichfield, and he was compelled, in the autumn of 1731, to discontinue altogether the scanty remittances he had made to his son at Oxford. For just over three years the youth had been at the University, and just when hopes were at the highest and prospects of the brightest, he was obliged to return home, without a degree, and with little or no means to face the world. In December of the same year his father died at the age of seventy-six, and Samuel Johnson was confronted with the darkest despair. The following note in one of Samuel's diaries, dated July 15, 1732, gives some idea of the state of poverty in which the father died :—

"I laid by 11 guineas on this day, when I received £20, all that I have reason to hope for out of my father's effects, previous to the death of my mother; an event which I pray God may be very remote. I now, therefore, see that I must make my own fortune. Meanwhile, let me take care that the powers of my mind be not debilitated by poverty, and that indigence do not force me into any criminal act."

This was the turning-point in Samuel Johnson's career. In his life it was the darkness that preceded the dawn. Visions of London, which were always visions of hope in those days to such men, had often flitted before Johnson's imagination; and during a residence of two years in Birmingham he fell in with an Irish painter, who had spent

several years in the Metropolis, and who gave fixity of purpose to his otherwise wild and bewildering expectations. The London of his dreams was rapidly advancing to become the London of fact. There in Birmingham, too, while living with Mr. Hector, he met his future wife, and commenced that strange and curious courtship which resulted in his romantic and remarkable marriage to Mrs. Elizabeth Porter.

Johnson was married on July 9, 1735, at St. Werburgh's Church, Derby, whither he and his bride, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, rode on horseback, and which ride the bridegroom has immortalised by his own inimitable narrative: "Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and, when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she would not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did I observed her to be in tears." Truly a remarkable ride, and a fascinating story!

LICHFIELD SOCIETY IN JOHNSON'S DAY.—The position of the widowed mother at Lichfield naturally attracts attention, and may be considered in connection with the society to be found in Lichfield in Johnson's day. From the *Gentleman's Magazine* of October 1829, we get the best glimpse of the widow and the shop in the Market Square at this juncture. It says :—

"After her husband's decease, Johnson's mother continued the business, though, of course, on a more contracted scale. Among the names of the subscribers to the *Harleian Miscellany* there occurs that of 'Sarah Johnson, Bookseller, in Lichfield.' The humble nature of her establishment may be gathered from a passage in Miss Seward's correspondence where she says of Lucy Porter: 'From the age of twenty she boarded in Lichfield with Dr. Johnson's mother, who still kept that bookseller's shop by which her husband supplied the scanty

Dr. Johnson's Chair.

means of existence. Meantime, Lucy kept the best company of our little city, but would make no engagement on market days, lest Granny, as she called Mrs. Johnson, should catch cold by serving in the shop. There Lucy took her place standing behind the counter, nor thought it a disgrace to thank a poor person who purchased from her a penny battledoor.'"

This is a touching and pathetic picture, and it should endear the old shop to all Johnsonians. And who constituted "the best company of the little city" at that period —who were the people amongst whom Johnson and his step-daughter, Lucy Porter, found their friends and companions? They were without doubt the best families of the place. Dr. Samuel Swinfen, his godfather, was still living. Johnson was a welcome guest at the house of the Hon. Henry Hervey, then a cornet of dragoons, who had married Catherine, elder sister of Sir Thomas Aston. Mrs. Garrick, the mother of David Garrick, was settled with her family at Lichfield, during the absence of her husband on foreign service. Her "dear life," as she calls him in her letters, remained with his regiment at Gibraltar till 1736, and after an absence of five years came home to pass a few happy months only, and then to die. Other friends were Mr. John Levett, one of the Wichnor family, who was elected M.P. for Lichfield in 1761; Mr. Gilbert Walmesley, registrar of the Prerogative Court at Lichfield, one of Johnson's staunchest patrons and friends, who a few years later married Mrs. Hervey's sister; George, subsequently Lord Lyttelton, Johnson's supposed rival in the good graces of Molly Aston, was also, according to Percy, sometimes in the neighbourhood; Ashbourne, where the Rev. John Taylor lived, was not far off; and there were the Hickmans (relatives of his mother), the Meynells of Bradley, the Dyotts of Freeford, and other families, whom he occasionally visited. There is some doubt as to when he first knew the Astons. Croker thinks the acquaintance could hardly at this time have commenced, as he supposes it was made through Gilbert Walmesley, who was not married to Magdalen Aston till 1736. But Johnson was

by that time himself married, and it is more than probable that he first met them at the house of their brother-in-law, Henry Hervey, whose regiment arrived in Lichfield about the end of 1732. Johnson had a great admiration for one of the sisters, Molly Aston, who, he said, was "a beauty and a scholar, a wit and a Whig," and who in after years he declared to be the "loveliest creature I ever saw." When the Thrales asked him what was the happiest period of his life, he replied: "It was that year in which I spent one whole evening with Molly Aston; that, indeed, was not happiness, it was rapture; but the thought of it sweetened many a year." With two other sisters of Mrs. Hervey—Mrs. Elizabeth Aston and Mrs. Gastrell—who eventually settled at Stowe Hill, Lichfield, Johnson remained on intimate terms till his death. Molly Aston became the wife of a Captain Brodie of the Navy, but all trace of her seems lost, and there is no record of her ever meeting her old admirer after her marriage.

The Rev. Samuel Hay Parker, chaplain to the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, and curate of Bishopton, gives some interesting reminiscences of Johnson and his visits to his native city, related to him by his mother, who was brought up by Sir Thomas and Lady Aston. They were contributed to *Johnsoniana*, published in 1836, and are as follow:—

"Dr. Johnson's friendship for Mrs. Elizabeth Aston commenced at the Palace in Lichfield, the residence of Mr. Walmesley; with Mrs. Gastrell he became acquainted in London, at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Hervey. During the Doctor's annual visits to his daughter-in-law, Lucy Porter, he spent much of his time at Stow-Hill, when Mrs. Gastrell and Mrs. Elizabeth Aston resided. . . . Mrs. Gastrell was on a visit at Mr. Hervey's, in London, at the time that Johnson was writing *The Rambler:* the printer's boy would often come after him to their house, and wait while he wrote off a paper for the press in a room full of company. A great portion of the *Lives of the Poets* was written at Stow-Hill: he had a table by one of the windows, which was frequently surrounded by five or six ladies engaged in work or conversation. Mrs. Gastrell had a very valuable edition of Bailey's Dictionary, to which she often referred. She told him that Miss Seward said

Stowe Hill, Lichfield.

that he had made poetry of no value by his criticism. 'Why, my dear lady,' replied he, 'if silver is dirty, it is not the less valuable for a good scouring.' A large party had one day been invited to meet the Doctor at Stow-Hill: the dinner party waited far beyond the usual hour, and the company were about to sit down, when Johnson appeared at the great gate; he stood for some time in deep contemplation, and at length began to climb it, and, having succeeded in clearing it, advanced with hasty strides towards the house. On his arrival Mrs. Gastrell asked him 'if he had forgotten that there was a small gate for foot passengers by the side of the carriage entrance.' 'No, my dear lady, by no means,' replied the Doctor; 'but I had a mind to try whether I could climb a gate now as I used to do when I was a lad.' One day Mrs. Gastrell set a little girl to repeat to him Cato's 'Soliloquy,' which she went through very correctly. The Doctor, after a pause, asked the child, 'What was to bring Cato to an end?' She said it was a knife. 'No, my dear, it was not so.' 'My aunt Polly said it was a knife.' 'Why, Aunt Polly's knife *may do*, but it was a *dagger*, my dear.' He then asked her the meaning of 'bane and anecdote,' which she was unable to give. Mrs. Gastrell said, 'You cannot expect so young a child to know the meaning of such words.' He then said, 'My dear, how many pence are there in *sixpence?*' 'I cannot tell, sir,' was the half-terrified reply. On this, addressing himself to Mrs. Gastrell, he said, 'Now, my dear lady, can anything be more ridiculous than to teach a child Cato's Soliloquy, who does not know how many pence there are in sixpence?' The ladies at Stow-Hill would occasionally rebuke Dr. Johnson for the indiscriminate exercise of his charity to all who applied for it. 'There was that woman,' said one of them, 'to whom you yesterday gave half-a-crown, why, she was at church to-day in long sleeves and ribbons.' 'Well, my dear,' replied Johnson, 'and if it gave the woman pleasure, why should she not wear them?'"

For many of his particulars of Edmund Smith in the *Lives of the Poets*, Johnson was indebted to his staunch friend and patron, Gilbert Walmesley, the diocesan registrar at Lichfield, who married Margaret, the sister of Molly Aston, and lived at the Palace, where Johnson was a frequent visitor, and where Garrick as a youth made his first appearance on a stage as "Kite" in George Farquhar's play of *The Recruiting Officer*. Johnson has paid a notable tribute to his friend, and the paragraph has become immortalised by his incidental reference therein to his actor-companion. Johnson said:—

"Of Gilbert Walmesley, thus presented to my mind, let me indulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and I hope that at least my gratitude made me

worthy of his notice. He was of an advanced age, and I was only not a boy; yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me. He had mingled with the gay world, without exemption from its vices or its follies, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind; his belief of Revelation was unshaken; his learning preserved his principles; he grew first regular and then pious. His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know, he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship. At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found; with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend: but what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

With the Rev. Thomas Seward and his daughter Anna, the poetess, and with Dr. Erasmus Darwin of the Botanic Garden, Johnson became acquainted at Lichfield, but they do not appear to have been on very good terms or to have been the best of friends. With Mrs. Cobb and her niece, Miss Mary Adey, at the Friary, both Johnson and Boswell were familiar. They breakfasted with them on March 24, 1776, and Boswell records that Johnson "behaved to them with a kindness and easy pleasantry, such as we see between old and intimate acquaintance; he accompanied Mrs. Cobb to St. Mary's Church, and I went to the Cathedral, where I was very much delighted with the musick, finding it to be peculiarly solemn and accordant with the words of the service."

In a letter to Dr. Johnson, of October 22, 1779, Boswell describes another visit which he paid alone to the Friary. He says: "Having taken a hasty glance at the additions to Green's Museum, from which it was not easy to break away, I next went to the Friary, where I at first created some tumult in the ladies, who were not prepared to receive

company so early; but my *name*, which has by wonderful felicity come to be closely associated with yours, soon made all easy, and Mrs. Cobb and Miss Adey resumed their seats at the breakfast-table, which they had quitted with some precipitation. They received me with the kindness of an old acquaintance; and after we had joined in a cordial chorus to your praise, Mrs. Cobb gave *me* the high satisfaction of hearing that you said 'Boswell is a man who, I believe, never left a house without leaving a wish for his return.' And she afterwards added, that she bid you tell me, that if ever I came to Lichfield, she hoped I would take a bed at the Friary." Mrs. Mary Cobb was the widow of Thomas Cobb of Lichfield, and she left to her niece, Miss Mary Adey, in 1783, "all my household goods, furniture, lace and what wearing apparel she chooses." Miss Adey was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Adey, who was Town-Clerk of Lichfield from 1746 to 1764, and it was she who communicated to Boswell the story of Johnson, in his infancy, having been taken on his father's shoulder to the Cathedral to hear Dr. Sacheverel preach. The Adeys of Lichfield were descended from the Adeys of Sittingbourne in Kent. Of other pleasant and piquant interviews with Lichfield society in different visits, Boswell and his letters, and the Piozzi corrrespondence afford abundant proof.

THE SCHOOL AT EDIAL.—His marriage having thus been effected, Johnson turned to teaching, as he had done before, for a livelihood. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1736 appeared the following advertisement:—

"At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON."

It was on the strength of his wife's fortune that Johnson started this village academy. Her fortune was supposed to amount to about £800, but it appears from a deed discovered within recent years that a part of this was lost

through the insolvency of a Birmingham attorney named Perks. Notwithstanding the exertions of friends, and the advertisements in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the school was not a success. David Garrick and (according to Percy) Hawkesworth, both of them newly arrived at man's estate, with George Garrick, a younger brother of David, and Mr. Offly, a young gentleman of good fortune, were among the pupils, but the number never, at most, exceeded eight.

"IRENE" AND THE THEATRE.—After about a year and a half the school was given up, and Johnson determined to seek his fortunes in London; but, apart from its record as a school, Edial Hall has other literary interests. Here Johnson wrote the first three acts of his tragedy of *Irene*—the play with which he proceeded to London "to try his fate," commended by his friend and patron, Mr. Gilbert Walmesley, to the Rev. John Colson, as an author likely to turn out "a fine tragedy writer." Johnson intended to write the fourth and fifth acts of the unfinished tragedy in the Strand, but he found it difficult to compose in that busy thoroughfare. He removed to a lodging at Greenwich, next door to the "Golden Heart" in Church Street, and near to Greenwich Park, to obtain necessary quiet; but he got on little better. So in the course of the summer of 1837 he returned to Lichfield, where he had left his wife, when he himself set out for London. Here, during a residence of three months, he completed his tragedy. Thus the play was entirely written in or near his native city. *Irene* is, in fact, his Lichfield play, and will ever be associated with his life in the city. Having completed his tragedy Johnson returned to London, taking his wife with him, and he made an unsuccessful attempt to get his play acted at Drury Lane. Not, however, until eleven years after, when his friend and companion, David Garrick, became partner with Lacy at Drury Lane, was it produced; and then, notwithstanding the best dramatic talent of the time, it was a failure. "It crawled through nine nights supported by cordials," says

Mrs. Piozzi, "but never obtained popular applause." He found consolation in the fact that his share of the takings amounted to nearly £200; and he sold the copyright to Dodsley for another £100. This was munificence compared with other results, and was no doubt very welcome. His splendid poem of *London* he had sold for ten guineas, and his *Vanity of Human Wishes* for fifteen guineas. With £300 for *Irene*, Johnson, therefore, had good reason to be satisfied. Johnson and Garrick had been companions at the theatre in Lichfield before proceeding to London. The playhouse then stood where the Guildhall now stands, and Garrick tells an amusing incident of their attendance there. Johnson, having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a gentleman took possession of it. Upon his return Johnson civilly demanded his seat, but the intruder rudely refused to give it up. Thereupon Johnson "laid hold of it, and tossed him and the chair into the pit!"

THE DEATH OF JOHNSON'S MOTHER.—One of the most pathetic incidents in connection with Johnson and the life of his family at Lichfield was the death of his mother. She had attained her ninetieth year, and died in the month of January 1759. Johnson was not able to leave London at the time, but his letters show the intensity of his sorrow; and it was no doubt an aggravation of his grief that he could not be present at his mother's last moments, though she was tenderly nursed by Lucy Porter and her faithful servant and companion, Catherine Chambers. To his mother Johnson wrote the following beautiful letter:—

"*January* 20, 1759.

"DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,—Neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen. —I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son, SAM. JOHNSON."

No worthier tribute was ever paid by son to mother. The venerable mother was laid beside the father and only brother in the centre aisle of St. Michael's Church, and to pay the expenses of her funeral and a few debts she had left, Johnson wrote his next great work *Rasselas* which was published in March or April 1759. He composed it in the evenings of one week, received £100 for the work, and £25 more on its reaching a second edition. Over the graves of his parents and brother, he caused a tombstone to be erected, and for it wrote in Latin an eloquent epitaph. Somehow or other this stone got either removed or lost, and it was not restored until 1884, the centenary of Johnson's death. Then Mr. Robert Thorp, of Buxton Road House, Macclesfield, who for years made an annual pilgrimage to Johnson's birthplace, had, in accordance with Johnson's wishes, "a deep, massy, and hard stone" provided, and the epitaph engraved "on the large size." Dean Bickersteth supplied the present writer with a translation at that time as follows:—

"This monument is sacred to the memory of MICHAEL JOHNSON, a man fearless, steady, spirited, regardless of dangers, very patient in labour; a constant and warm believer in Christianity; eminently attentive to his family; as a bookseller very skilful, of a mind well informed in books and business, with a disposition so even, that although long oppressed with misfortunes he was deficient in no duty either to himself or to his friends. His conversation was so chaste that neither pain nor pleasure ever led him to utter anything which might offend pious or modest ears. He was born at Cubley in Derbyshire, in the year of our Lord 1656, and died in 1731. Near to him lies SARAH, his wife; of the ancient family of Ford; she was industrious at home, little known abroad, troublesome to no one, remarkable for quickness of understanding and accuracy of judgment; very indulgent to the errors of others—little to her own; always mindful of immortality—she was commended by almost every description of virtue. Born at King's Norton in Worcestershire, in 1669, and died in 1759. Also their son, NATHANIEL, who was born in 1712, and died in 1737, when his strength both in body and mind might form great expectations."

One other moving incident in Johnson's life at Lichfield must be recorded. It was the death of Catherine Chambers, the faithful friend and companion of the family in their old

home in the Market Square. Johnson himself was deeply attached to her, and she was evidently no mere servant, as some writers have described her. It is conjectured that she was a relative of Mrs. Johnson by marriage, inasmuch as her brother, Samuel Ford, married a Jane Chambers, at King's Norton, in 1707, and her cousin's son, Thomas Jesson, of West Bromwich, married Mary, daughter of Timothy Chambers of Moseley, in 1726. Whatever may have been her position she was undoubtedly devoted to Johnson's mother and family, and they thought highly of her. Johnson familiarly called her "Kitty," and there are many references in his letters to show his regard for her. She continued her friendship with Lucy Porter when the old home was broken up, and when the step-daughter of Johnson died, she directed by her will her body to be "interred under or near the tombstone of Catherine Chambers." Johnson, in his diary, gives a touching description of "the affecting and solemn scene" at Lichfield when he bade her farewell:—

"*Sunday, Oct.* 18, 1767. Yesterday, Oct. 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend, Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

"I desired all to withdraw, then told her we were to part for ever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer; and that I would if she was willing say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed with great fervour while I prayed, kneeling by her, nearly in the following words:—

"'Almighty and most merciful Father, whose loving-kindness is over all Thy works, behold, visit, and relieve this Thy servant, who is grieved with sickness. Grant that the sense of her weakness may add strength to her faith, and seriousness to her repentance. And grant that by the help of Thy Holy Spirit, after the pains and labours of this short life, we may all obtain everlasting happiness, through Jesus Christ our Lord; for whose sake hear our prayers. Amen. Our Father,' &c.

"I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes, and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed, and parted. I humbly hope to meet again, and to part no more."

We doubt whether there has ever been a more tender and affectionate scene depicted. It surely gives the lie direct to those critics who have held up Johnson as a "bear," harsh, stern, and unbending. There truly never was a more humane heart beneath a rough exterior. As Goldsmith said of him: "Johnson had a roughness in his manner, but no man had a more tender heart; he had nothing of the bear but his skin." Catherine Chambers lived for some weeks after the interview above recorded, and was buried at St. Chad's Church, Stowe, on November 7, 1767. By her will she left the bulk of her estate to Miss Lucy Porter "as a grateful acknowledgment of the many favours" she had received from that lady.

THE DEATH OF LUCY PORTER.—The step-daughter of Johnson inherited a fortune of £10,000 in 1763 from her brother, Captain Jervis Henry Porter, of H.M.'s ship *Hercules*, who had shared the wealth of their uncle, Joseph Porter, a rich London merchant, and a bachelor. Out of this fortune Miss Porter built herself a fine new house in Tamworth Street, now known as Red Court, and there she removed in 1766. Her fortune was in all probability considerably increased by the death of another brother, Joseph, at Leghorn in the autumn of 1783, and she lived in comparative affluence for the remainder of her life. Boswell was introduced to her by Dr. Johnson on March 23, 1776, and he says: "Johnson, when here by himself, used to live at her house. She reverenced him, and he had a parental tenderness for her." Dr. Johnson died on December 13, 1784, and his step-daughter, Lucy Porter, survived him just one year and one month, dying on January 13, 1786. She was buried, as directed in her will, at St. Chad's Church, Stowe, under or near the tombstone of Catherine Chambers, in the vault she had had constructed in her lifetime. A tablet was placed to her memory in the chancel, and it remains in good preservation to this day, although by some unfortunate mischance that to the good

St. Chad's Church and Stowe Pool and House, Lichfield.

and faithful "Kitty" Chambers, has long since disappeared. The monument represents a sarcophagus, surmounted by an urn, is of good shape, and bears the inscription:—

"In a Vault, near this place, are deposited the remains of LUCY PORTER, who died the 13th of January, 1786, aged 70 years. To whose memory, in gratitude for her liberal Acts of Friendship conferred on him, this Monument is erected by the Rev. J. B. Pearson."

This clergyman was the Rev. John Batteridge Pearson, who was perpetual curate of St. Michael's, Lichfield, from 1774 to 1782, and who acted as domestic chaplain to Miss Porter. She left him a life-estate only in her house in Tamworth Street, with remainder to her cousin, the Rev. Henry White, Sacristan at Lichfield Cathedral; but Mr. Pearson afterwards purchased the reversion of it from Mr. White.

In noticing the death of "Miss Lucy Porter, daughter of the wife of Dr. Johnson," the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1786 said his "affection for her was uncommonly ardent." Yes, Samuel Johnson dearly loved his parents and his old home at Lichfield. Again and again he was irresistibly drawn to it, especially in his later years. As we have shown the greater part of his early life was spent in his native city, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill has demonstrated, in a carefully compiled, although necessary imperfect table, how large a share of his last days he passed outside "the first turnpike gate," and beyond the smoke of London. In his English Dictionary, under the word *Lich*, he suddenly broke out into the apostrophe, "*Salve, magna parens!*" (Hail, great mother!). Thus he honoured Lichfield in his great monumental work; and Lichfield, two hundred years after his birth, is proud to honour him. His body lies "sepulchred in that sarcophagus of British greatness"—Westminster Abbey—but many of the most useful years of his life, and many of its most cherished memories, are associated with the little City of the Triple Spires in Staffordshire—"the ancient and loyal city of Lichfield."

IN CHARLES COTTON'S COUNTRY

By Rev. W. Beresford

COTTON is so popular a personage that we may be excused for offering a few simple gleams of light upon him, derived from family sources. A great "find" of ancient documents has recently been made, and some other new sources of information have also been opened out.[1]

We may perhaps, first of all, glance at the history of the race to which, through his mother, he belonged, since that race ruled a Staffordshire forest for many a generation. It was seated at Beresford, a small Staffordshire manor on the river Dove, and comes into clear documentary evidence with Hugo de Beveresford, man-of-business to Philippa de Malbanc in 1228. A grandson of his, Aden de Beveresford, dropped the beaver out of the name, with its remembrance of the damming up of the adjacent river Dove by that industrious little animal, and adopted the legend of the bear instead. He was the first to write his name Beresford, and was hereditary master-forester—or, at all events, held two of the three foresterships—of Malbanc Forest, the wild land lying on the big hills between the forest of Leek and the Dove. He played a prominent part in local history in the days of Edward II. and III., being, as General Wrottesley puts it, a sort of Three-headed Watch-dog in the hills.

The family became noted archers under the Black Prince, and their attachment to his house led them into

[1] See *Beresford of Beresford*, just published.

serious trouble when Henry IV. displaced Richard II. The Beresford of the time had to put his estates into trust; for (to his credit) he joined Hugh de Erdeswick's rebellion in favour of the deposed king. But the coming of Henry V. into Staffordshire in 1414 seems to have made all right again; and in 1415, Thomas, a younger son of the house, is found distinguishing himself at Agincourt. This Thomas was the third son of John of Beresford; and he settled down at Newton Grange, not far away, and became the ancestor of the Irish and other Beresfords.

Terrible, however, as were the disorders of the fifteenth century, the contending families intermarried with each other, and this brought the blood of the Staffords, Bassets, and Erdeswicks to Beresford. How it passed into the Cottons, and so made them thoroughly Staffordshire people, now remains to be told.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Edward Beresford, the squire of Beresford, had an only child. Her name, Olive, was a fond reminiscence of his first wife, Olive, whom he had buried in Alstonfield Chancel, on December 17, 1583; but Olive the younger, baptized December 29, 1592, was his daughter by his second wife and distant cousin. She was married at fifteen years of age to Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston, Knight and M.P., but died very young, leaving only an heiress, Olive Stanhope. And here the romance which enveloped Beresford during Cotton's days began. A lengthy document amongst the old deeds lately recovered, tells us how she was, so to speak, "run away with," by one Charles Cotton, a smart middle-aged man of fashion. Their only child, Charles, born in 1630, was the well-known poet and wit.

Beresford Hall was a pleasant old Tudor house, which stood between the well, now covered with a pump, and the Tower on the Castle rock. And it may be worth while to note that when Cotton lost the time-honoured privilege of his maternal forbears as master-forester of Malbanc through its disafforesting, he was made the king's

lieutenant of Needwood Forest and high steward of the honour of Tutbury.[1]

The path to the cave where Cotton so often hid himself when pressed by duns is now well trodden; but the writer remembers its being far otherwise, and has often experimentally hidden himself there without being discovered.

The rock on which stands the rebuilt tower of Beresford is clearly an old British fortress, very small indeed but very strong. And other ancient features adorn the neighbourhood. On the western side of a spur of Gratton, and near the road leading from Beresford to Narrowdale House, lie ancient terraces with the remains of a rude half-excavated shelter and a water supply now nearly drained away. Above them is a natural amphitheatre, where we cannot doubt that athletic exercises were once indulged in. The old lords of the place were not only noted archers themselves, paying indeed "twelve broad arrows and a quiver and two bolted ones" as the rent of their beautiful little manor, but were also close allies of the notorious William of Cheddleton, who was trusted to raise the Cheshire bowmen for the Black Prince, and who had also charge of a hill fortress at Cheddleton, with the custody of an important ford at Basford near Cheddleton.

Like his mother and grandmother, the poet's first wife was closely related to the chief of the Roundhead leaders, and was also short-lived. The Alstonfield register tells us that on April 26, 1669, "Isabella, wife of Mr. Charles Cotton," was buried there.

As second wife, the poet sought the hand of a noble neighbour, Mary, the widow of Wingfield Cromwell, Earl of Ardglass. It was then, viz., in 1674–5, that he built his famous little Fishing House on the Dove. This alliance draws one's attention to Throwley Hall, whose ruins are picturesque in their decay, though now fast disappearing.

[1] It is curious that the Stanhopes should not only have acquired, at least during Sir John's life, rights over Malbanc Forest, but also have had the Agard horn. See pages 44 and 58 above.

COTTON'S PEW, ALSTONFIELD CHURCH.

The Cromwells were descended from Thomas, the first Lord Cromwell; whose sister, marrying a Williams, carried the name into the Williams' family, which thence chose to become Cromwells. From that sister-branch sprang Oliver the Protector. The elder branch of the Cromwells came into the Throwley property by marrying the heiress of the Meverells. Thus Cotton again allied himself with a famous Roundhead name, though its glories were then passing away.

Degge says that the Cromwells sold Throwley about the year 1660 to Theophilus Biddulph, a silkman of London. But as the third Earl of Ardglass was buried at Ilam in 1682, the family would be living at Throwley almost throughout Cotton's day.

The way along which the poet would ride from Beresford to Throwley was not a long one, but it was most picturesque. He could go by Gateham, an old monastic grange of Combermere, and then the seat of a minor branch of his grandmother's family; or by Ecton, where was then a small lead mine, but where the great mine of Ecton was afterwards developed, and ride down the valley of the Manifold—over its dry bed indeed below Darfur Crags—to Beeston Tor, and then strike up over Throwley Park when he got to the dry bed of the Hamps. Just below Ecton, he might have noticed, on the Clayton House estate, a fine set of primæval terraces for corn growing, and others again in Throwley Park. But the sinking river would most interest the author of *The Wonders of the Peake*. We know that he proved the identity of its waters by making them carry chaff underground down to Ilam. His way lay past "Old Hannah's Hole" with its occasional terrific explosions; past Thor's Cave, with its soaring Tor and magnificent proportions; and past Beeston Tor with its strange galleries. Why these—mysterious as anything in Derbyshire—should have escaped the poet's facile pen at this, the most literary, period of his career, we can only guess. But he was rather attracted by Derbyshire and especially by Chatsworth. Had he a

premonition, we wonder, that sometime the noble owner would be closely related to himself? For, curiously, the present duke is ninth in descent from one of Cotton's daughters; and thus his own flesh and blood, to some degree, now rules where once he only distantly admired.

Cotton was not only the friend of Izaak Walton—the charming writer to whom we are indebted for valuable Lives of great Churchmen, and joint author with him of *The Compleat Angler*—but was also well acquainted with Archbishop Sheldon, whose birthplace was a little farther south than Throwley. If Cotton perhaps has been over-praised, certainly Sheldon has been sadly slandered. Few better or greater men than Sheldon ever lived. And he was a thoroughly Staffordshire man. He was born at Stanton in Ellaston, and the parish register of the latter place notes his baptism in 1598 thus: "June 22, Gylbarte ye sonne of Roger Sheldon and his wife was baptized ye xxii of June. This Gilbert was made Archbishop of Canterbury in ye year 1663 and died in ye year 1677." Roger Sheldon had married Helen Woodcock in 1592, and in 1631, "Ellen, wife of Mr. Roger Sheldon, was buried." The Sheldons were people of the gentle class; and Roger, apparently a brother of the archbishop, married Jane, one of the three infant co-heiresses whom, in 1603, Cotton's cousin, William Beresford of Hillesdale Hall, left in royal custody. The grant of their marriage by King James I. is one of the most interesting of the recently recovered documents.

Roger, father of the archbishop, held office in the dignified household of Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, but could not have been his "menial servant." And yet the budding archbishop knew what it was to have only scanty means. Whilst a student at Oxford, he had to walk thither and back; and one night he was found by a gentleman resting in some village outside the grounds of a great house. The gentleman took him in and, being struck by his personality—which was strangely dignified and yet wonderfully pleasant—playfully offered him a guinea "not to

become Archbishop of Canterbury." The lad was tempted, but he pondered and refused. Curiously, the learned company afterwards gathering at Great Tew thought him "bred and born to be archbishop." As Warden of All Souls, Oxford, Sheldon discovered the wonderful talents of young Wren, one of his junior fellows, and "brought him out" as an architect, when he built the Sheldonian Theatre. During the Commonwealth, Sheldon retired into Staffordshire to keep out of sight. But he had already proved his worth, and, after the Restoration, was made Bishop of London, and then Primate, being, with Clarendon, one of the greatest powers of the day. Some of the £72,000 he gave away in charity Professor Burrows thought came from the "old Staffordshire family" to which he belonged.

Darfur Crags, where the Manifold sinks, reminds us that the name "Dove" also means a "dipper" (from the Anglo-Saxon *dufan*, to dive; *dufa*, a diver). When the weirs were getting dilapidated a few years ago, before the present owner of Beresford, Mr. Frank Green, repaired them, even that river was beginning to find out its old underground course below Wolfscote Bridge.

The ruins of the great copper mine at Ecton are known to most travellers on the Leek and Manifold light railway. Another mine at Mixon is less well known. Its ruins lie in the valley of the Hamps; and near it in Cotton's day a yeoman family of the name of Brindley seems to have lived. In 1715 James Brindley married; but his fondness for races, cock-fights, and shooting emptied his pockets, and we find James and Ann Brindley buying and living at a small grange near Lowe Hill at Leek. When the Young Pretender came through Leek in 1745, Beresford Hall had been some time alienated from the family; but a son of Dorothy Gould, the daughter of the last of the Beresfords who for centuries occupied Warslow Hall, came to Lowe Hill. He was so fascinated by the Scotchmen, that he gave up the study of law and joined the rebels. But the little home at Lowe Hill has a far greater glory. Out of it

went one of its sons, James Brindley, who first distinguished himself by setting right a new paper mill near Dane Bridge, and then became known, not only as Schemer Brindley of Leek, the invincible millwright, but as the famous father of the canal system. His office was at Leek until he removed to the Potteries; and it was, alas, at Ipstones, by being put into a damp bed, whilst he was making the Leek and Froghall Canal, that he eventually caught his death. But his fame becomes brighter as years pass on. It is now seen that his canal work really gave the impetus to English trade, and for the first time made it easy to carry great loads of clay or iron and coal from and to the Potteries or the Black Country, as well as easy to send even to the sea a vast volume of manufactured goods. For in those days—the latter half of the eighteenth century—we had neither good roads nor railways.

THE PENK AND ITS STORY

A "PENKSIDE" PAPER

By W. Beresford

IT happens that the tract of land between Wolverhampton and Stafford has a tale to tell—if we could but evolve it—of almost every period of history from the Druids downwards. The river Penk flows there.

In the districts of Brocton and Milford are mounds which contain the bodies of old Druids or British chiefs—relics probably of the race of primeval heroes who, when the lowlands of Derby and Stafford were filled by the invaders who came before the Romans, were not entirely overcome, but held their own amid the dense forests and swamps of the Cannock Chase district.

Up the Trent and Penk valleys swarmed those invaders, settling down and making easy terms with the Romans as they advanced against Caractacus along the Watling Street.

About four hundred years after Christ the Romano-British civilisation of the meadows and the towns was overthrown by the Saxon invasion. The Christians in the wilds were probably scattered but not exterminated. And it is not at all improbable that some of the churches are really relics of pre-Saxon Christianity. In St. Chad's Church at Stafford are pieces of apparently Roman masonry; and the old college of Stafford, which, I believe, was probably once domiciled within St. Chad's walls, claimed not only to be independent of the Bishop of Lichfield, but to be of older foundation than the cathedral.

Be that as it may, the Penkside district was part of a

tract in Staffordshire which claimed the attention of the earliest Saxon kings. It lay between the conquered and unconquered parts of Britain. The Roman town or station at Stretton was overcome by the Saxons; and its survivors and conquerors, alike shunning the old town, settled down, I think, at Penkridge, where the Gospel lamp was again lit amongst both Saxon and Briton. But between the land by the Penk and Sowe and the mainland of Mercia lay the wilds of Cannock Chase, full of terrible fellows, who, though Christians in name, yet had a deadly hate for the Saxon invaders. Beyond the Penk, too, in the forests of Brewood and in the highlands of the Black Country were the same old and unconquerable Ishmaelites, who made life hardly worth living to Penksiders. Some power was therefore needed which, whilst acceptable to Saxons, should be able to tame the fierce spirit of the woodland rovers. Such a power King Wulfhere found in Bishop Chad, to whom he assigned this debatable ground as part of the endowments of the see. He made, in fact, a buffer of the bishop.

And now the bishop of the diocese began to perambulate the district, setting up preaching stations alike in Druid sanctuary and heathen temple. Brewood and Baswich were early churches which the bishops founded for their tenants, supplying ministrations from Lichfeld. At Brewood they had a manor house. Baswich was near enough to their manor of Haywood, which then lay near Shugborough. This period is one of great interest. Many a time the train of St. Chad has come probably singing psalms from Lichfield along the Watling Street, charming with its sweet music the wild fellows who lurked behind bush and tree to waylay the Saxon passer-by. Many a time have the population of the clustered hamlets of the neighbourhood turned out to meet the itinerant parsons of the period as they came to hold their Penkside meetings twelve hundred years ago. We can well understand the freshness of the sermons which told the new tale of life from the dead, life for evermore, and spoke right to the open hearts of the

Saxons of the wonderful love and condescension of our blessed Lord.

Offa drove the Britons back beyond the Severn, and probably cleared this border land. And King Alfred's daughter, Ethelfleda, seems to have increased the endowments of the royal chapels and to have made each one into a college or cluster of clergy, whose work was to do for her garrison towns what the bishop and his cathedral were doing for the episcopal estates. So the canons of Wolverhampton began to come out as far as Hatherton. Those of Penkridge went out Sunday after Sunday to Cannock and Dunston. Those of Stafford to Marston and Whitgreave, Ingestre, &c.

Thus things were at the Norman Conquest, when Stafford became the headquarters of a rebellion, and the Conqueror himself came upon the scene to crush it. Then everything was Normanised. The old Bishop of Lichfield was dead. Peter the Norman, left at Lichfield as bishop, removed the see to Chester. Henceforth for nearly a century bishops were scarce in this part of the world, and the cathedral became a very feeble institution.

In after times there were four distinct sorts of religious institutions in the Penkside district: royal chapels, monasteries, friaries, and parish churches and chapels.

First the collegiate churches, which kept up their traditions, and generally called themselves "royal free chapels." They boasted of exemption from episcopal supervision. Into Penkridge and Wolverhampton the bishop never came, and an order of Henry II. prohibited the inhabitants of the former place from permitting either bishop or archdeacon, and by implication a rural dean, to set foot within the village. Of them more is said elsewhere.

The second sort of ecclesiastical institution came into the Penkside with the Normans. It was monastic. Cannock Chase only narrowly escaped being the scene of a Cistercian abbey. The hermits at Radway, near Beaudesert, were indeed gathered under Cistercian rule, but the vicinity

of a residence and the braying of hunter's horn and hound scared them away to Stoneley.

But the greater number of the Penkside parishes were on the lands of the bishops of Lichfield, to whose care and pains their early ecclesiastical and civil prosperity were largely owing, under God. In the earliest ages the bishops seem to have farmed their lands themselves. When Bishop de Stavenby died in the beginning of the reign of Henry III. he left corn in the ground worth £100 in those days—something like £1500 in these. The bishop's men first cleared Brewood and Baswich and planted churches there.

The bishops indeed *made* the parishes what they are. William de Cornhill (1230) got a market for Brewood, and to him and his successors the present handsome church there is owing. At Brewood the bishops had a palace and a deer park, which were fit both to entertain King John, who came there again and again, and to furnish many a fat buck to the king's friends. There good Bishop Roger de Weseham, bosom friend of Bishop Grosteste, spent his declining days.

There can be little doubt that the churches at Baswich and Brewood were originally served from Lichfield Cathedral. But after the Conquest the bishops annexed the care of the cathedral outposts to individual clergy. Thus the Dean of Lichfield became Prebendary or Cathedral Rector of Brewood. The Prebendary of Berkswich was Rector of Berkswich with its chapels of Acton and Bednall. When St. Chad's, Stafford, fell to the bishop it was annexed to the prebend of Prees.

By a composition made in 1428 between William Heyworth, Bishop of Lichfield, and the then Dean and Chapter of Lichfield, it was settled that all the prebendal churches should be free from episcopal control and be subject only to the dean and chapter. Hence, until a very few years ago, the Dean of Lichfield came to visit such of the Penkside clergy as were free from the royal minsters of

Penkridge and Wolverhampton, or rather summoned them to Lichfield to be visited there.

In early times the prebendaries who were rectors of Brewood, Baswich, and St. Chad's came occasionally at least to do duty in the churches. But duty was soon forgotten. And when the rectors came at all they came to hold courts of inquiry into the lives and morals of the parishioners, to levy fines, and draw tithes. The spiritual care of the parishes devolved upon their substitutes, or vicars, who were at first removable at the will of the prebendaries. But as time went on, and freehold lands were given to the vicar, the vicarage became a freehold and the rectory a sinecure. And so things remained until the rise of the Ecclesiastical Commission forty years ago, when the rectories of Brewood and Baswich, or as much as remained of them, fell by law to them. That of St. Chad's was kept out of their fingers until a few years ago by the long life of Canon Ryder. Now all three belong to them.

Time fails me to speak of the friars or of the hermits who were gathered into community as Austin Friars at Stafford. I can, indeed, in this hasty sketch only touch the dry bones of this wide subject.

MOORLANDERS, OLD AND NEW

By John Prince Sheldon

THE old order giveth place to the new but slowly as a rule in mountainous districts, as compared with what occurs in the lowlands. Men of the hills, indeed, had in olden times, and still have in many places, a harder and longer battle to fight with natural conditions than has ever been necessary with lowlanders. This may account for the greater tenacity with which they cling to what they have so hardly won, and to the lesser desire for change and innovation which may be assumed to have characterised them for centuries. Such hardy and healthy folk are better satisfied with hard living and simple fare than idle and luxurious people generally are with what are supposed to be greater advantages. This, however, is only to point out the universal rule that a life of toil and exposure—when a man is working for himself, on his own account—riddles nonsense out of people's heads and makes them value small mercies which seem trivial to others who have only to help themselves to the fruits of the earth, mostly without asking. "Man is doomed to toil, like the polyp of the ocean," some one has grandly said; and, as work is a condition necessary to contentment, it becomes obvious that ease and luxury too long indulged in lead to a different frame of mind.

The Moorlanders were a ruddy-faced, cheerful, frugal, contented race long ago, as we are fain to believe, and as we know they are still. Frugality, indeed, is in their blood and bone by heredity. It cannot be said of them of old, or now, that they toil not neither do they spin. Of old, indeed,

they toiled and spun. I have watched the spinning, away back before the middle of the nineteenth century, in a cottage not half a mile from where I write. And away at the far end of a big attic in this old oaken-timbered tenement of mine there is still a mouldy ghost of an ancient spinning-wheel, falling into dust and covered with a hoar-frost of antiquity. I have seen them toil, too, those old men of the hills who have vanished—those old men, sound of lung and heart—who didn't vanish until they couldn't help it, racked though they were—some of them—with aches and pains of varied sorts that came of toil and care and climate. But they toiled willingly, not in harvest only, but in spring and autumn and in winter too.

It is deeply interesting, as one drives about the sometimes fenced but often fenceless roads that cross the moors in many directions, to notice where the toil of the old-time husbandman has carved out patches from the ling and made them grass. Not a few of these have gone back to the pristine condition of ling. There is a sort of valley running up among the spurs of the huge and rugged masses of freestone rock, on its eastern side, of the great Roches. This valley has these patches of emerald still in close array, whilst all around is dark with stone and ling. Here, surely, is as good a bit of Switzerland as one can find in England, showing what frugal toil can win from a ling-clad soil. And here and there are fields and farms on the fringe of the moorland, or right in the midst of it, which have been trenched and drained, and sown with oats or planted with potatoes, followed by grass seeds suitable because indigenous—grass and clover seeds gathered in the "fodder-bings," from forage grown in old-established meadows about the place. What the better portions of these moorlands need, first of all, is draining, after which the soil will naturally revert to grass if left alone.

The first thing to do in winning moorland such as this in the north-eastern corner of the county is to lay it dry—or, rather, to give motion to wet which has been stagnant

for centuries. And the old hillsmen knew it. Not by pipe drains as we have them now, and not very often with underground drains of stone—which are the most durable of all—but by furrows and ditches cut out with the spade. The salient object was to move the stagnant water, and so make room for something fresh. The first of all artificial drains were obviously shallow furrows, with deeper ones to follow. There are many of these early drains to be seen about such portions of the Moorlands as were deemed suitable for reclamation, chiefly on a small scale. If a deep ditch was wanted, the earth taken out of it was almost always used for making a bank which had to serve as a fence. These combined fences and ditches, a good deal flattened down in recent times, are to be found all over the Moorlands. They served their several purposes as drains, fences, shelters, and boundary lines, and still serve them where nothing better is attainable. But this is chiefly in the uplands. Down in the slopes of the valleys, the land has for the most part been under-drained, but there is still much useful soil kept drowned for want of drains.

Implements used on farms were crude and simple, and even rude and ill-designed, and clumsy in use, though for all that strong and effective in the brawny hands of our virile forefathers. Machines were unknown, not even the winnowing machine—perhaps, in some of its forms, the earliest, or amongst the earliest, of all devices used in agriculture. A pointed stick, charred in a fire, and used as a plow, may possibly have been anterior to it. Innovations were slow, time back, in gaining a foothold in the Moorlands. Everything new was looked at askance, to begin with. The period ending about the middle of the nineteenth century was an apotheosis of patchwork. The people were amazingly frugal. They never by any chance had an entirely new article of use to begin with. Some old material or other had to be utilised in it. It is said of one of that ilk that he took an old bung to a cooper, to have a new barrel fitted to it! The cooper fled to a distant part of the country! But

the farmer found in that old bung a tribute and a solace to his praiseworthy notions about frugality. One has heard in the district of a farmer's wife making a certain favourite pair of knitted stockings last a quarter of a century or so, by re-footing them every year and re-legging them every second year, there or thereabout, and "mending holes" between times!

Away up in fields among the ling, you may once in a while see a man cutting his not-ripened oats, in October, with a "badging-hook." And a Moorlander bred and born, one who has been brought up in the old school, can still use one of those fearsome weapons with amazing dexterity—use it as did the strong men of old. I have been told that my maternal grandsire, who was half disabled by lumbago, or something else, went on his knees to use his badging-hook, a century or more ago. A fairly persistent specimen, he, of a yeoman dalesman dwelling in the Manyfold valley, on the fringe of the Moorlands a mile or two away.

And the old-time Moorlanders were mighty with their scythes in the meadows, as one has heard tell, and indeed has seen. Half a century ago, when I was a lad, I saw fourteen of them in one of the fields that have now come to me—or I to them. I saw these fourteen men of brawny thews go swinging along at ease, in rhythm and in echelon, sweeping down the lush grass in swathes, with a "swish" that had music in it. These men are all off duty now, and it would be hard to find other fourteens who would take the pride their forefathers did behind the scythes. It is curious—quite a coincidence in a small way, one that I cannot but remember and relate—that the first grass-mowing machine to come into this parish of Sheen, or indeed into the locality, was first set to work in that self-same field where the fourteen mowers were, some four-and-forty years ago, and the field was "like a fair" on that day! Men came miles, some to praise, others to blame, and all to be astonished—but all of them stayed awhile to bless, when they saw the work the machine was doing so quickly and so well.

What our far-off ancestors would say we may fairly well imagine! But in any case these labour-saving, labour-expediting machines have nowadays become about "as thick on the ground" as wheelbarrows formerly were. The weather meant much to them in harvest time, and most of them were more or less weather-wise, at all events in July and August. Some friend at a distance sent a "weather-glass" in the early part of the nineteenth century, when barometers were a curiosity, to an old-fashioned farmer living at Wigginstall, in this valley of the Manyfold. Well, sometime during wet weather in harvest time, the quicksilver began to rise in the glass tube, and kept on rising whilst the rain kept on falling, until the old fellow's patience fizzled out. He lifted the barometer off the nail in the wall that it hung upon and took it out of doors into the rain. "There"—said he to the glass—"Cons't belaeve thee own een now"? However, the glass was right, the rain left off, and the old fellow was happy!

And what would the old men say if they could return and see half of the milk of the district trundling away to the railways, or to the cheese factory that was built in the valley in 1874, in the parish of Fawfieldhead? In the old days, not very long ago, indeed, all milk but what calves were reared on and what was wanted for household use, was made into cheese. And many of the dairymaids of old were knowing at the cheese tub, and made a first-rate article either of cheese or butter, whilst the rest of them didn't; just as many of the sisterhood don't, to-day. Fortunately for those who don't, there are now ways of utilising milk other than making it into cheese and butter.

Before the advent of negotiable highways and byways, and wheeled vehicles to travel upon them—and this is not so long ago in the Moorlands as some may think, say somewhat less than a century—the cheese was taken away to markets on pack-saddles, carried by miscellaneous equine quadrupeds. In this way, indeed, a good deal of the country's commerce was carried on to and fro between

farmers and tradesmen. The roads in those days were just tracks, and very devious at that. An earth-track in an English climate soon becomes abominable; and fresh tracks had to be made over the sward, where sward was; and where it was not—right up amongst the ling. The track was usually taken upwards on the crest of a hill where, perchance, a strip of dry land would be found. The phenomenon of existing roads, in many parts of the Moorlands, running gratuitously right up the steepest face of a hill may be observed, and one has often wondered at it. But the explanation is not far to seek. Such roads are identical with ancient mule-tracks, which have been widened to admit of vehicles passing up and down. Those old tracks were there to hand, and needed but little toil to make them serve for carts, and rather than make new roads on easier gradients, the old ones were gradually licked into the shape and form we see them in to-day. The mules themselves had made the tracks, the rains had washed them down till a more or less solid foundation was bared. Successive generations of men have done the rest.

Marked and prevalent differences in farming practices in the north and east of the county of Stafford, when compared with the south and west, are purely circumstances governed by natural conditions. Disparities in soil and climate are plain enough to account for all we see. You may find remnants of summer or autumn, for instance, and a few laggard flowers still in bloom in low-lying dales amongst the Moorlands, when incipient winter has laid an icy touch or a snowy mantle upon the uplands, and all within an hour or a mile or two of distance. The whole thing, for the most part, is a question of a thousand feet or so of altitude; and this indeed explains why it is that the cultivation of such moorland soils as are cultivated at all is much about the same to-day as it was a hundred years ago, save that there is much less ploughing nowadays.

Formerly our people depended largely on oats of their own growing — for nutritious oakcakes, and still more delicious and invigorating "lumpy-tums," made of milk boiled as oatmeal was dribbled into it. A fine supper this for young and old alike! For breakfast, however, oakcakes and frizzled bacon; and for the midday meal, oakcakes and home-made cheese, with a glass or two of home-brewed ale, were hard to beat! If we should wish to reinvigorate our race, it were well we should go to first principles in bodily nutrition, and bring up each rising generation to a great extent on milk and meal! A rousing old song, called "Lumpy tums," was popular in the Moorlands half a century ago or more, before wheaten bread had taken much hold on the fancy of the people. The song, however, which was composed by a Moorland bard, has faded away with the oatmeal that was once the staple bread of the Moorlands.

They were, as I have said, frugal folk, the Moorlanders of old, plain-livers always, hard-drinkers at times (some of them) when the Wakes came round, or when some other festival, annual or occasional, had to be celebrated. But it was ale they drank, home-brewed ale always, and it did them no permanent harm. But they were frugal folk between times, attending to their stock and crops with praiseworthy care and industry. They had, indeed, to be frugal, for prices were low of live stock, whatever might be the case in respect to other products of the farm. Rents were probably lower a century and a half ago than they were half a century ago, even than they are now in the Moorlands, but the burden of rates was heavier then than at the later period, and than at the present time, so far as the maintenance of the poor is concerned.

In an old parish accounts book that was formerly in the custody of the late Mr. William Shirley of Rewlach, who for a long period was Guardian and subsequently Rural District Councillor for the parish of Fawfieldhead in the Leek Union, I have seen a record of no fewer than nineteen

tenpenny rates that were levied on the parish in one year, in the days anterior to the passing of the Act of Parliament which equalised rates throughout each Union.

Leek is the great mart and metropolis of the Moorlands. A fine view of it is obtained on the top of Thorncliff Bank, as well as from the Roches and many other points.

Before me lies an account of sales and "swops" of live stock in fairs and markets at Leek, in the years 1759 to 1772 inclusive. A few extracts from this curious manuscript-book may well be interesting now. The first entry in the book is the first herewith given:—

"1. John Shippley of Edge End near Longnor swopt a Bay mare with Michel Lummoss of Allstonefield parish for a Gree horse and £1, 1s.—Vouchers, John Edge and Thos. Millert.

2. *July* 28, 1759.—Richard Turner of Bradnop sould a bay fille to Willm Norton [or Nuton] of Boresgrave for £3, 10s.—Vouchers, Benjamin Turner, Saml Pillsbury.

3. *Octor*. 31, 1760.—John Bould of Ipstons, County of Stafford, sould to Ths. Turner of Leek a Black Mare, star, 2 white feet behind, six year old, price £3, 13s. 6d.—Vouchr, Thomas Trafford of Leek.

4. Thos. Needham of ye Parish of Sheen, sold a grey horse with a star and 3 white feet, to William Pierson of Northampton for £6, and 5s. again.—Vouchr, Jno. Wardle of Sheen Parish.

5. *Febr*. *ye 8th*, 1764.—*Candlemas*—Richard Vigerstaffe of ye Parish of Kinsley, sold a Brown Mare with a star and snip, rising 5 years old, to James Steel of Copperhall near Crew Hall, Cheshire. Price £7, 6s.—Vouchr, Thomas Steel, Cheadle parish.

6. *Leek Fair day May the 7th O.S.*, 1765.—Robt. Ryley of Wigganstall in ye psh of Alstonfd in the Co. of Staffd, sold a dark gray mare, 2 white feet behind, and a blaze on the face, 4 yrs old, To Adam Fox of Chapel De la frith in Derbyshire. Price £4, 12s. 6d.—Voucher, Tarvis Rogers of Reapsmoor in Staffordshire."

And thus we have "the tale and the tale's master."

And herewith I am enabled to give a transcript of an account of stock and goods sold at George Titterton's sale, December 20, 1799, at Grindon:—

Lot.	£.	s.	d.
1. 2 Bull Stirks,—Isaac Emsworth	2	5	0
2. 2 Cow Ditto,—Wm Burnett	2	13	0
3. 1 Cow Ditto,—Jno Chadwick	1	5	0

Lot.		£.	s.	d.
4.	1 Aged Bull,—Jn° Chadwick	3	18	0
5.	1 Three year old Bull,—Ditto	4	0	0
6.	1 Ditto,— Mr Bullock	2	10	0
7.	2 Bull Calves,—Ralph Phillips	0	10	0
8.	1 Cow called Nut,—Matw Redfern	6	0	0
9.	1 Cow called Blossom,—Mr Bullock	5	17	6
10.	1 Barren Cow,—Jn° Chadwick ,	1	18	0
11.	1 Blind Mare,—George Mather	1	2	0
12.	1 3 year old horse,—Thos. Lee	4	2	0
13.	1 2 year old horse,—John Lees	2	15	0
14.	1 Foal,—Jn° Titterton	1	8	0
15.	1 Male foal,—John Chadwick	4	4	0
	House barn corn, on the Cowhouse loft, Jn° Chadwick 66½ Thrave at 4/8 per Thrave.	15	10	4
	Stable loft corn, Jn° Chadwick, 60 Thrave at 5/4. a Thrave.	16	0	0

The foregoing quotations represent prices which our forefathers had to put up with for their live stock and corn. Cheese and butter were correspondingly low in price. And at the same time local burdens, in the form of rates, were excessive in parishes which happened to possess more than their share of people who had a very narrow line of demarcation between themselves and want. And still they plodded on through the centuries, bearing their burdens manfully! There are people who look back, with regret that they are for ever gone, on what they call "the good old times"! It is, however, a certainty that if people will now be as frugal and plodding as our forefathers were, the present times are at least as good for Moorland farmers as were the good old times that have been so often regretted. And so our farmers may, if they will, flourish and prosper as long as any in the kingdom.

Away up in the Moorlands there are still to be found, here and there, but not even yet few and far between, genuine, indigenous sons and daughters of the ling- and heather-clad hillsides, whose manner of speech is an unaltered survival from the time of the Wars of the Roses. To arrange letters of the alphabet so as to reproduce the pronunciation and the phraseology of these honest-hearted

ROCK FACE, HIGH ROCHE, LEEK FRITH.

folk—his not far distant neighbours—is beyond the present writer's skill, though he perfectly understands the speech; but he may jot down a phrase or two he has often heard, lest they be forgotten. Here are two of them: "Be leddy, I mean it"; and "Be 'th mass, I declare"—survivals these of mediæval times.

As a lad I saw our servant-women gather up the ashes of a big blaze of thorns that had been made to get rid of a lot of useless brushwood. They wanted the ashes—called them "leach"—for the alkali they contained, to help in clothes-washing, though they knew no more than Adam did about alkalies! They rolled the damped ashes into balls for convenience of carrying and keeping, and got the alkali out, as wanted, by macerating a few balls in a leach tub.

Ludchurch is in the heart of the Moorlands, a mile or so to the east of Swythamley Park. Miss Dakeyne, who lived at Quarnford near by, has perpetuated the place in pathetic prose and poetry. Her little volume, *Legends of the Moorlands and Forest*, published by Nall & Son of Leek, in 1860, is now very scarce and rare.

Another poetess of the Moorlands was Mrs. John Blackwall Cantrell, who lived at Gateham Grange, near Alstonefield. *Her Melodies from the Mountains* bears the date of 1861, and contains a number of pleasing idylls of country life. This volume, too, is very rarely met with. A list of subscribers is printed. Charles Cotton, a poet of rude times and ruder words, lived at Beresford, near Hartington, on the fringe of the Moorlands and of the county. He is famous as the friend and fishing companion of the immortal Izaak Walton, and indeed assisted him in writing that rural classic, *The Compleat Angler*. Cotton was a random blade, a money squanderer, always in debt and often in danger from it—an incarnate antithesis to that grand old soul, Izaak Walton, who fondly called him "son." It seems wonderful how a scapegrace at times can win his way into the heart of a saint. Izaak Walton was a Staffordshire

man, but not a Moorlander, and we may take it for granted that a considerable portion of *The Compleat Angler* was written in the celebrated wainscotted room in Beresford Hall. The narrow crevice in a rock by the bowling-green at Beresford is shown to the curious in such retreats as the place where Charles Cotton hid himself away when the duns were in quest of him. But he was not all bad, and must have had some good—very good—qualities, or he would never have won the heart of the Grand Old Man—now the patron saint of all true anglers.

THE WILLIAM SALT LIBRARY AT STAFFORD

By W. S. Brough

THIS county has reason to be proud of its possession of a library, called the "William Salt Library," which is rich in topographical and local books, and which in itself forms perhaps the best collection of memorials. Its history is interesting. It was formed originally by the late William Salt, F.S.A., at great cost and labour, and consists of purely topographical books wholly devoted to the county or some portion thereof, and of other counties containing reference to ours; books, tracts, &c., by natives of, or residents in, or by persons taking title from, the county, or relating to persons so connected; books printed or published in Staffordshire, and prints, portraits, engraving, and etchings so connected.

Before the turn over of the library to the trustees by the representatives of Mr. Salt, it was catalogued for sale by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge as follows:—

"A Catalogue of the Extensive and Valuable Library of the late William Salt, Esq,, F.S.A., London, 1868, 8vo, pp. 196, containing 2309 Lots.

"A Catalogue of the Important Collection of Manuscripts, Ancient Deeds, and Autograph Letters . . . 8vo, pp. 72, containing in all 608 Lots."

The library was offered to the county on condition that a suitable home must be provided for it, and that it must be placed in the charge of an efficient curator, and under the management of a Board of Trustees elected according to a plan expressed in a set of rules carefully drawn up and

duly registered according to Act of Parliament. A little difficulty arose in getting the requisite sum for building and endowment in a short time; and fears were entertained that a neighbouring county possessing fine buildings and wealth might annex this prize. But great efforts were made, and the Rev. John Sneyd headed a very handsome subscription list in the Leek district.

The letter issued by Mr. Sneyd is of great interest, so I venture to quote it:—

"THE SALT LIBRARY.

"WOODLANDS, *January* 4, 1872.

"DEAR SIR,—Mrs. William Salt having made known her determination to withdraw her offer of giving to the inhabitants of the county of Stafford the magnificent collection of historical works made by her late husband, unless the county will raise without loss of time the sum of £6000 towards the purchase of a library and the endowment of a librarian, subscriptions are earnestly requested.

"This library collection is said to have cost Mr. Salt between £35,000 and £40,000. His widow has promised to give £3000 beyond the value of the collection. About one hundred of the nobility and gentry have already subscribed £2000, and there is still wanting £4000, which ought to be raised in this wealthy and populous county with very little difficulty.

"If by our apathy so great a treasure should be lost to us and given elsewhere, it would, I think, entail on Staffordshire everlasting disgrace. I trust you will give your best consideration to this matter, and I will endeavour to call upon you or send to you in the course of a few days. I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully. (Signed) JOHN SNEYD."

Mr. Sneyd was very ably seconded by Mr. Robinson, Westwood; Mr. Challinor, Pickwood; Mr. Brough, Leek, and many other gentlemen; and in every part of the county simultaneous efforts were made. A meeting was convened in the Crown Court of the Shire Hall, Stafford, and attended by the principal nobility and gentry of the county, on Saturday, December 17, 1870, when the subject of Mrs. William Salt's gift was brought forward and the scheme of the library discussed. The call for subscriptions was generously responded to, the amount required promised, and the library secured. Suitable premises, including the

curator's house, were found in Bank Passage, Stafford, with windows looking into the market-place.

The first appointment of librarian proved a happy one. Mr. Thomas John Mazzinghi, M.A., Cambridge, F.S.A., a devoted book-lover, a barrister-at-law, Indian Law Commissioner, &c., was chosen. He became author of *Sanctuaries* and other works, and editor in part of the *Historical Collections* (Staffs); and he retained his position until failing health compelled his retirement. His successor was Mr. J. W. Bradley, B.A., a gentleman eminent as an antiquarian and writer on mediæval art, author of a *Dictionary of Mediæval Miniaturists*, and several books on Illumination, as well as of articles in the *Athenæum*, *Academy*, &c.

The letter from Mr. Mazzinghi, addressed to the editor of the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, accompanying the Index Catalogue, printed in the *Advertiser*, contains most interesting, elucidatory matter with regard to the library, and I may venture to quote it in part:—

"SIR,—Encouraged by the aid which your columns promise to afford, I am, with your consent, about to insert from time to time in the *Staffordshire Advertiser* an Index Catalogue of the singular collection of printed matter which the indomitable energy, laborious industry, and profuse expenditure of Mr. William Salt has assembled for the aid of students and the preservation of the muniments of his native county. That distant students may be furnished with a guide, however imperfect, to subjects or books of which they may be in search must be a desideratum, nor will others nearer at hand scorn, perhaps, the assistance of a thread through which to a certain extent they may be admitted into a labyrinth, but which cannot, however, to exhaustive inquirers ever dispense with the actual use of the numerous lists and subsidiary indexes to be found in this library.

"The greater part of these latter, indeed, are in manuscript and some still incomplete, but it may be confidently asserted that such lists it will never be possible to set in type. From the Index Catalogues are omitted, of course, all duplicates; of these the trustees have a power to dispose, and they represent consequently no permanent part of the collection. But there are besides numerous masses of items very important to particular students, but here void of general interest and consequently omitted.

"Such are Acts of Parliament, public, private, local; proclamations, catalogues of libraries, public and private; unbound pamphlets and tracts, sermons, Parliamentary papers, appeal cases in the House of Lords. And either is it my purpose to include the numerous engravings and drawings

that constitute a most valuable part of the collection, and of which manuscript lists can be seen in the library. When I mention these omissions I make evident, it is true, the inadequacy of the Index Catalogue to display the immense wealth which, like the ore in the mine, lies a prize to him who will take spade and pickaxe in hand. Where the harvest is so rich, it is a pity the labourers are so few."

But now a few words respecting the contents of the library and its most interesting and valuable items.

There are twelve volumes of the *Worthies of the County*, represented by drawings, engravings, and prints, some of which are now exceedingly rare; immense volumes of topographical views of the county, mostly original drawings, in water-colours and oil, and sepia.

Mr. Salt commissioned Mr. J. Buckler and Mr. T. P. Wood, with the result of the possession of some most artistic and highly finished representations of churches, exterior and interior, in each district, as well as of the public buildings, and gentlemen's residences, and views of great beauty.

Here too are volumes containing maps, including the valuable old ones—Staffordshire is rich in these—Laxton's, Speed's, and a great number of plans and elevations; the Calendar of Patent Rolls, and a set of the Public Record Publications lately completed. Historical collections of the Rolls Society have been added, too. A complete file of the *Staffordshire Advertiser* proves most convenient for reference.

A valuable asset is in the collection of copies of county histories: the Rev. Stebbing Shaw's folios (unfortunately never finished); Dr. Robert Plot's *Natural History of Staffordshire* (now very rare); Ward's *History of Stoke-on-Trent*, a book highly esteemed; Nightingale's *Topographical and Historical Description of the County;* Pitt's *Agricultural History of the County;* Sleigh's *History of Leek;* Willmore's *History of Walsall;* Harwood's *Erdeswick;* Harwood's *History of Lichfield*, and many others of more recent date, all most valuable to students of county history. In short, it may be affirmed the library

Lower Escarpments.

S.E. Corner of Camp, Abbey Green, Leek.

N.W. Trench behind Camp at Abbey Green.

possesses every known printed work of importance relating to Staffordshire.

I may venture to call special attention to the John Sleigh books. Mr. Sleigh, the author of the *History of Leek*, was a great friend to the library and its ardent lover. He presented his own interleaved "Graingerised" copies of his History, with scarce portraits, autographs, views, and letters, and large scrap-books containing innumerable items of interest, which are a constant source of delight to lovers of local history. These volumes are much looked into. He gave also a large volume of MS. pedigrees conscientiously compiled. This volume was a closed book until after Mr. Sleigh's death. These pedigrees may not always please the descendants of some families, especially those who were dependent upon the highly paid pedigree maker.

Here also are the Transactions of Staffordshire Societies, notably the North Staffordshire Field Club and Archæological Society,—many of whose yearly reports are exceedingly scarce—and of Societies who exchange their Transactions with the Archæological Society, together with Transactions of similar Societies in neighbouring counties.

Finding an appropriate home in the Salt Library, are the publications entitled *Collections for a History of Staffordshire*, edited by the William Salt Archæological Society (vol. i. 1880). This Society was established at Stafford on the 17th September 1879. Volume xi. of the second series has been reached, and all are invaluable for reference. Some of the earlier volumes are now exceedingly rare and valuable.

The William Salt Society is much indebted to Major-General the Hon. George Wrottesley, one of our most learned antiquarians, and an indefatigable worker. Its meetings are held in the William Salt Library, and this connection has proved of great advantage both to the Society and to the library. The contents of its volumes are notably Pipe Rolls, Assize Rolls, Hundred Rolls, Staffordshire Pedigrees, Chancery Proceedings, Star Chamber

Proceedings, and Final Concords. This "dryasdust," but important information is absolutely requisite to the making up of a valuable county history. A fine set of Archæologia, nearly complete to date, is also here.

We may appropriately quote a paragraph from the last volume of the *Historical Collections*, touching on the "Rolls Series":—

"Owing to the efforts of Mr. Josiah C. Wedgwood, Member of Parliament for Newcastle-under-Lyme, a copy of each of the mediæval Rolls Series publications will in future be supplied as published to the William Salt Library. This arrangement is due to the courtesy of Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records, and can only be continued during his pleasure. It involves upon this Society (the William Salt Archæological Society) the counter obligation of publishing in our Transactions reviews of the volumes as they appear from the point of view of Staffordshire history. No one who knows the value of these volumes for local history will quarrel with this obligation, and the first of such reviews is given below. Similar reviews will form a feature of future volumes of our Transactions."

Mr. Wedgwood is now one of the trustees of the William Salt Library and his services have proved invaluable in procuring additional volumes of archæological and local interest.

Coming to *MSS.*, certainly to be noticed is a unique volume named *An Ecclesiastical Census*, 1676, by Bishop Henry Compton of London. This volume is much sought after and consulted by clergymen, as it gives information relating to population, to church-goers, and dissenters in each parish, as well as details of values. There are also extracts from MSS. in other libraries, British Museum, Bodleian, &c., relating to Staffordshire persons, places, and events.

Again, the library has a collection of papers by Mr. William Jones, who until death was a trustee and generous friend of the institution. His papers chiefly relate to the town of Stafford, and are valuable for reference.

In addition to these printed books and manuscripts relating to the public history of Staffordshire and its surroundings, &c., there are numbers of family pedigrees in the form of rolls, or books, or large sheets. Some are

Top Escarpment and Mound, Abbey Green Camp, S.E. Corner.

beautifully emblazoned with armorial bearings, and are entrusted to the care of the library as a record office and reference department for the minuter facts of family history. The place thus affords authentic information instead of vague and untrustworthy guesses.

The trustees are desirous that all Staffordshire persons who care to preserve a record of their families should send to the librarian a transcript of their family pedigree, or of any notes which may be interesting to posterity.

Lastly, let us notice the valuable and noteworthy collection of engravings, arranged alphabetically, of notable Staffordshire men and women, and of places celebrated for historical associations or beauty. Few plates with any sort of connection with the county seem to be missing; so keen was Mr. Salt in the hunt for these pictorial reminiscences. In line engraving we have the exquisite work of Sir Robert Strange, William Sharp, Watts Sherwin, and other great engravers, and many of Houbraken and Vertue's series of eminent men. In stipple the great Bartolozzi and his pupils, Tomkins and others, are represented. In rare mezzotints is work here by such masters as Valentine Green, Smith, Finlayson, Dunkarton, McArdell, Watson, S. W. Reynolds, &c.; a joy to see, but, alas! not meeting to-day generally with the appreciation they deserve.

The librarian is anxious to display these treasures when called upon, and his knowledge is always at the service of his visitors to these and indeed in any department of the library. The trustees, too, are anxious that a much larger number of persons should avail themselves of such indisputable advantages.

Additions are constantly being made in order to keep up the prestige of the library, the only regret being that a larger income is not available for the acceptance of very tempting offers.

A QUIET CORNER OF THE COUNTY

By Rev. W. Beresford

IN the first draft of this paper I had given some account of a number of observations of antiquities made on the northern side of Leek. I had noticed the old hall at Rudyard and its connection with the engineer who designed that brave oaken lighthouse at Eddystone which was burnt down in 1755. I had mentioned a Roman camp on the top of Gun, and the old boundary line which runs along Gun, which was, I believe, the "Mark" from which Mercia took its name, and the big hammer-stone found at the Franklyn's farm in 1902. I noted also a Roman camp and an old coffin lid lying a little north-east of the ruins of the Abbey Dieu-la-cres, as well as the discovery of a good copy of the abbey chartulary, and the finding of an old British road running from the camp to another camp at Abbey Green. But want of space has condemned all these things, and I can only now begin with a notice of the curious old rock fortress at Abbey Green.

It is a place well worth visiting; being none other than the place, I believe, where the monks of Dieu-la-cres dwelt whilst their abbey was building, between 1214 and 1220. It is a sunny, sheltered spot, now chiefly occupied by the Abbey Green farm; and into one of the outbuildings is built a fragment of a large cross, with incised bands of the twisted-thong pattern running along its edges. Beyond this fragment and the low buildings of which it forms a part, a red sandstone hill rises steeply. But steep as it is, it has been in two or three tiers made steeper still by cutting away the slope into

perpendicular escarpments. On the top ran a mound; and on getting there, up the steep slope, one notices the heaps of ruin among the fir trees. There is also a deep trench by which this projecting rock was cut off from the moor behind it. This is clearly an ancient camp. And its height, trench, and steep escarpments must have rendered it formidable. The escarpments are, of course, much worn down by time.

But a large part of its southern face was excavated some six hundred years ago for building stone; and here the writer found the tiled floor of a little cell used, before fireplaces were invented—for the middle of the floor has a flagstone for a fire—as the box or office from which the workers in the stone quarry could be watched whilst quarrying stone for the abbey. The tiles are thick and clumsy, and some of them bore the cognizance of the Earls of Warwick. On each side of the cell the rock is grooved for receiving a wooden wall. Another cell floor, we may add, still remains to be excavated.

Leaving any description of the abbey ruins, one may notice one other little discovery. The writer and the Rev. J. F. Phelps, then vicar of Bosley, were some years ago quietly investigating what was supposed to be an old limekiln in the rock beside the drive to the Abbey House. They found that, so far from ever having been a kiln, the cave in the rock bore all the marks of a hermitage or anchorite's cell of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries.

Fain would we linger at the abbey ruins, or follow the old line of road eastwardly towards the little camp and barrows at Thorncliffe, and the larger military position and barrows between Easing and Colts Moor, but we must now only notice one or two discoveries at Leek.

That the old church at Leek is much older than the abbey goes without saying. This is abundantly proved. When the Bishop of Bristol visited the old stone crosses in the churchyard a second time some years ago, Mr. Gardner, the then aged verger of the church, took the

bishop, Sir Thomas Wardle, and the writer to look at portions of the incised coffin-lid of a blacksmith which had been built into the base of the north side of the church southern porch. Whilst the party were inspecting it, the writer chanced to carry his eye a little to the right, and caught sight of a large fragment of a cross with ornamentation of a Greek key pattern upon it. Later still came a greater surprise. A part of the wall of the churchyard, just west of the main gateway, shown on the plate in Mr. Beckett's paper, fell in 1896 into the street. The writer came to look at the stones thus displaced, when he found among them, not only the first known relics of a church here in Norman times, in the shape of two corbel tables, but also the fragment of a fine seventh-century cross. This cross was afterwards cleared of mortar by Sir Thomas Wardle, and a paper was read upon it in London.[1] Enough of it, however, was plain when the writer found it to make him quite clear as to its character.

It was of this church of Leek that the Rev. Thomas Loxdale was vicar from 1725 to 1735. He was one of the famous antiquaries of the county and a diligent collector of MS. records, many of which have since been printed with additions by the late Mr. John Sleigh, and some of his notes are now in the Salt Library. But as the first Lord Macclesfield had bought the manor and the old manuscripts of the Rudyards in 1723, and Loxdale only came to Leek in 1725, Loxdale unfortunately missed much that he might have handed on to our day. He certainly missed the cartulary of Dieulacres, and so speculated that Leek Church was founded after the time of Edward the Confessor, and that the "Vicarage" had belonged to the "Vicars" since

[1] Since the above was written death has carried off Sir Thomas Wardle. He was a keen lover of antiquities, and erected not only the large fragment of the old Saxon cross near the southern rose window of the church, but also the fine mediæval shaft of the Stile House cross, some two miles and a half east of Leek, in a very lonely spot, to which, perhaps, in olden days the vicars of Leek used to come to meet their Onecote parishioners. The shaft had fallen over.

Quarry Cell, Abbey Green, Leek.

then. But this is disproved both by the several very early crosses which still more or less exist on the spot, and also by the cartulary of Dieulacres which records the transference of the rectory and its endowment to the monks after the foundation of the abbey. Soon after that transference it was that a "vicar" was appointed to take the rector's place. Far rather would we accept the guess of the Bishop of Bristol that the present fine and almost perfect pre-Norman pillar still standing in the churchyard and linked in popular notion with the prosperity of the town, was a relic of the days, long before the time of Edward the Confessor, when Wilfrid, Bishop of York, preached here. But even his day fades beside the older foundation of the church as evidenced by the fragment of the cross found by the writer in 1896.

We must not stay, however, at the church; for another recent discovery invites attention. The Cock Low, a magnificent mound some fourteen feet high, till the other day, stood between the mill of Messrs. Broster and the Westwood Recreation Ground. Another low, known by the same name, was removed from the site of Messrs. Wardle and Davenport's mill; and the name, Cock Low, as applied to the mound near the Westwood Recreation Ground had been forgotten. But when rumour reached the writer that this mound was to be demolished he turned fuller attention to it. He found that it had been excavated by Mr. Carrington some sixty years ago, and had been then pronounced a burial low. Averse from opening such sacred things, Sir Thomas Wardle, Mr. W. S. Brough, and himself tried to preserve it, and the Town Council were appealed to. But in vain. Some of the councillors, though not quite as old as Methuselah, remembered the low being made! And so its destruction was determined on to clear it out of the way of the growth of the town.

The writer watched its demolition with great regret. It was a mighty mound; and, as you stood on the curb of the new street, the highest storey only of the four-storey

mill adjacent was visible over its top. The first many loads taken from it revealed its construction to be of layers of a strangely white sand alternating with black charcoaled sand. Whether the mound had been used for sacrifices or had been simply the place where charcoal had been burnt for bucking or washing purposes seemed doubtful. But some interesting discoveries were made. Near the top of the mound on the south side a fine urn, with a double lip for carrying it, tumbled out one September day, falling to pieces, but displaying its contents. These were first of all, strange to say, a little heart neatly carved in stone, and then a small parcel of hacked and chopped up bones—both animal bones and bits of a child's skull. The story told by these things appeals to one's deep sympathies for some poor mother long ago bereaved of her child by cannibal workers at the mound.

Lower down, pockets of charcoal were found; and on the ground level was a mass of stones, not quite a circle, dyed red with the washing of the rains through the red sand above them. This washing had carried away all traces of bone from the graves beneath so far as we were able to examine them. For the mound had lacked that usual envelope of clay by which so many remains have been preserved elsewhere.

But a further yield was made. A drain was driven along the foot of the mound and in the sand which had filled it were many traces of a brilliant light blue, which Sir Thomas Wardle kindly examined and pronounced to be woad—the material used by the earliest Britons for tattooing their faces.

It will be noted that the woad was found at the very bottom or earliest part of the mound. This goes far towards establishing the observation of historians that the use of woad was very ancient and was gradually abandoned. Dr. Guest, in his *Origines Celticæ*, vol. ii. p. 3, remarks, "As far then as philology is concerned, there seems to be no objection to our assuming *Brython* and therefore also

Carved Stone Heart, found with Urn in Cock Low, Leek.

Urn found, 1907, in Cock Low, Leek.

Britanni to signify the painted men. . . . The painted men under the influence of Phœnician civilisation lost much of their former barbarism. Among other barbarous customs which they relinquished was that of painting themselves." They were called Britons because they painted themselves.

And the finding of the urn at the top of the mound not far from an iron ring shows that only the more recent human remains therein buried had been preserved. It is a little remarkable that when Bateman and Carrington excavated the mound some sixty years ago they missed this urn which was thus preserved intact till we found it. The carved stone heart which fell out of the mound with the urn and bones, and which is here figured with the urn, was, I believe, almost a unique specimen of such like ancient work.

INDEX

ABBEY, Burton, 23, 163, 169, 170, 172
—— Croxden, 33, 99, 163, 169
—— Dieulacres, 27, 163, 166, 167–171, 180
—— Green, 266
—— Hulton 34, 110, 112, 117, 163
—— Rocester, 163, 168
—— Trentham, 27, 162–163
Adams of Burslem, 70, 79
—— Sambrook, 45
Addison, Joseph, 23
—— Lawrence, 23
Agard Horn, 238
—— Horn tenure, 58
Alabaster marblers, 54
Aldulf, Archbishop, 4
Alina, Domina de Darleston, 114
Alkali ashes, moorland method of obtaining, 257
Alrewas Haye, 46
Alstonfield Chapel, 237
Alton Castle, 32
Amerton, fight at, 14
Ancient mule-tracks in the moorlands, 253
—— tenures, some, 56–62
Annals, Johnson's, 212–214
Anne, Countess of Stafford, 16
Annuities granted by Charles, 204
Anson family, 41
—— George, 45
—— William, 45
Archers, Staffordshire, 11
Arch in Wrottesley Chapel, Transitory Norman, 148
Arms of Giffards of Chillington, 197
Ashbourne, 25
Assize Rolls 1194, 9
Assizes, Lichfield, 47
Astbury, Elers' secrets discovered by, 69, 70
Aston family, 38
Audley family, 27, 32, 34
Audley, James de, 35
—— Liulph de, 34
Augustine monasteries, 163
Augustines, dress of the, 171
Austin Friars, Stafford, 18, 22, 247

BADGES used in the Crusades, 112
Badging-hook, moorland, 251
Bagnals family, 23
Bagot family, 39, 40
—— John, 14
Bagot's Park, 61
Barebones Parliament, 41
Barton Blount, 24
—— John Blount of, 13
Barton-under-Needwood, 56
"Basaltes" ware, 69, 74
Basset family, 38
—— of Drayton, 32
—— Ralph, 47
Battle of the Standard, 27
Beaudesert, 45, 96
Bede, Venerable, 123
Beggar's Oak, 51
Bell-cots, timber, 178
Benedictine nunneries, 164
—— Priory, Tutbury, 61, 62
Bentley, Thomas, 78
Beresford Hall, 237
—— Manor, 236
Beresfords as archers, 236
"Bess of Hardwick," 33
Bewdley, 17
Biddulph, 43, 112, 114, 115
—— Crusaders' tombs at, 111
—— Manor, 102, 106, 116
—— Moor, legend of, 102, 118
—— Old Hall, 113
Billington Bank, 5
Birmingham, first book published in, 209
—— School, 210
Bishop Hedda, 125
Black Country, 105
—— industries of, 25

Black Death, 12
"Black Egyptian" ware, 69, 74
Black stoneware, 74, 75, 76
Blakemere, Mermaid of, 2
Blayney, Elizabeth, 206, 208, 209
Blithfield, 52
Blithfields of Blithfield, 39
Blore Heath, tragedy of, 15
Blount's *Boscobel*, 195
Blundevil, Ranulf, 27, 34
Blythbury Nunnery, 164
Blythe stream, 180
Boghays family, 33
Borough Bridge, 35
Boscobel and Whiteladies, 194–205
Boswell, 207
Bosworth Field, 15
Botiler, Theobald le, 33
Bowyer family, 35
Boyd-Dawkins, Professor, on origin of white cattle, 187
Bradshaw, John, 24
Bradwell, 67, 69
Brewery, earliest Burton, 54
Brewood, bishops of, 246
—— Nunnery, 164
—— White Nuns of, 195
Brick House Works, Wedgwood's, 73, 74
Bride Stones, the, 43, 119
Bridgenorth Prison, 9
Brindley of Leek, Schemer, 242
Britanni, painted men, 271
British road, old, 266
—— urns at Cock Low, 63
Brocton mounds, 243
Bromwich, 9
Broughton Gothic tower, 177
Buckingham, Humphrey, first Duke of, 29
Bull runnings, 54
Burh system, 6
Bury Bank, 5, 106
—— camp at, 107, 109, 110
—— ring, 5
Burslem potteries, 82
Burton Abbey, 23, 163, 169, 170, 172
—— Bridge, battle of, 11
—— Long Bridge, 53
Burton-on-Trent, 6, 20, 52, 54
Byrdesall, 56, 59

Cage Hill, Chartley, 193
"Callingwood," 49
Calwich monastery, 163
Camp, ancient, 267
Cannock Chase, 44, 46, 96, 244
—— royal forest of, 44, 45, 46, 96
Cantrell, Mrs. J. B., 257
Canwell, Benedictine house at, 163
Carlesse, Colonel, 201
Castle, Belvoir, 101
—— Heley, 15, 19, 32, 34
—— Hills, 5
—— Stafford, 8
Castles, old, 27–42
Cathedral, Lichfield, 4, 123–137
—— spires, Lichfield, 174, 175, 176
Cature (?) Nunnery, 164
Cave, Cotton's, 238
—— Hermit's, 267
Caverswall Castle, 30, 36
—— family, 36
Ceawlin, 107
Chad, Bishop, 109, 123, 124, 244
Chancel screen Penkridge iron, 147
Chantries, list of Lichfield Cathedral, 126
Chantry-chapel of St. Katherine, 152
Chapel at Lichfield, Lady, 13
Chapels, Royal Free, 138–161
Charles at Boscobel, 194–205
Charles' Oak, 203, 204
Chartley, 11, 13, 14, 20
—— Castle, 32, 183
—— Elizabeth at, 22
—— Great Park, 186, 192
—— Historic, 179–193
—— Manor, 28
—— Manor-house, 183
—— Mary Stuart imprisoned at, 183
—— sale of estates, 186
Chebsey tower, 178
Cheddleton ford, 238
—— tower, 177, 178
Chetwynd family, 38, 41
Chetwynd-Talbot family, 34, 38
Chronicle, Burton, 54
—— William of Shepehead's, 54
Church Mayfield tower, 178
Churnet river, 1, 171
Cistercian abbeys, 163, 170, 172
—— convent of Whiteladies, 195
Cisterians, dress of the, 171
Cliffe oak, 51
Clinton, Bishop Roger de, 125
Clough, the, 118
Cock Low at Leek, 63, 269
Codsall, 95

Collections, William Salt, 6, 11, 48
Compleat Angler, 240, 257
Contents of the William Salt Library, 262–265
Cooper, Edward, 61
Copper, printing from engraved, 79
Cornavii, 1
Corner of the county, Quiet, 266–271
Corrodies, imposition of, 165, 166, 167, 168
Cotton, Charles, 257, 258
Cotton's Country, Charles, 236–241
Craddock family, 37
Cream ware, 74, 75, 76, 79
Cross, Lichfield old, 19
—— old stone, 92
Crosses at Leek, old stone, 267
Cross shaft, Wolverhampton, 153
Croxden Abbey, 33, 99, 163, 169
Cubley, Johnson of, 206
Cuddleston, hundred of, 7
Curfew rung at Stowe, 192

DAINTRY, Mary, 26
" Dairy House, The," 99
Dakeyne, Miss, 257
Dances, fairy, 91
Danelagh, the, 5
Dane River, 113
Danes in Staffordshire, 5, 6, 7
—— massacre of, 54
Danish population, 8
Darfur Crags, 239, 241
Darlaston Grange, 172
Deakin, Ann, 209
Death, Black, 12
De Loges family, 48
Denstone, 99
Deritend Chapel, 210
Desecration of Lichfield Cathedral, 130
Devereux family, 183
" Dictum of Kenilworth," 28
Dieulacres Abbey, 27, 163, 166, 167, 169, 170, 171, 180
Dilhorne tower, 178
Dimsdale Hall, 69
Disfigured, Lichfield Cathedral, 132
Dissolution of the monasteries, 172
Diuma, first Bishop of Mercia, 123
Dove river, 2, 236
Drains, Moorland early, 250
Draycot of Draycot, 40
Drayton Manor-house, 47
Dress of the Augustines, 171
—— of the Cistercians, 171
Dudley Castle, 30, 32
—— Dud, ironmaster, 32
—— Lord, 31
"Dug-out" chest at Gnosall, ancient, 143
Dunstall, 59
Dunston Heath, 38

EARLIEST brewery, Burton, 54
Early training and teachers, Johnson's, 214–217
Earthworks in Staffordshire, 3, 5
Easter Sepulchre, Gnosall, 144
Eccleshall Castle, 5, 9, 15, 18, 20, 24, 25, 116
—— Manor-house, 45
—— towers, 177
Ecton, ruins of copper mines at, 241
Edial, Johnson's school at, 229–230
Edmund Ironside, 7
Elers, David, 67
—— John Philip, 68
Elizabeth at Chartley, 183
Elkstone Grange, 172
Ellastone tower, 178
Erdeswick family, 40
Erdeswicks, 182
Essex bridge, Trent, 46
—— murder of, 183
Estates with their own gallows, 8
Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great, 3, 5, 7, 245
Etocetum, Wall or, 1
Etruria, 74
Evelith mill, 199
Extraordinary font, Stafford, 159

FAIRIES, some local, 88–93
Fairwell Nunnery, 164
Fairy dances, 91
—— rings, 91, 92
—— tobacco pipes, 92
Families, old, 27–42
Fawfieldhead, 252
Fazeley, 1
Fenton Low, 107
—— Low potteries, 72, 73, 84, 85
Ferrers defeated at Chesterfield 182
—— family, 32
—— de, lord of Tutbury, 181
—— of Chartley, Baron, 182
Fethanleog, 107

Finan, Bishop, 123
First book published in Birmingham, 209
Fitz-Corbesun, William, 196
Fitz-Herbert family, 38, 40
Fishing House on the Dove, 238
Flat coffin-lids, Biddulph, 120
Flint ware introduced, 70
Flitch at Whichenoure, 57
—— tenure of the, 56
Font, Stafford, extraordinary, 159
—— St. Mary's, 105
—— Tettenhall, Restoration, 149
Forest, Lichfield, 18
Forestarius, Richard, 44, 95
Forester families, 44
—— office of, 96
Forestership of Cannock, 48
Forests, 43–55
Forton tower, 177
Furnivals of Sheffield, 33

GALLOWS, estates with their own, 8
Garter, institution of the Order of the, 11
Gateham Grange, 239
Gauneleye Haye, 46
Gell, John, 24
Giffard family, 40
—— of Chillington, 196, 197
Gildas, 2
Gisborne, Thomas, 61
Glue bat as medium, 79
Gnosall, 210
—— "Free Chapel," 139, 141–145
—— tower, 177
Goidels, 1
Gospels, St. Chad's, 131
Granges, Cistercian, 172
Great assize at Lichfield, 13
Great Park, Chartley, 186, 192
Gresley family, 38
Grey Friars, 18, 19
Grey, Lady Jane, 31
Gryffith, Thomas, 56
Guest, Dr., 2

HACKETT, John, Bishop of Lichfield, 129, 131
Hampton, John, 37
Hanbury, 162
—— Nunnery, 164
—— Park, 49
—— view from, 60
Hanley potteries, 83, 84
Hastiludes at Lichfield, 11
Haywood, 45
Head, Chapel of St. Chad's, 133
Heath of Shelton, 70
Hedda, Bishop, 125
Heley Castle, 15, 19, 32, 34
Heywood, Dean of Lichfield, 18
Higbert, Archbishop, 4
High Offley tower, 177
Hinton, Archdeacon, 206
Historic Chartley, 179–193
History of Staffordshire Potteries, 67
"Hobthurst," fairy of low birth, 90
Holland, John, 29
Hopton Heath, 115
Hopwas Haye, 46, 47
Hospital, St. Leonard's, 16
Hubbal Grange, 199
Hulton Abbey, 34, 110, 112, 117, 163
—— —— tiles, 64
Hygeberht, Archbishop of Lichfield, 125

ILAM Manor and Church, 170
Imprisonment of Mary Stuart at Chartley, 183
Inscription, St. Chad's, Stafford, 103, 104
Invasion, Roman, 1
Ipstones family, 33
Irene and the Theatre, 230–231
Iron chancel screen, Penkridge, 147
Ivernians, 1

JASPER ware, invention of, 74, 76
Joan, Lady of the Wake, 12
Johnson, Andrew, 209
—— Michaell, 209, 210
—— Dr. Samuel, 206–235
—— and Lucy Porter, death of, 234–235
—— at Stourbridge School, 220
Johnson's career at Oxford, 223–224
—— early training and teachers, 214–217
—— *Irene* and the Theatre, 230–231
—— mother, death of, 231–234
—— playmates, 221–223
—— school at Edial, 229–230
—— studies at Lichfield, 217, 218, 219
—— time, Lichfield society in, 224–229

"KING'S LODGINGS," Tutbury, 51
"King's Standing," Tutbury, 50

Kinver, 95
—— royal forest of, 37, 44
Knightley of Rudlow, Robert, 57

LADY CHAPEL, St. Chad, 126, 133, 136
—— Meadows, 92
—— prebendary, Gnosall Church, 145
Lammas feast, 101
Lancaster, Earl of, 11
Lane family, 37, 41
"Lane's Chancel," Wolverhampton, 152
Langley Lawn, Boscobel, 199
Langton, Bishop of Lichfield, 13, 18, 45, 126
Lapley Priory, 163
Last wolf in England killed, 144
Laws of Needwood, 60
Le Despencer, 11
Lee, Richard, Chancellor of the diocese, 17
Leek, 1, 2, 25
—— forest, 44
—— Gothic tower, 178
—— Schemer Brindley of, 242
Legends of the Moorlands and Forest, 257
Leland, John, 17
Lepers' Hospital, Freeford, 48
—— —— Stafford, 22
"Leveson Chancel," Wolverhampton, 152
Leveson family, 38, 41
Librarians of Salt Library, 261
Library at Stafford, William Salt, 259–265
—— —— Contents of the William Salt, 262–265
Lichfield, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 15, 25, 109, 206–235, 244
—— Assizes, 47
—— Bishops of, 17, 45, 96, 243
—— Castle, 18
—— Cathedral, 4, 5, 46
—— spires, 174, 175, 176
—— first Earl of, 45
—— Grammar School, 23, 214–215
—— manor house, 45
—— Richard Bagot, Governor of, 40
—— St. John's College, 17
—— Society, 224–229
Lightfoot, John, 23
Littler of Longton, William, 71
Littleton family, 41
Longton blue glaze, 71
—— cheap china potteries, 84
"Lord Quondam," 32
Ludchurch, 257
Ludlow Castle, 17
"Lumpy-tums," Moorland, 254
Lutley, Philip de, 38

MACCLESFIELD of Maer, 40
Madeley Church, 165
Mainwarings of Whitmore, 33
Malbanc family, 27
Marblers, alabaster, 54
Marchers of Wales, Lords, 17, 34
Marckington family, 37
Martin, Symon, 209
Master-forester, Malbanc Forest, 236
Mauvesyn family, 40
"Mediolanum," Roman camp, 63
Medium, glue bat as, 79
Melbourne, Abbot, 53
Melodies from the Mountains, 257
Mercia, kingdom of, 3
—— shires of, 7
Mermaid of Blake Mere, 2
Meverel family, 38
Milford mounds, 243
Minors of Blakenhall, 56
Minster, Stafford, 22
—— Tamworth, 22
Minsters, Five Royal, 5, 138–161
Minton of Stoke, Thomas, 76
Mints established at Tamworth, 6
Misereres at Penkridge, early, 146
Mixon, 38, 89
Modellers, celebrated, 76
"Monetville," 6
Moorlanders, old, 248–258
Moorlands, 44
—— of North Staffordshire, 178
Molend, or Meuland, Bishop, 46
Monasteries, dissolution of the, 172
—— old, 162–173
Montfort, Simon de, 10
Morton, Bishop, 23
Mother of Staffordshire potteries, 64
Mow Cop, 70
Mucklestone tower, 176
Museum, Lichfield, 211
Museums, pottery, 86

NEEDHAM of Rocester, Anne, 208
Needwood Forest, 20, 48, 49, 54, 56–60

Needwood Forest, white cattle in, 187
Newcastle, 19
"New Castle" under Lyme, 30
New Hall Works, Hanley, 71
Newton Grange, 237
Nonant, Bishop Hugh de, 46
Norbury, 10
Notes of a Staffordshire tour, 94–122

OFFA, King, 4
"Offa's Dyke," 4
Offlow, hundred of, 7
Okover family, 38
Old British fortress, 238
Old monasteries, 162–173
"Old Nancy," an old fairy, 88
Old pottery villages, 81
Ordovices, 1
Ormus le Guidon, 101, 102, 103, 104, 114
—— Venetian descent of, 102, 103

PAGET family, 38, 41
Painted men, *Britanni*, 271
Palace, Langton's, 13
—— Lichfield, 18
Pateshull, burial-place of Bishop Hugh de, 133
Peace of Wedmore, 5
Peada, baptism of Prince, 123
Peak Forest, 44
Peculiar privileges of Gnosall Church, 145
Penda, "the Strong," 3, 4
Pendeford Chapel, Tettenhall, 147, 148, 150
Penk and its Story, 243–247
Penkridge, 244–245
—— "Free Chapel," 139, 145–147
Peter the Norman, 245
Philip, John, 67
"Pilgrimage of Grace," 33
Pillaton Hall, 12
Pinkie, battle of, 31
Pipes, fairy tobacco, 92
Pirehill, hundred of, 7
Piscina, Penkridge Church, 146
Plaster moulds, introduction of, 72
Pleas of the Forest, 48
Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, 5
Portland vase, celebrated, 78
Posset mixture, 65
"Potteries, Staffordshire," 81
Potters, Roman, 63
Pottery, art of, 63–87
—— villages, old, 81
Preaching friars, Lichfield, 22
Prebendary, Gnosall Church, lady, 145
Pre-Reformation stone pulpit, only, 157
Priests' door, Gnosall, Early English, 147
Priory at Tutbury, Benedictine, 61, 67

QUARNFORD, 257
Quicksall Drive, 99

RADFORD Bridge, 44
Radway, hermits of, 245
Reredos from Eccleshall Church, 144
Ricardus Forestarius, 44, 95
Ridware, Robert Malveysin of, 12
Rings, fairy, 91, 92
Robin Hood at Tutbury, 49
Rocester, 97
—— Abbey, 163, 168
Roches, 249, 255
Rolleston Park, 49
Roll of Seisdon Hundred, 139
Roman bridge of the Penk, 7
—— camp, 266
—— camp, "Mediolanum," 63
—— invasion, 1
—— potters, 63
Ronton monastery, 163, 169
Rowecestre, Abbot of, 8
Rowley of Denstone Hall, 208
Rudlow, Robert Knightley of, 57
Rugeley, 46
Rupert, Prince, 24
Rushton Grange, 117
Rushton Spencer bell-cot, 178
Ryknield Street, 1

SADLER, Sir Ralph, 51
St. Bertelin's Church, Stafford, 154, 160
St. Berthelin, old Saxon Church of, 105
St. Chad, 4
St. Chad's Gospels, 131
—— Stafford, 16, 243, 246
St. Chad's Well, 18
St. John's College, Lichfield, 17

St. Mary's, Stafford, 140
—— —— tower, 178
St. Peter's, Wolverhampton, tower, 177
St. Stephen, Chapel of, 133
St. Thomas juxta Stafford Priory, 163, 165
St. Werburga, 5
St. Werburgh, Abbess of Trentham, 162
Sales, Moorlanders', 255, 256
Salt-glaze ware, 67, 68, 76
Salt, William, F.S.A., 259
Sampson, Dean, of Tettenhall, 150
Sanctuary in churches, 9
Sandon Church, 105
—— fight between Chartley and, 13, 14
—— Hugh Erdeswick of, 13
Sandwell, Benedictine house at, 163
Sandwell, Prior of, 9
Screen, Penkridge, iron chancel, 147
Seisdon, hundred of, 7
—— hundred, roll of, 139
—— "Saxon's Hill," 7
Sheen, 2
Sheriff's Ride, Lichfield, 211, 212
Shire heads, 20
Shrewsbury, Earl of, 51, 96
—— John Talbot, first Earl of, 33
—— field, 40
Shugborough, 45, 46
—— Chase, 96
Siege of Eccleshall Castle, 25
—— Wolverhampton, 25
Skipton, Richard de, 17
Smythe, Bishop William, 17
Sneyd family, 35, 38, 69
Somery of Dudley, 32
—— family, 47
—— John de, 30
Somerville, family of, 57
Spires and towers, old, 174–178
Spire, Wolverhampton, 159
Spode, Josiah, 72, 80
Spring Coppice, Boscobel, 199
Squitch Oak, 51
Stafford, 3, 6, 7, 8, 15, 101, 245
—— Austin Friars at, 247
—— Bogo de Clare, Dean of, 10
—— Castle, 29, 32
—— "Free Chapel," King's, 10, 16, 139, 153, 161
—— Free School, 17
Stafford, House of, 28, 32, 39
—— Knot, 15
—— William Salt Library at, 259–265
Stallington Grange, 172
Stanford, Margaret, Prioress of Whiteladies, 195
Stanley, House of, 34
Stavenby, Bishop de, 246
Steam-engine, Dudley's, 24
Stoke, 2
Stoke-upon-Trent potteries, 83
Stone Priory, 5, 162, 163–165
—— Priory, Stafford tombs in, 18
—— Town Field at, 25
Stoneware of Turner and Adams, 79
Stourton Castle, 37
Stowe, curfew rung at, 192
Surrender of Lichfield, 130
Sutton family, 30
"Swan of Lichfield, The," 207
Swilcar Oak, 44, 51, 60
Swynnerton, 12, 201
—— family, 38, 40
—— Swythamley Park, 257

TALBOT family, 33
Tamworth, 6, 15, 21
—— Deanery, 47
—— Marmion's Castle, 9
—— spire, 176
Taylor's cottage in Barton, 50
Tean, 17
Teddesley Haye, 46
Tettenhall "Free Chapel," 139 147–150
Thorncliff Bank, 255
Thorniwell, R., 52
Throwley Hall ruins, 238
Tiles, Hulton Abbey, 64
Timber bell-cots, 178
Toft ware, 65
Totmanslow, hundred of, 7
Touchet of Markeaton, 35
Towers and spires, old, 174–178
Transfer printing, art of, 80
Trent, 2
—— Valley, 5
Trentham, 5
—— distribution of bread and beer at, 165
—— Monastery, 27, 162, 163
—— of Rocester, 40
Trough stones, Biddulph, 118, 121
Tunstall potteries, 85, 86
Turner of Stoke, John, 76

Tutbury, 25
—— Benedictine Priory, 61, 62, 163
Tutbury Castle, 24, 32
—— Captivity of Mary Stuart in, 50
—— Cowcher of, 59
—— John of Gaunt at, 12
—— minstrels, 54
Tutteburi, Prior of, 8
"Tygs," drinking vessels, 65

UNDERGLAZE blue printed ware, 80
Uttoxeter, 2, 20, 52
—— Church steeple, 176
—— revenues of, 11

VASE, celebrated Portland, 78
Verdon family, 32
—— fret, 34
Verdun, Nicholas de, 110
Vestries robbed, 23
Villages, the old pottery, 81

WALL or Etocetum, 1
—— Grange, 172
Walsall pits, 19
Walton, Izaak, 23, 240, 257
War, Barons' second, 10
Ware, salt-glaze, 67, 68, 76
—— Toft, 65
Ward, Humble, 32
Watling Street, 1, 5, 243, 244
Weaver Hills, beautiful, 97
Wedgwoods, 69, 70, 71, 72
Wedmore, Peace of, 5
Wednesbury, 7
West front, Lichfield, 175
Weston-on-Trent, 14
Weston-on-Trent tower, 176
White Castle of Chartley, 186, 187–192
Whiteheads of Hanley, 70
Whiteladies, Boscobel and, 194–205
—— house of, 164
White Nuns of Brewood, 195
White stone salt-glaze, 70, 71, 76
Wicken Rocks, 122
Wigginstall, 252
Woad discovered in barrows, 2
Wolf in England killed, last, 144
Wolseley family, 41
Wolstanton, 69
Wolverhampton, 19, 21, 23, 46
—— Canons of, 245
—— "Free Chapel," 139, 150–153
Wonders of the Peake, 239
Wood, Aaron, modeller, 70
Woodmotes of Needwood, 56, 59
Worcester fight, 41
Wrottesley Chapel, Tettenhall, 148, 149
—— family, 38
—— General, 11, 37, 39, 44, 48, 236
Wulfhere, son of Penda, 5, 106, 108, 109, 244
—— founder of Trentham, 162
Wulfric Spot, founder of Burton Abbey, 163
Wulfrun, Wolverhampton Church founded by, 139, 150

YERDELEY, Thomas de, 17
Yoxall Lodge, 61

ZOUCHE, Elizabeth la, 195

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
Edinburgh & London

DA
670
S7B4

Beresford, William (éd.)
Memorials of old
Staffordshire

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY